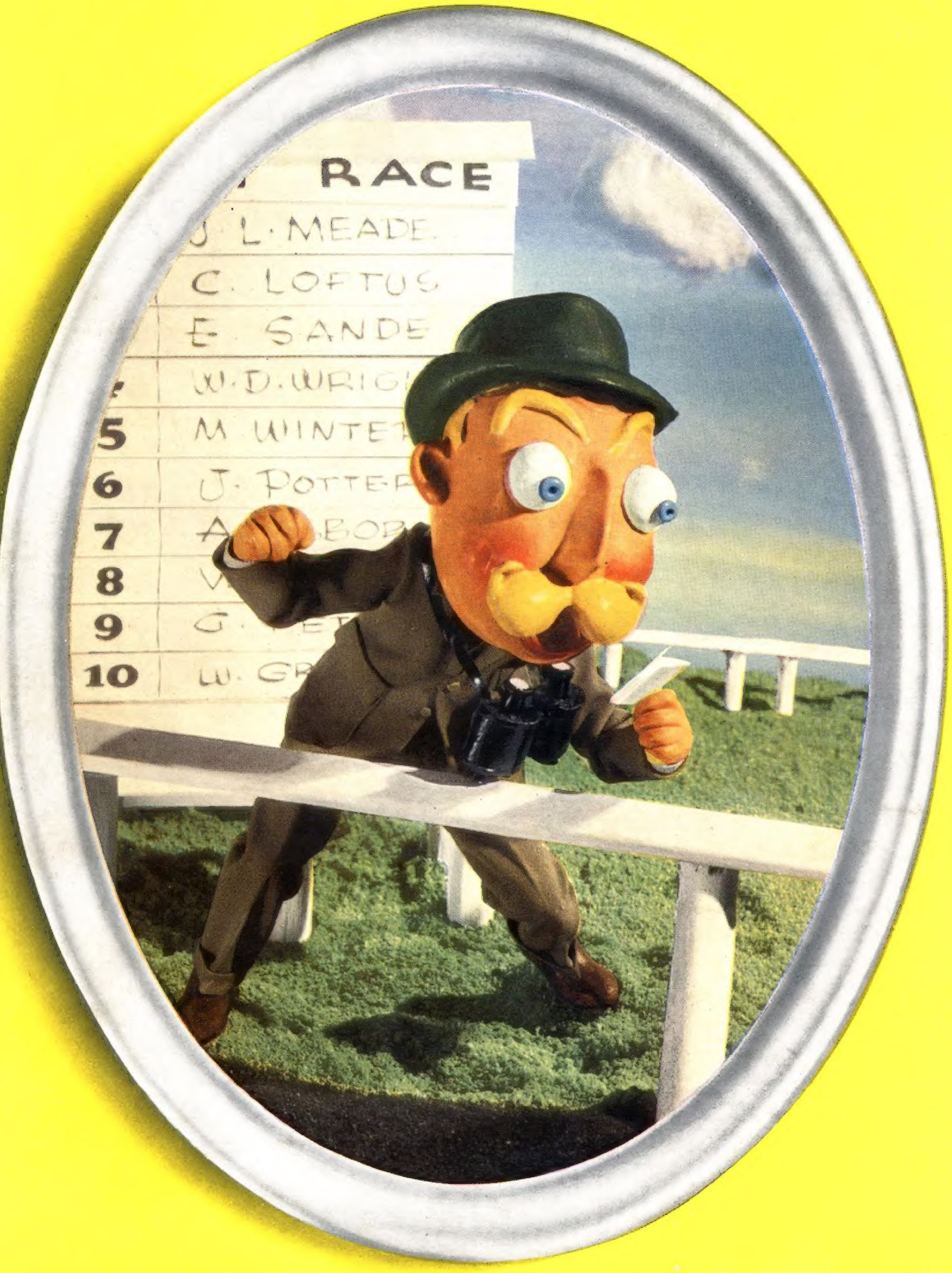
A. N. C.

JUNE

Esquire

• THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN



ARTICLES

ERNEST HEMINGWAY
EZRA POUND
E. E. CUMMINGS
FORD MADOX FORD
ALFRED KREYMBORG
W. BERAN WOLFE, M.D.
FREEMAN GOSDEN
BAYNARD H. KENDRICK
MAJ. HOWARD S. REED
PAUL W. KEARNEY
JOHN GUNTHER
LAWTON MACKALL
HARRY SALPETER

FICTION

THOMAS WOLFE
OLIVER LA FARGE
MANUEL KOMROFF
L. A. G. STRONG
MICHAEL FESSIER
YEFIM SOSULIA
HERMANN B. DEUTSCH
CHARLES RAWLINGS
JOSEPH E. McDOUGALL

POETRY

CONRAD AIKEN

SATIRE

JOSEPH SCHRANK
WALTER BROOKS
CAPT. WM. OUTERSON
ROGER VERCEL

SPORTS

EDMUND WARE
MAJOR PAUL BROWN
ROBT. O. FOOTE
JAMES W. POLING

DEPARTMENTS

GILBERT SELDES
BURTON RASCOE
SIGMUND SPAETH
JOHN V. A. WEAVER
FRANK BLACK
MEYER LEVIN
A. de SAKHNOFFSKY

CARTOONS

JOHN GROTH
E. SIMMS CAMPBELL
R. VAN BUREN
GILBERT BUNDY
D. McKAY
HOWARD BAER
RODNEY de SARRO
PAUL WEBB
GEORGE PETTY
ROY NELSON
GEORGE LICHTY
ROLAND COE
ABNER DEAN
SAM BERMAN
(COVER)

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FICTION • SPORTS • HUMOR
CLOTHES • ART • CARTOONS

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IN A WHISKEY TOO"

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for
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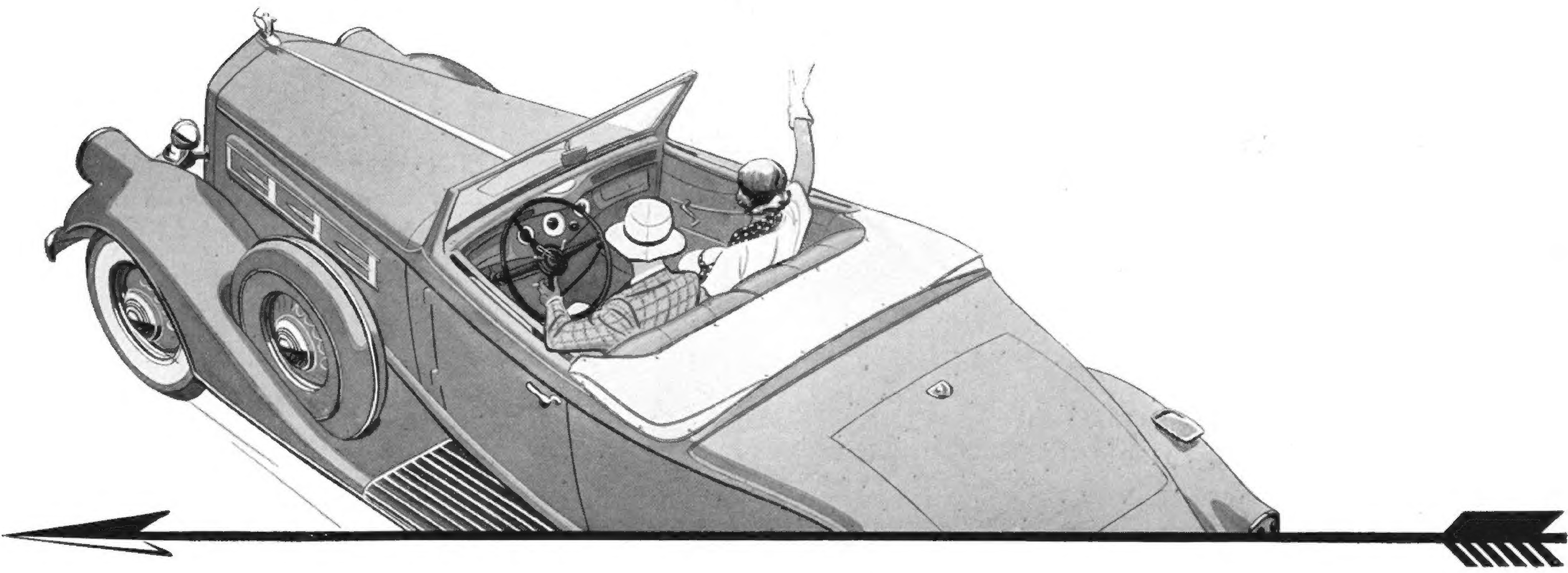

THEY SPEAK THE SAME LANGUAGE

SOME PEOPLE just naturally seem to be born with a keen appreciation for the finer things of life. Their friends, their tastes, their possessions, are evidence of one great truth...that money is not important for money's sake, but only for the lasting solid worth and satisfaction that it makes possible. And it is no mere chance that the car so many of these people possess is Pierce-Arrow.

PIERCE ARROW

ESQUIRE
June, 1935

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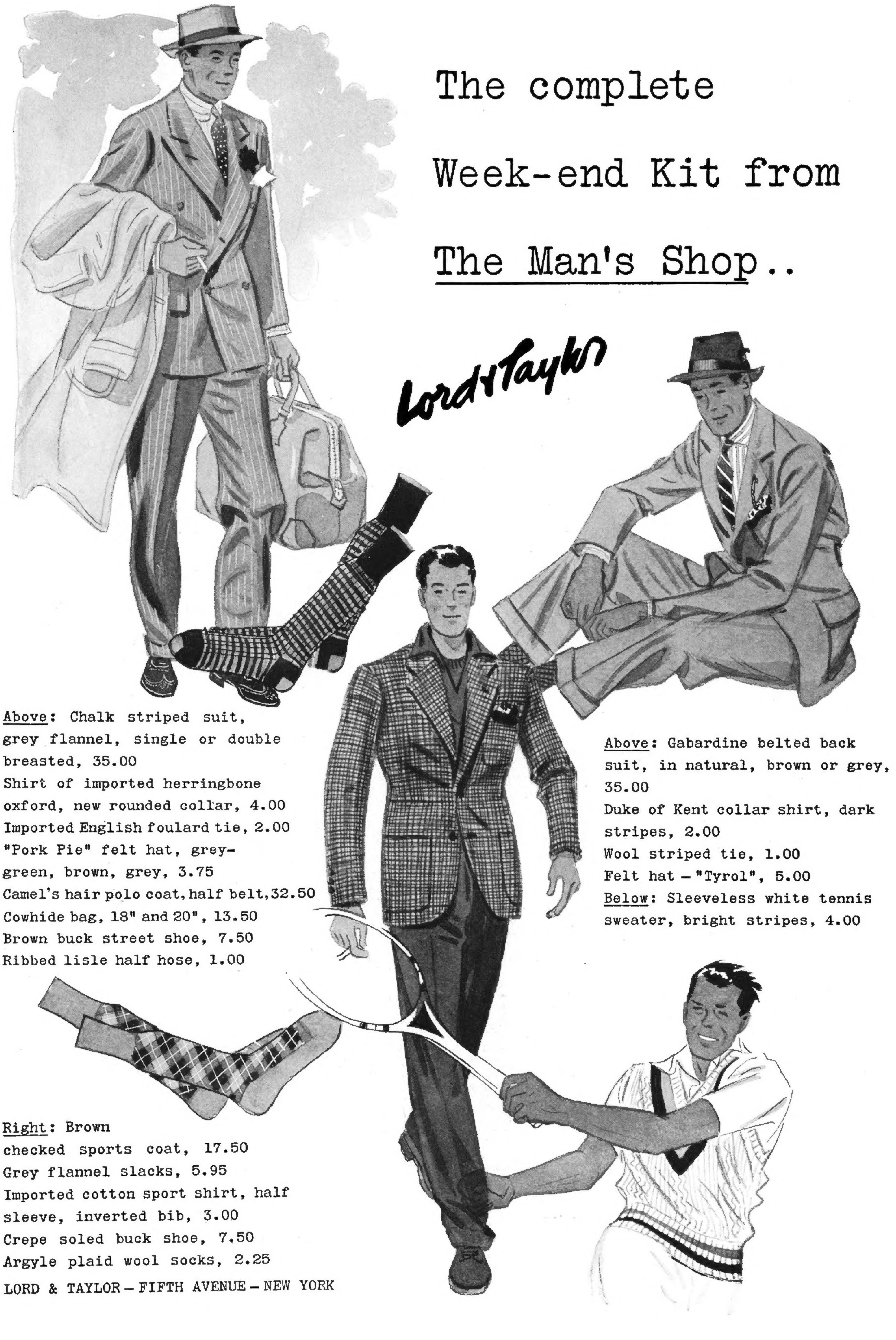
Vol. III, No. 6
Whole No. 19



The complete

Week-end Kit from

The Man's Shop..

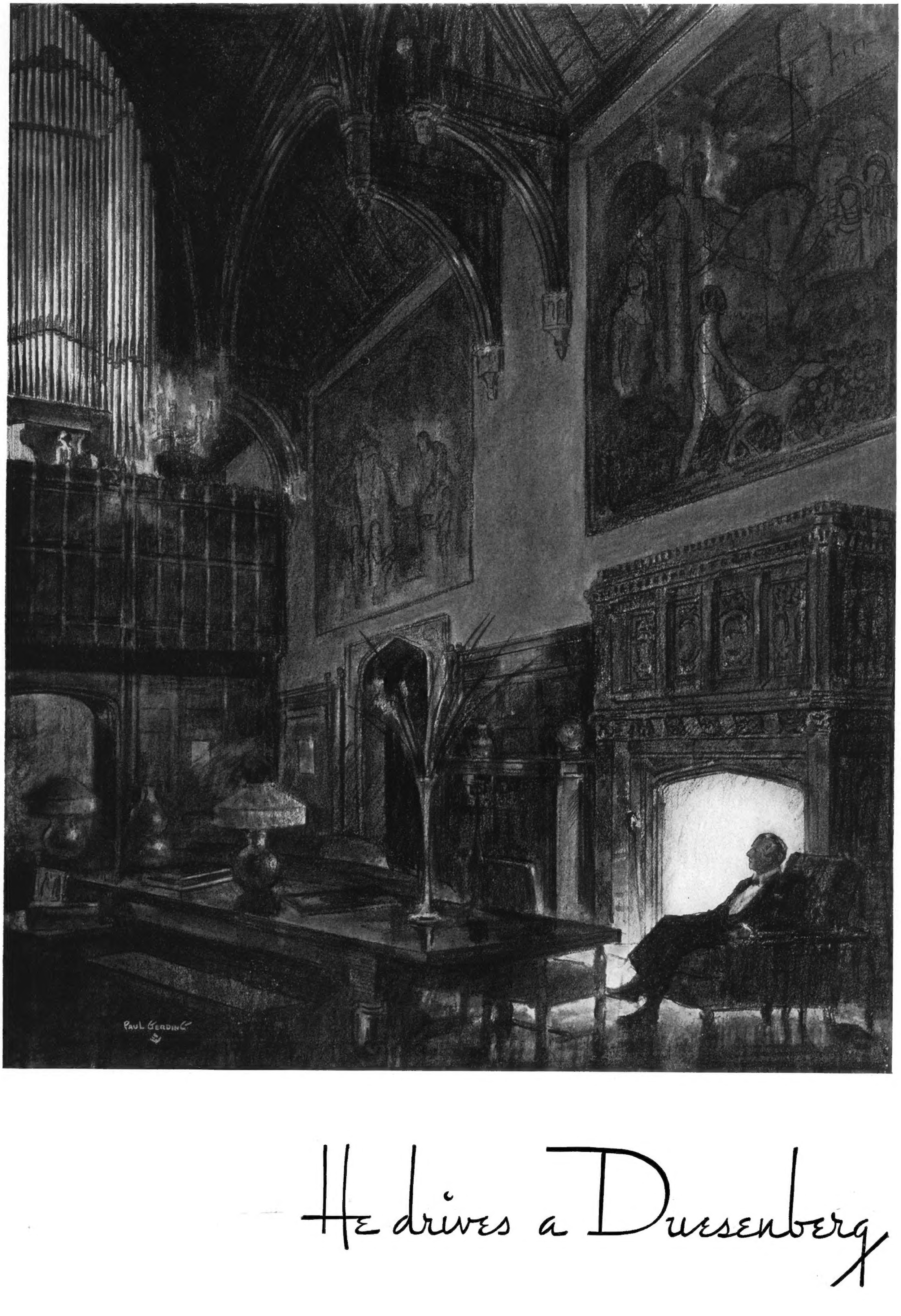
Lord & Taylor

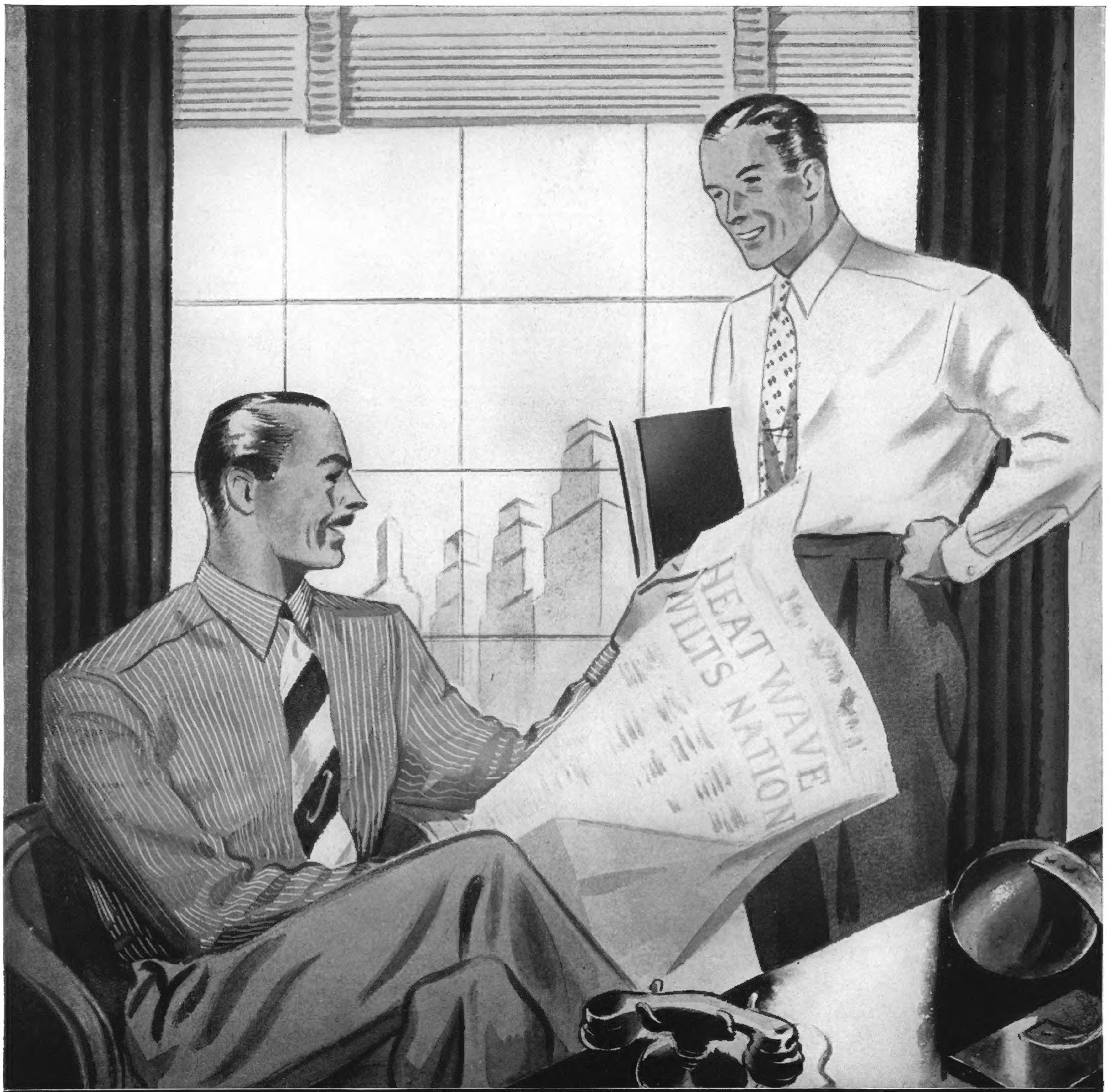
Above: Chalk striped suit, grey flannel, single or double breasted, 35.00
Shirt of imported herringbone oxford, new rounded collar, 4.00
Imported English foulard tie, 2.00
"Pork Pie" felt hat, grey-green, brown, grey, 3.75
Camel's hair polo coat, half belt, 32.50
Cowhide bag, 18" and 20", 13.50
Brown buck street shoe, 7.50
Ribbed lisle half hose, 1.00

Above: Gabardine belted back suit, in natural, brown or grey, 35.00
Duke of Kent collar shirt, dark stripes, 2.00
Wool striped tie, 1.00
Felt hat – "Tyrol", 5.00
Below: Sleeveless white tennis sweater, bright stripes, 4.00

Right: Brown checked sports coat, 17.50
Grey flannel slacks, 5.95
Imported cotton sport shirt, half sleeve, inverted bib, 3.00
Crepe soled buck shoe, 7.50
Argyle plaid wool socks, 2.25

LORD & TAYLOR – FIFTH AVENUE – NEW YORK


PAUL GERDING
He drives a Duesenberg



THE

Jayson

Jayson SHIRT BY ARTISTIC

SHIRT

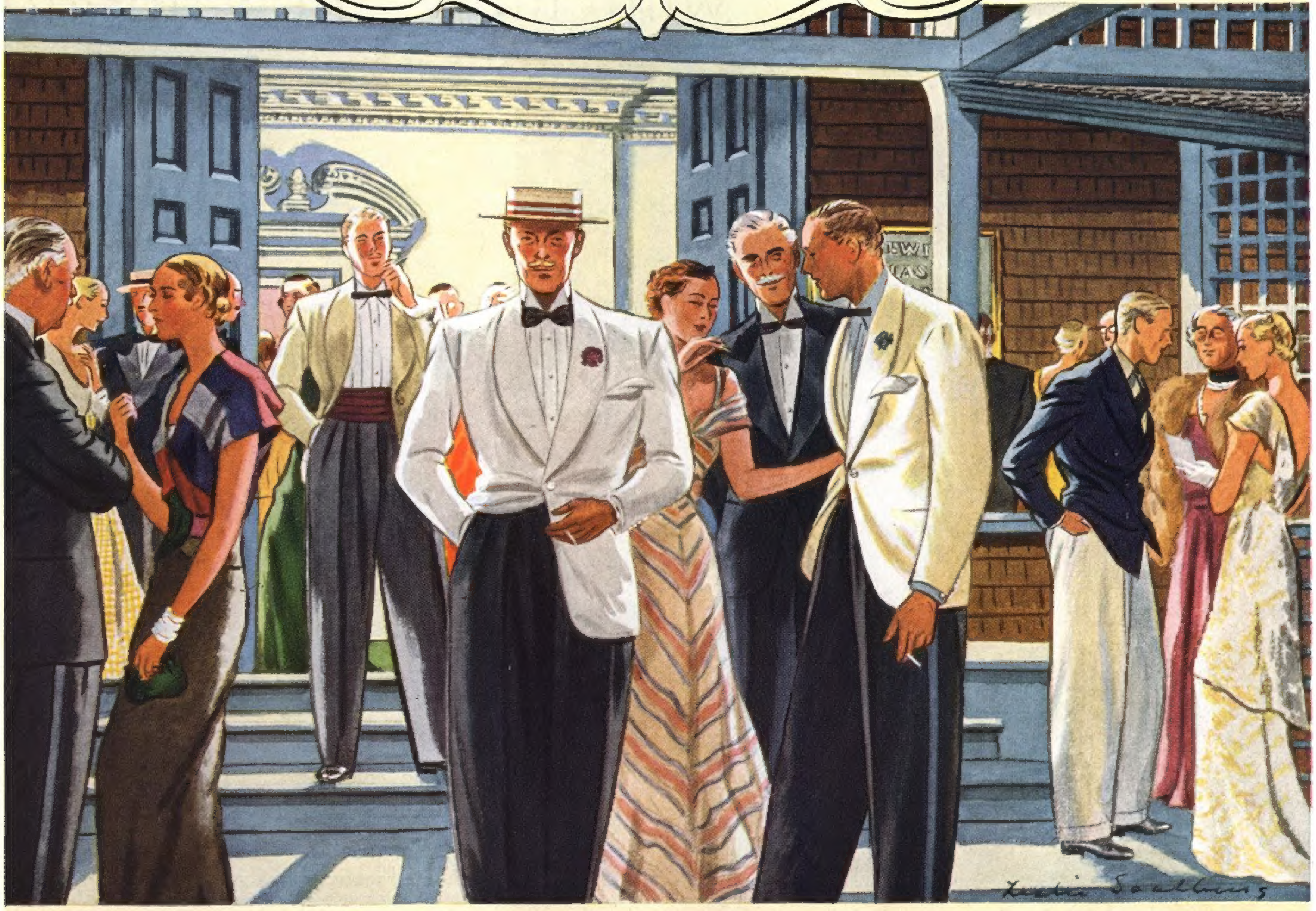
WITH NO STARCH
• NO WILT COLLAR

HEAT WAVE WILTS NATION...but heat waves will never wilt the collar of the Jayson Shirt. Though you can fry an egg on the sidewalk...though you can see the waves of heat rising from the ground...though building-bound city canyons feel like the inside of an oven...though your feet blister on the sun-drenched fairway...the collar of the Jayson Shirt will never wilt or wrinkle. And because it's never starched...the Jayson Shirt is pliable and porous...keeping you cool under the collar...and staying permanently neat...through wearings and washings. Jayson Shirts, expressing highest standards of Troy district tailoring, patterns and fabrics, are being offered by good stores everywhere...at \$1.95 to \$5. Shirts with separate collars \$2.50 up. (Slightly higher in the West.)

F. JACOBSON & SONS • *Shirtmakers since 1888*
1115 BROADWAY, NEW YORK • PLANTS: TROY, N. Y.
ARTISTIC SHIRTS • PAJAMAS • JAY-CRAFT SPORTSWEAR

In Summer's formal hours, Men who are always perfectly tailored, Wear

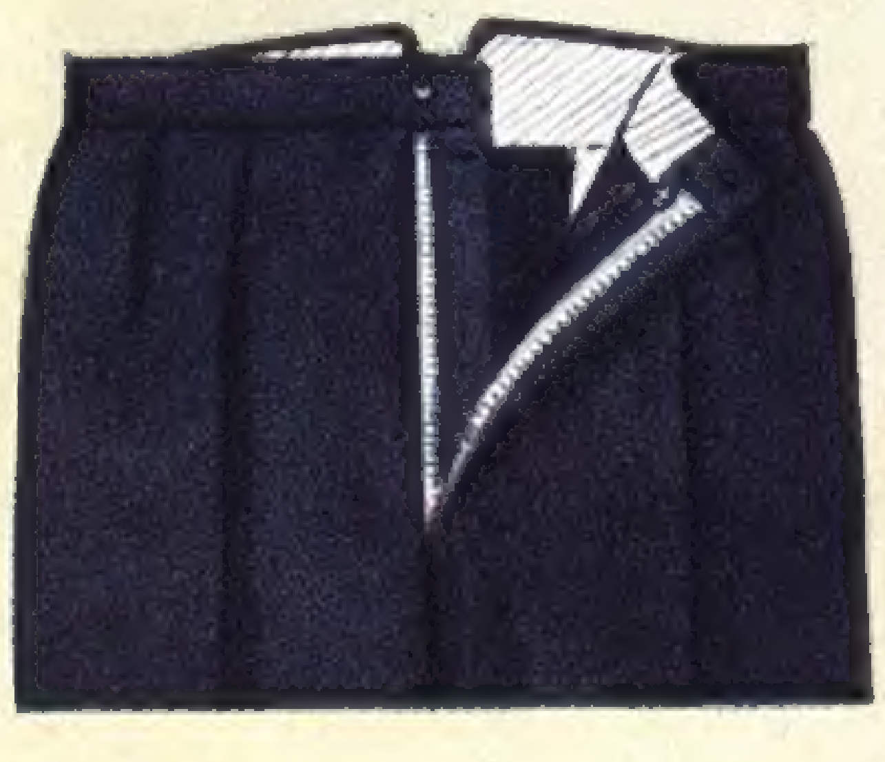
TROUSERS TAILORED WITH TALON



Sketched at the Entrance to the Casino Theatre, Newport

By the high sponsorship of the foremost custom tailors of America, trousers closed with the Talon slide fastener are an essential of fine tailoring . . . Men who know detail to be the secret of distinction, find the Talon closure indispensable to the lightness of summer fabrics . . . Such men know that the finish and trouser-drape it gives endure through dry cleanings and washings that left the old button closing bulky and ugly. . . . Now that Talon has made the lighter fabrics so much more practical, arbiters of men's dress decree that, this summer, suits of such materials are essential to the wardrobe of the well-dressed man of today.

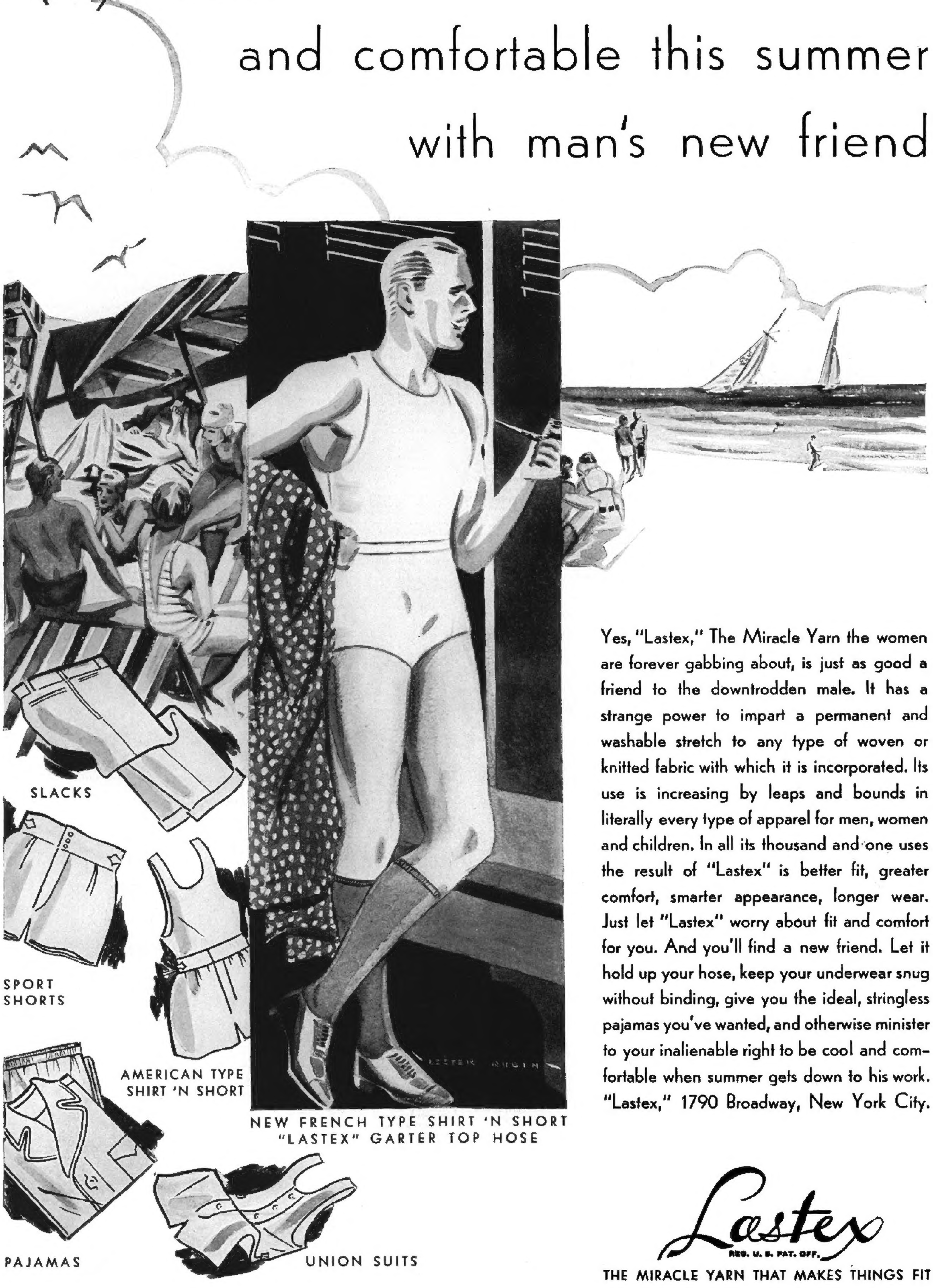
HOW TALON BRINGS
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
A NEW DISTINCTION TO THE TAILORING OF TROUSERS



The Talon trouser fastener is small and especially made for this use. It creates a continuous closure, smooth, thin and seamlike. Scientifically applied, it cannot catch on the underclothing. It is not harmed by cleaning or pressing, and cannot rust. It excludes the possibility of embarrassing disarray.

HOOKLESS FASTENER COMPANY, MEADVILLE, PENNA., NEW YORK, BOSTON, PHILA., CHICAGO, LOS ANGELES, SAN FRANCISCO, SEATTLE

Keep Cool and comfortable this summer with man's new friend



NEW FRENCH TYPE SHIRT 'N SHORT
"LASTEX" GARTER TOP HOSE

Yes, "Lastex," The Miracle Yarn the women are forever gabbing about, is just as good a friend to the downtrodden male. It has a strange power to impart a permanent and washable stretch to any type of woven or knitted fabric with which it is incorporated. Its use is increasing by leaps and bounds in literally every type of apparel for men, women and children. In all its thousand and one uses the result of "Lastex" is better fit, greater comfort, smarter appearance, longer wear. Just let "Lastex" worry about fit and comfort for you. And you'll find a new friend. Let it hold up your hose, keep your underwear snug without binding, give you the ideal, stringless pajamas you've wanted, and otherwise minister to your inalienable right to be cool and comfortable when summer gets down to his work. "Lastex," 1790 Broadway, New York City.

Lastex
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AUBURN

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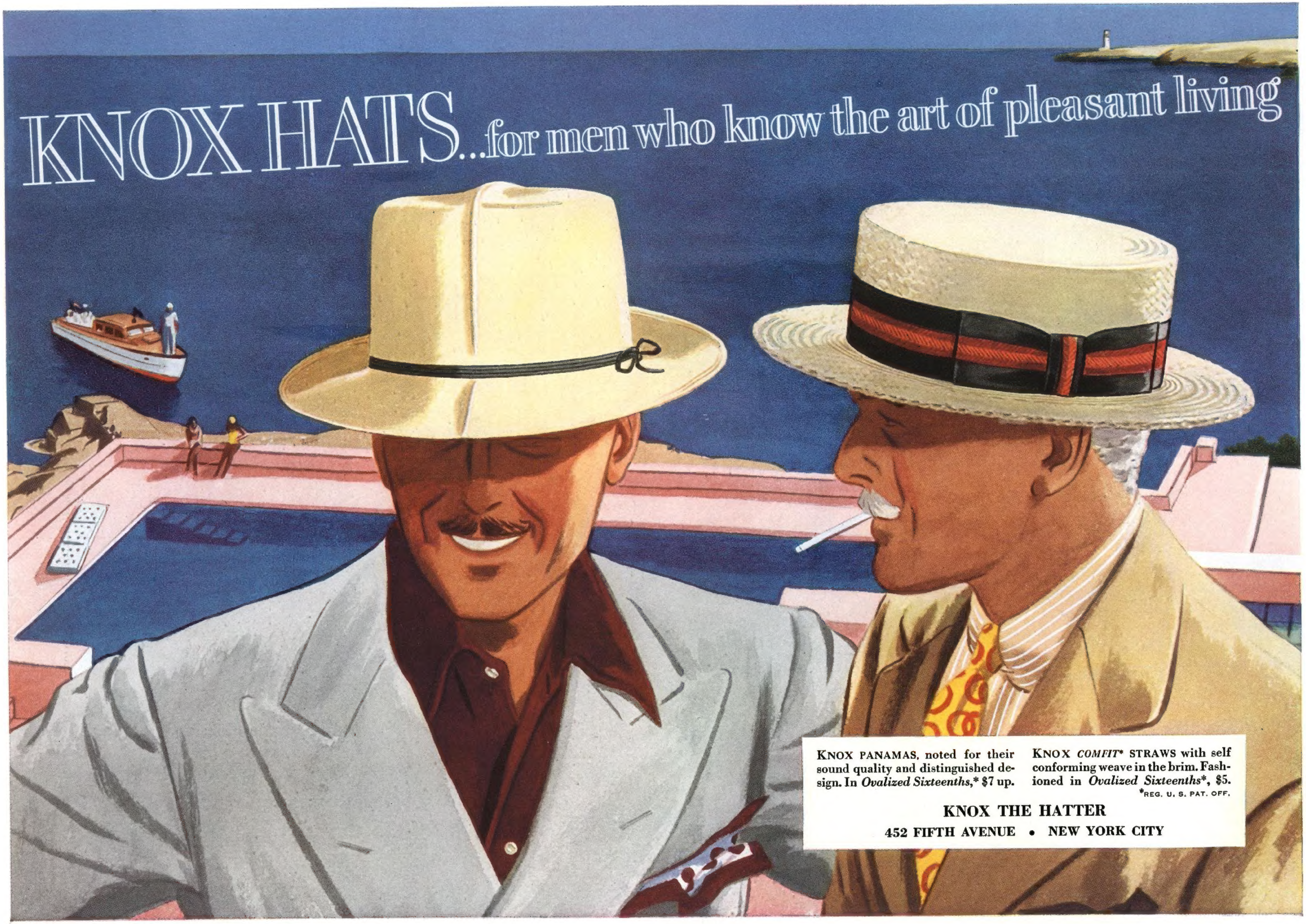
Super-
Charged
SPEEDSTER

Racy, torpedo type,
with outside exhaust
pipes of polished
stainless steel


KNOX HATS...for men who know the art of pleasant living

KNOX PANAMAS, noted for their sound quality and distinguished design. In *Ovalized Sixteenths*,* $7 up.

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452 FIFTH AVENUE • NEW YORK CITY

Edited by Arnold Gingrich

Esquire
THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

Publishers:
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TRENDS IN DRESS

Picturing the New Clothes and Accessories in Sketches ....
by Saalburg, Fellows and Goodman beginning on page 111

Art Directors: John Groth, Eric Lundgren

Use of any person's name in fiction, semi-fictional articles or humorous essays is to be regarded as a coincidence and not as the responsibility of *Esquire*. It is never done knowingly.

An End to the Ending Trouble

This month we install the dingus we invented (or maybe it was Gus) to show when the ending of a story or article has been reached. This little device is calculated to reduce the mind-strain of those readers who find it difficult to believe that we have not selfishly held out, for our own enjoyment, the last two pages of every manuscript. When you come to the end of an Esquire story, these readers tell us, there are two things you can do. One is to hunt around in the vain hope that the story may be continued on some other page. The next is to tell the editor just how you feel about it and him and these amateurish endings and the dizzy state of modern literature in general and Esquire's new-fangled stories in particular. In answer we can only say, with Bill Long of this month's *Sound and Fury*, that the modern short story is not an Esquire innovation. But the dingus—ah there's an Esquire innovation for you! So now, if you don't know when a story is ended, don't ask us (if you don't think the authors know when their stories are ended, how do you expect us to know?) but just look for the dingus. If it's there that means the whistle has blown and the author has laid down his pen—which is no longer a signal for you to pick up yours. It looks like this: #

Another Labor Saving Device

To Myron H. Broomell of Urbana, Ohio, we are indebted for what will undoubtedly be the next improvement in streamlining this magazine against reader mind-resistance. "Why not put at the end of each carry-over in the back of the magazine, a page reference directing the reader back to the place he jumped off from? A customer who likes to peruse, if not read, Esquire from cover to cover might find his way about more easily. As it is, he reads, let us say, the first part of Dr. Wolfe's 'De Arte Amatoria' on pages 28-9, and is directed to the center (blessed accuracy!) of page 167, whither he turns, keeping his finger meanwhile at page 29 so that he may go on from that point when he has finished with Dr. Wolfe. However, by the time he has reached the right center of page 168 he pauses to pick a linguistic artichoke and removes his finger from the front pages of the magazine. By this unguarded gesture he loses his place at page 29, and so when he has finished with page 168 and Dr. Wolfe, he is obliged to turn the front pages one by one. You will see what I mean, I suppose, without further diagramming." Sure, we see it at a glance. And now, if you'll excuse us please, we'll set to work diagramming it for Gus. #

THE SOUND AND THE FURY

KIP NECKS TIME DE SHOIT HON!

In de foist place, vere Hi ken get a pare of harms? Hi should liff so, Hi aint got no more harms frum kerrin your book! Dijevver! Soch an idear a men hes! At list, you vonna mek a bik book end giffink everyvon a chenct to mekking monney—de wriders, de fonney-face mekkers, de pikchur-drors — *hullaright!* You vonna chohgin feefty cents, noo, hullaright too, already! Bot de *harms!* Hi esk you, how you ken do soch a tink mitout thinkink? Tek me, supoise. Hi most mek a liffink. Hi gotta vipe end two babelich—dey should liff a tousand years! End to poosh de masheen fur de pents, onnest, eet aint no chob fur no creeple! *You neet bote harms.* Noo, hefter kerrin your book in de sobvay, in de heatink place, end ull ova, besides hevvink ull de cheeslers linnink on my curns end bonyuns—Hi hev no harms left. End to qvit riddink, Hi kent! Dunt tink cus Hi pait de feefty cents. Gott forbit, Hi aint soch a schnorrer yet! Bot so eentrestink ees eet, Hi efen kent slippink.

And vot mate eet voise, my vipe fount insite my shoit de pikchur frum de blundie, vinkink end sayink, "Oh, you vould!"

So vot voss? Seence den, my vipe duss nottink bot loos monney in de pinnokel. Nottink to heat. Nottink to dreenk. End ven Hi esk her fur vy she leefs de bable mitout a diper, she hollerink, "Go esk blundie!"

Vell, Hi esk *you*, vot Hi ken doink? Hi'm a poison like dees: Giff me a herrink mit a glessa tea, end giff me a vipe—like blundie. End everytink ess foist cless, high tun. Bot take avay de vipe, end de herrink too, oi, Meester Esquire, Hi'm a sheep mitout a veel!

So, pi-leese, doink sometink to help me. You know everytink. Maybe you ken find a pare of harms dot vants a hoam mit foot? End de necks time dunt mek de book so bik. End de goils, mek dem look like my vipe, so eet vunt giff me no idears, end de baby vill be dipered, end she vunt loos monney by de pinnokel, and everytink vill be honky-donky.

End maybe, too, ven you see Meester Komroff, giff heem my regarts, end esk him pi-leese not to kindly wridink soch terrible sturyes, so Hi vunt hollerink in de slip.

Tenks too moch!

Yours trulik,

New York, N. Y. PHIL SNYDER

OH SHALL WE SAY YEAH?

Being interested in the decorative arts and having at least a rudimentary knowledge of typography I cannot help but admire the splendid layout which you offer. It is highly pleasing to the eye and its color is "trés magnifique" (we culturists). But one suggestion: on rambling through the pages I am inclined to think that in one or two spots you are becoming a trifle er . . . shall we say "garish"? (yes let's do say "garish" and put an end to the matter). Too much jarring clash between your brighter hues and blank white space. I would suggest that you subdue them a little.

As regards "Eskie," wot in 'ell is everybody raving about? You couldn't have a better cover! "Eskie" typifies the mood of the whole magazine. Keep him there!

Sincerely yours,

Norman, Oklahoma M. FULLER

THAT'S WHAT MAKES HORSE-RACING

I read with interest, but considerable disagreement, the article on *The Kentucky Derby* by your "racing expert," Mr. Robert Saunders Dowst, on Page 50 of the May issue of ESQUIRE.

It was an interesting article, but I can't bring myself to believe that Exterminator, or "Old Bones," won The Derby in 1919. He won it in 1918. The great Sir Barton, first maiden ever to win the Derby, was first home in 1919 It shouldn't have been difficult to ascertain that fact.

I also cannot bring myself to believe that the Bradley Entry ran one-two-three the year Bubbling Over won the Derby, or any other year for that matter. Twice, Colonel Bradley's horses have run one-two in the Derby, but never one-two-three. In 1921, Behave Yourself won the Derby with Black Servant second. Both were Bradley horses. Prudery was third. In 1926, Bubbling Over won with Bagenbaggage second, but Rockman, no Bradley horse, was third. Then, in this decade, Burgoo King and Broker's Tip won for Colonel Bradley, but no other Bradley horse was in the money these years.

An interesting angle was overlooked in writing of Exterminator. Two weeks before the race, Willis Sharpe Kilmer's two-year-old champion went wrong. He bought Exterminator, a rank outsider, for $15,000. He and friends reputedly wagered huge sums on "Old Bones," who paid more than 30 to 1. Their winnings supposedly were in the neighborhood of $80,000.

Although Mata Hari failed to win the Derby, she wasn't as far back as your article would have one believe. She set a dizzy early pace, but apparently couldn't keep her mind on her work. She finished fourth, barely nosed out of show money.

As for Omaha winning the 1935 Derby, of course that's just a matter of opinion. I don't believe he will get up in time. I would hazard the finish as follows: Chance Sun, Omaha, Roman Soldier, Commonwealth, Plat Eye.

Sincerely,

Pittsburgh, Pa. HARRY W. AUGUST

YE SAB UCKA LI NE (!)

5 POEMS TO e. e. cummings (*)

(n.b.: If you can't translate this, I'm sure that mr. cummings will be glad to do it for you.)

I

gr i m(ly,
DaR kly, he
cliN ched histee th
a ndmu tte red,
T oH ellw i th su&ch
triP eas th is
'FI veP o ems" by e. e.
cum m(in#g)s !$#%&' ()

II

Ili kE m ysteakmedium,
myg ir ls rarerarerare,
buTf or (!) g odsakes, do
n'tgi Ve mean y moreh alf
b ake d % pot a toes
lIk*e thi%s c-r A zystuff.

III

(qu e R%y 2an ed I toR)
dop eoP le re- all Y
G etp a idf&or
stU fflik eth is??????

IV

(no te2 & ed I toR)
Then extt iM E e. e.
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haveh I mta kethE
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ty pe)wR— iT er.

V

(ps 2 &ed i toR)
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T his kin Dof stu$ ff,
mYwif eis jUs tlear NinG
toty pe — sHe'"ll doit
forthe (;) PracT (*) iCe
c$c

Oakvale, W. Va. GODFREY M. ELLIOTT

BLESSED IS THE MAN

You are professedly a man's magazine, and it is your blessed masculinity—I might have said virility, were the word not fortunately passing out —for which I am giving thanks. On these spring evenings (winter and summer ones, too) while my husband disports himself somewhere on board ship with the most beautiful and potent woman he can find, I snuggle up to ESQUIRE, lay my head upon his comfortably tweedy, tobacco-y shoulder and —cry? No! I pretend he is the most dashing of bachelors, every bit as dangerous to females as my philandering spouse, and just on the delicious verge of an intrigue in which he must gallantly guard my marital virtue, all the while melting my scruples and my heart. (Like the role?) You see, I have the misfortune in real life to acquire only monotonously faithful lovers who try, the poor idiots, to make it up to me for the wanderings of my husband (God preserve him!) No one but you understands that a woman with any claims to potency herself most certainly doesn't throw herself away on a man who will not occasionally prove himself on other attractive women.

Every woman, deep down inside, likes to think when she signs the marital bond that she is nobly sacrificing a potentially glorious career as amateur courtesan in order to carry on the race (or what have you). But it never fails to irk her from the first to observe her husband's complacent acceptance of her metamorphosis. There seems no help for it, unless we advertise in the personal columns of the *Saturday Review*, or unless we find solace in flirting with ESQUIRE as does this

Washington, D. C. DEVOTED WIFE

AREN'T ALL GOD'S CHILLUN MISTERS IN HEAVEN?

After all, ESQUIRE is read in the South too, so would you consider it asking too much to cater to us just a little bit more? While I consider myself definitely of the New School (whatever that may be!) in the matter of Racial Toleration, still I couldn't keep from feeling that tickling of the spine when I saw Myer (or Meyer) Levin's reference to the admittedly late great creator of the part of "de Lawd" in *Green Pastures* as *Mr.* Harrison. Possibly Georgia *is* somewhat behind Illinois in this respect, but even so, we haven't yet been educated to the point of calling our negroes *Mr.* But of course this mild protest won't do any good—it was merely to point out for perhaps the billionth time the viewpoint of the South in general on one or another of our misunderstood (by the North) viewpoints.

And say! Where does this E. M. Bury get this Lindbergh stuff? I have heard that three types of people were entitled to use "we" when referring to themselves singly. These were Royalty, Newspaper Editors, and people with tapeworms. Besides, I didn't like his attitude in respect to ESQUIRE.

Why don't you print up a bunch of Petty's drawings and sell 'em out at about $1 a dozen? They'd go like hot cakes. Speaking of your pictures for framing! If you do, send me the first batch and a bill for 'em.

Yours,

Sewanee, Tenn. FRANK M. ARNALL

CLERGYMAN AND SCHOLAR

You will not find my name on the roll of subscribers, but a complete file of "Eskie" is one of my dearest possessions. Don't let the wowsers worry you—even the professional ones. Not even if they come from Kansas.

A clerical friend (an ardent "Eskie" fan) was attending a professional gathering recently. Two confreres were discussing a recent appointment. "What is so-and-so like?", asked one; the reply is offered as one of the world's great sayings, "He's the sor[illegible] who makes you wish birth-contr[illegible] be made retroactive!" Verb. sap.

Sincerely,

Ottawa, Can. G. R. L. POTTER

YOU FORGOT MERCHANT AND THIEF

Just a little note to say, that after reading Mr. E. J. Hawbaker's letter in the May issue of ESQUIRE, I most certainly agree that you need a new cover design. Mr. Hawbaker's suggestion sounds rather interesting, but not logical. I am sure it would not be popular among the younger generation of men who so readily buy ESQUIRE. In more explicit words, you would not want to typify or glorify soldiers at the present time, when all the youth in the country are up in arms against war.

Yet ESQUIRE certainly needs that new jacket. May I suggest? Put man on your cover. Man, in all of his commercial enterprises. Man in his pursuit of pleasures, his hobbies and daring.

Say for instance, right now, BASEBALL, with caricatures of the current heroes. Then to give you just a slight idea:

Polo Player
Football Hero
Fisherman (Trout)
Hunter
Doctor
Lawyer
Indian Chief
Musician
Dean
Statesman
Collegian
Gigolo
Sheik
Milkman

And even the *Sound and Fury* editor. That will give all of the men a chance to see themselves as others see them. This too should please Mr. G. J. Nathan.

Everything else about ESQUIRE is grand and glorious, but please don't put SOLDIER's on the cover. The world war must not have a sequel.

Fordham, N. Y. C. E. L. RIKER

Continued on page 159

MOONLIGHT AND FOUR ROSES

IN the glamorous days before the War Between the States, a young gentleman named Paul Jones laid siege to the heart and hand of a lovely Southern belle.

With the charming coquetry of that gallant age, she signified her acceptance of his suit by wearing to a cotillion a corsage of *four red roses*.

It is from this incident in a gracious past that Four Roses—a blend of straight whiskies—drew its name. And we are proud to invite you to make it a part of your own gracious scheme of living. You'll find it a superb liquor—fragrant as Southern flowers, mellow as the moonlight shining on them.

Four Roses is made by the same company that has always made it—and made in the same way—by the slow, costly, old-fashioned method.

Four Roses Whiskey is reasonably priced. Try a bottle. *Insist* on it at hotels and restaurants.

Send 10¢ for "IRVIN S. COBB'S OWN RECIPE BOOK."

Other Frankfort Whiskies: PAUL JONES—*a blend of straight whiskies* • OLD OSCAR PEPPER—*a blend of straight whiskies* • SHIPPING PORT—*straight whiskey* • ANTIQUE—*whiskey, a blend* • MATTINGLY & MOORE—*whiskey, a blend.*

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Four Roses
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With the idea of becoming God's gift to gift-givers — particularly for those who have the problem of June weddings in the offing, we dedicate the following:

Under the heading of inexpensive but particularly acceptable to those who have a yen for modern decoration, there are some exotic alabaster animals from Italy, and some very modern figurines made of pottery from Holland. Persia contributes some strange-looking horses, likewise in pottery. All of these should strike a responsive chord in the hearts of ultra-modern newlyweds.

The personal touch in a modest gift may be achieved with a small cigarette container worked out in the initials of the recipients.

Taking a cue from the old-time Lazy Susan there is a new canape or buffet dish in huge size that has a turn-table base. Incidentally, the Lazy Susan has been modernized and is now made out of a single piece of plate glass on a revolving chrome base.

Always acceptable are a set of six demi-tasse cups of sterling with China linings. The new version comes with each of the cups having a different colored China lining.

If they are really coffee drinkers with a vengeance send them a half dozen jumbo coffee cups, which is to the regular sized cup — as far as capacity is concerned — exactly the reverse of the demi-tasse.

A suggestion for the wealthy relations of the bride and groom, because it runs into currency, is a modern China service from England. It is decorated with effective concentric circles and other modern motifs in keeping with the very last word in classic modern effects. It really is in excellent taste, and as simple as it should be.

Also under the heading of major gifts is a cellarette built inside a fluted column that might serve as a base for lamp or objets d'art. This comes in white or wood finishes.

Some of the best modern design has gone into the most utilitarian type of article, and particularly noteworthy is the great number of grand looking modern electric clocks, any of which, even though modestly priced, should be received with open arms.

A perfect gift for the honeymoon is a self-winding traveling clock, which takes care of the mechanical operation each time it is opened and closed.

Another modest but practical gift is an ice tub of wood, lined in the manner of a vacuum bottle, which prevents melting of the cubes for a sufficient length of time, although it has no top.

Another item for partying is a new highball glass carrier and server. This is made so the glasses are securely held, avoiding chances of spilling. It accommodates eight glasses.

For those who haven't as yet reached the carpet slipper age but still like to get their shoes off after a hard day's work there is a new house slipper, exceptionally light and comfortable, cut somewhat on the lines of a regular blucher shoe, and if you change your mind about staying home you can still step out to the movies or a neighboring bridge game and be presentable without changing back to the old dogs.

Whether you use cigarettes to get a lift, to satisfy, make the grade, avoid boredom, or any of the other excellent reasons besides just plain enjoyment, there is nothing so unpleasant as a smoking butt, so we are glad to report a new individual snuffer that does a good job.

There is also a set of pip-shaped ashtrays with little pins in the center that serve as excellent cigarette snuffers.

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MADE-BY-HAND FOOTWEAR
Business, country, formal and resort wear.
Entirely hand made — from $35.00 up.
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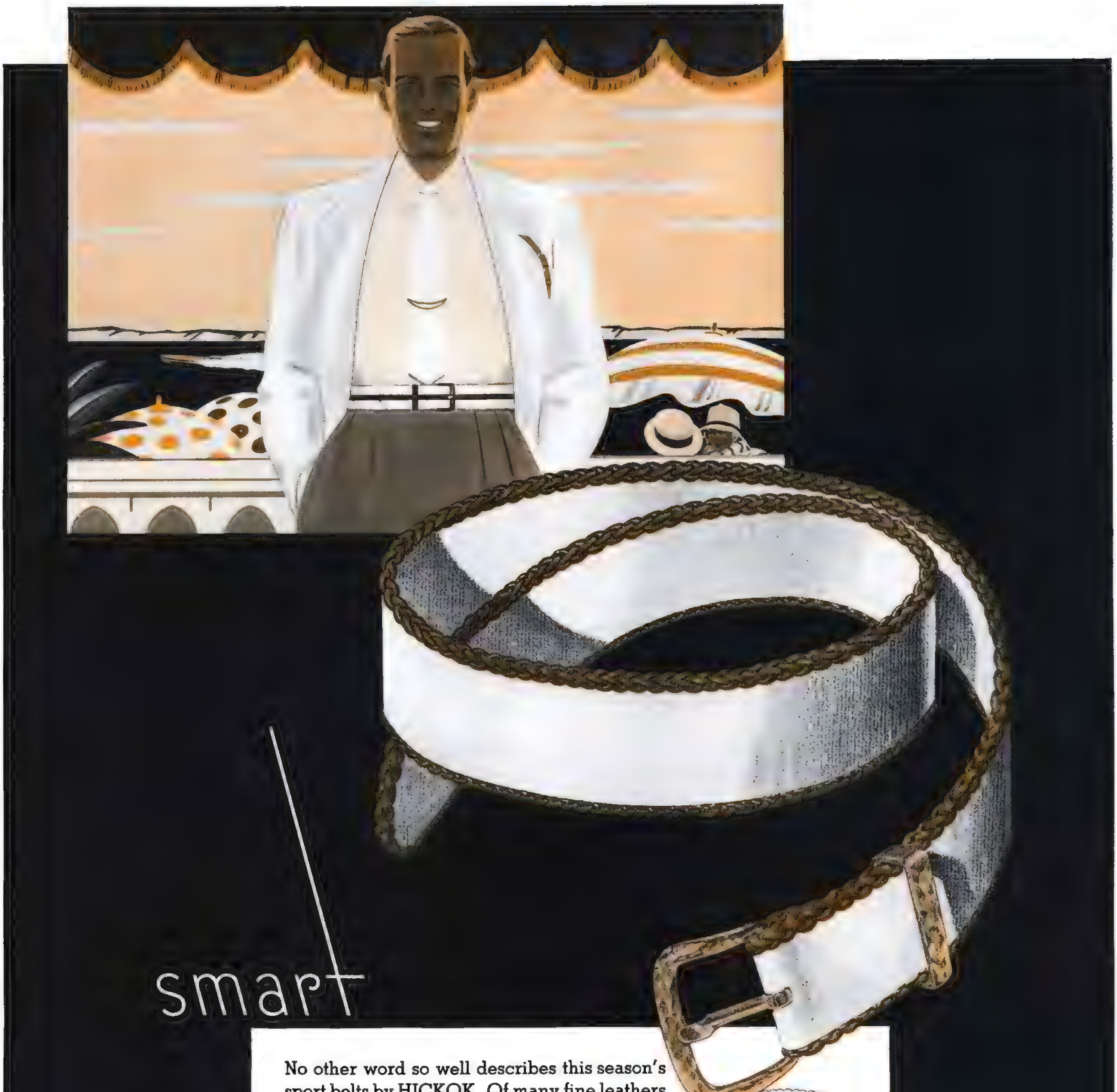


No other word so well describes this season's sport belts by HICKOK. Of many fine leathers in all the accepted color combinations . . . . to an even greater extent this season than ever before, they are recognized as style leaders.

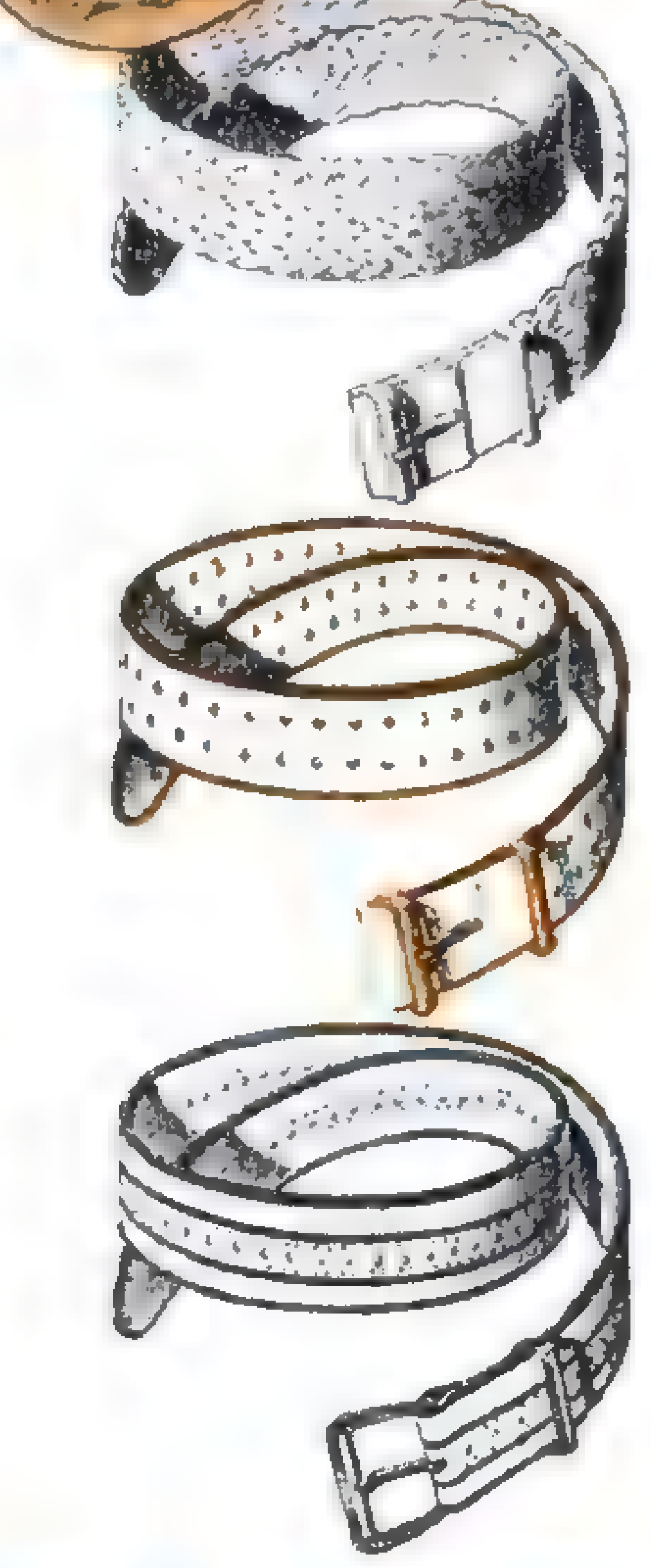
The large belt above is of clear white elk-tanned cowhide, soft but sturdy, lined with the same leather. Edge finished with chain-braid lacing, in either black or brown. Hammered buckle and loop **$1.50**

The upper belt in this panel is of braided seine cord, ingeniously made to avoid bulky thickness. Buckle and loop in polished nickel **$1.00**

The center belt in this panel . . . . with perforations for air-cooling . . . . is of white elk-tanned cowhide lined with suede fabric. Buckle and loop in gunmetal finish, white enamel inlay. Also in brown and white . **$1.00**

The lower belt, air-cooled, is also made of white cowhide, suede fabric lined. Buckle in brown enamel. Made in black and white as well **$1.00**

AT YOUR DEALER'S . . . OR WRITE HICKOK, ROCHESTER, N. Y.



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If you have ever had to blush your way into a woman's lingerie counter and had to overcome the feeling of being a big whoozis, you will appreciate the innovation in one of New York's smart stores, whereby they have created a Gift Counsel Service in their men's department, where a couple of swell-looking gals take over the job for you and help out with lots of suggestions.

We have heard of a new concoction that is supposed to sober you up in fifteen minutes. All we want to know is what's the hurry?

For traveling hypochondriacs, and even those who have something the matter with them, there is a combination folding tea and tablespoon that solves the problem of having the proper dosage spoon present under all conditions.

And speaking about drugs, etc., we have seen a very nice, simple, silver box with a sliding top made just for the purpose of carrying a dozen pellets of that modern panacea, aspirin.

The automobile gadget industry is still holding the record this year for the greatest number of new ideas, and the latest one is a rear vision mirror that combines thermometer, altimeter and range indicator without marring in any way its original purpose. There seems almost nothing much left to hope for in the way of auto contrivances except hot and cold running water on the dashboard.

For those who don't think that the wise-crack about the Grand Canyon being a swell place to throw used razor blades is anything to laugh about, there is a porcelain box with a slot in it like a penny bank, beautifully decorated and made so that it can be hung on the bathroom wall, taking care of the serious problem of razor blade disposal.

On the subject of razor blades there is a new blade on the market, each one practically autographed by the individual responsible for its efficiency.

A famous purveyor of active and spectator sports apparel and accessories has recently been appointed the sole agency for a famous old British pipe-maker. Interesting highlight regarding the London shop of this tobacconist is that they have been in the store so long the front is considered a museum-piece.

There is a new tobacco humidor in an interesting design that is an exact replica of the famous old clock of Westminster, London, Big Ben.

If the jingle of your auto keys on the dashboard gets on your nerves, there is a new key-ring which is supposed to eliminate this annoying disturbance.

We saw the very newest decorated glasses, that come on an appropriate tray and follow out an old-fashioned checked gingham effect. These come in either red or blue.

And there is a combination tray and table with a couple of levers on the handles of either side which, when pressed, pop the legs out from under the tray. This is just as much fun as it is practical.

For those whose surroundings are of the Georgian or Early American type there is an old-fashioned tinder pistol which looks well against either type of décor and works by the pull of the trigger as a cigar or cigarette lighter.

For suburbanites who want to get that Palace of Versailles look to their hedges, there is an electric hedge trimmer which does this chore with a minimum of effort.

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The Lewis Reducing Belt takes inches off your waist line in a few days. Permanent reduction guaranteed with longer use. Enjoy more vigor and pep. Try Lewis's Reducing Belt ten days at our expense. Write for free trial offer now. Lewis Reducing Belt Co., Dept. S., 433 Elizabeth Ave., Newark, N.J.

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Separate Heated Pools for Men and Women
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Send for our new 1935 catalogue.
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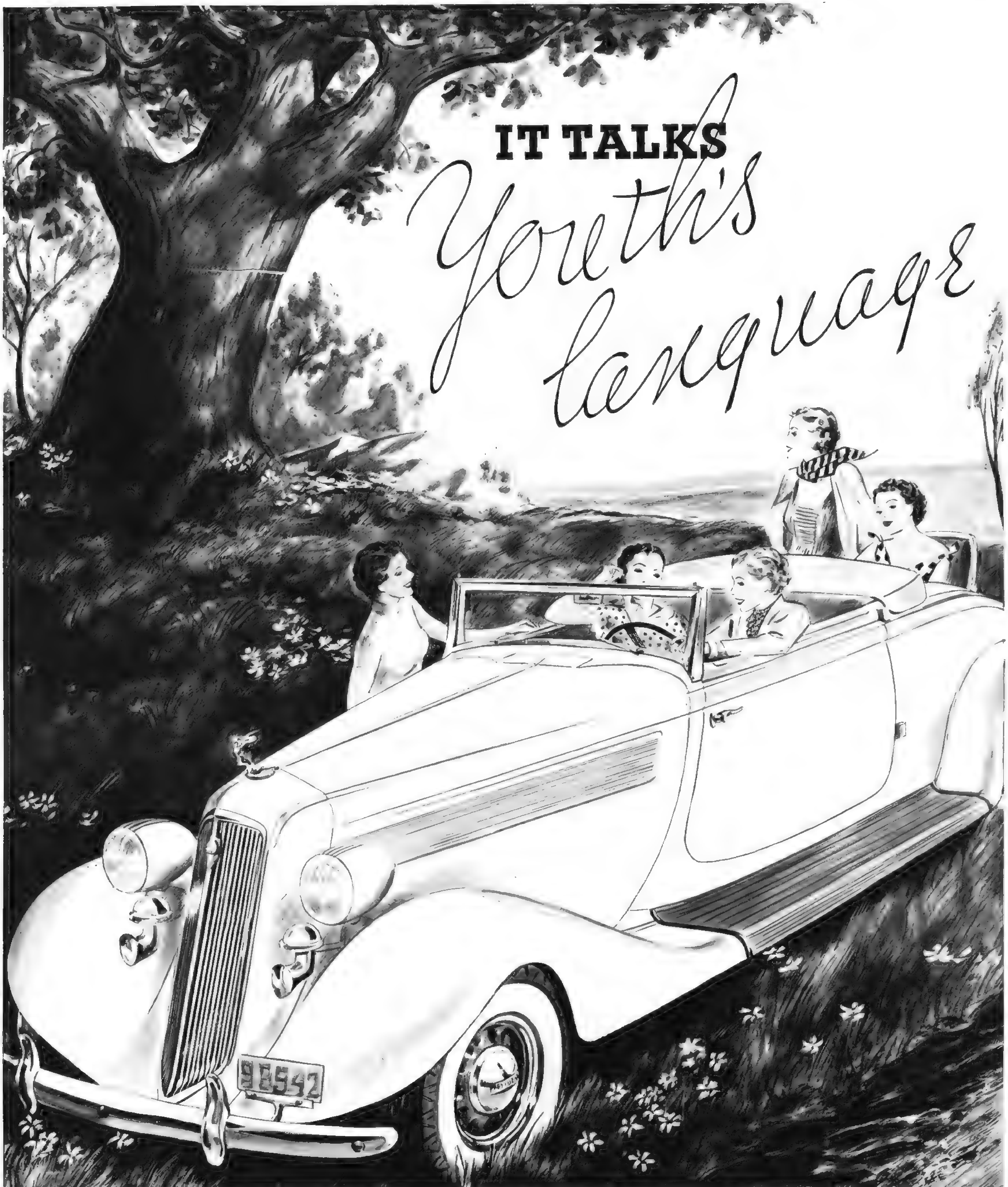

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appearing at Dinner and Supper and on Sunday at Dinner and at the Sunday Cocktail Dansant
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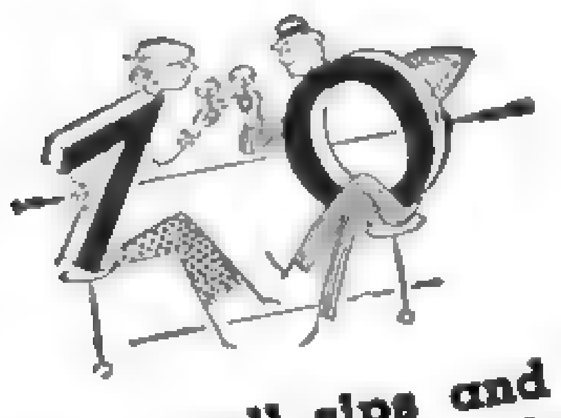
GEORGE STERNEY and his Plaza orchestra
THE PLAZA • FIFTH AVE • NEW YORK



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SEVENTY PARK AVENUE Hotel
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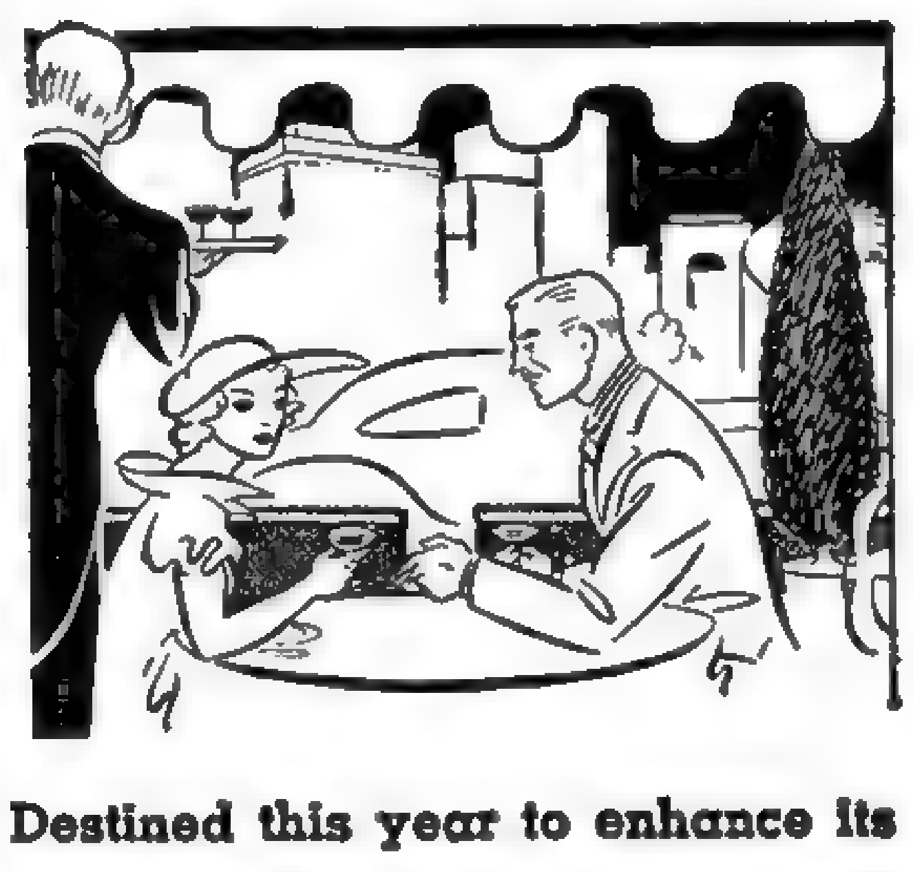

Destined this year to enhance its reputation as the one outdoor café you mustn't miss. For luncheon or dinner or in between. Connecting with New York's most historic and colorful cocktail bar — the
AMEN CORNER
Dinner & Supper Dancing
Entertainment by
The Musical Rogues
FIFTH AVENUE HOTEL
24 FIFTH AVE. AT NINTH ST.

Swell idea, these Sunday afternoon breakfasts, British style, such as are staged by the Lombardy (East 54th) and other wakeful establishments. . . . So hunt-clubby. . . . And so recuperative, if, as I've been doing, you've attempted to bunch 1001 Nights' Entertainment into one week, with the result that you prong your nourishment a bit wanly. . . . Today I'm tackling my Sabbath vitamins to the tune of grilled kidneys, two pianos (operated by Jules and Joe), a brioche, and some sips of champagne (helpful) 'neath the awning of Number One Bar, in lower Fifth Avenue's sidewalk café section. . . . The Brevoort beckons within a muffin's throw; the Amen Corner is diagonally just beyond. . . . But I'm conservative as yet. . . . Poised. . . . Not ready to hop to anything other than what's before me. . . . I'd have taken kipper, except that I already *had* kippered, back in the pre-bed era (what o'clock could that have been anyhow?) at Ethel Levey's Snack Bar. . . . Good, as I remember. . . . It's a small spot but a smart and cheery one, thanks to the songful personality of mine hostess. . . . Another singer rising out of the mists of yesternight: Frances Maddux, with her own line of ditties, especially that one about the loving lady who, even with Simmons inducements, couldn't catch her man. . . . Miss Maddux lifts the St. Regis Roof quite perceptibly—no mean achievement when you consider its sumptuousness, with Johnny Green waving a genteel baton and Mario and Florio demonstrating how the music should be danced to if one could. . . . At the Central Park Casino there's Eddy Duchin's discovery, Ross McClennon. . . . Looks and dresses like the blond answer to a deb's prayer, yet puts his songs over with much voice and flocks of technique. . . . Which is more than can be said of Jockey Earl Sande, vocalist, at the Stork Club. . . . But who cares, so long as he's Earl Sande, and the Stork Club is the Stork Club? Personally I'd go there even without Haywood Powers and his orchestra—yes, even if Galli Galli, the Egyptian slickster, produced only *five* live chicks from under his brass cups, instead of six. . . . In fact I'd go there for mere breast of duck. . . . Roundsmen are peculiar that way. . . . Howling mobs descend noon and night upon Fan & Bill's Steak House for the sake of the planked plenty dispensed under Fan's good-scouting eye as she patrols the fray. . . . Park Avenue spills a lot of its best blood at the door of El Morocco, and tears itself limousine from limousine for a chance at the Plaza's Persian Room where the Social Register sees itself on the hoof. . . . During cocktail hours Number 70 Bar is completely hidden under Murray Hillers. . . . The Versailles is beset with fanatics desirous of hearing Helen Morgan sit on a piano, little recking that Dorothy Fox and Charles Walters, also at the Versailles, are the most original dance pair in town. . . . As for the mystery of the Leon & Eddie mania, it's all made clear to you when the last-named member of the firm unlimbers his talents in such classics as *She Came Rolling Down the Mountain*—making the performances of certain palm-polishing hotsters from Harlem, and white-gloved Paul Duke who culls lighted cigarettes and pipes out of the atmosphere, seem just so much velvet. . . . For me, though, the big emotional experience of the week was at the Pavilion Marguery (Park Avenue at 46th) where I met a dish of bouillabaisse that was positively the best since Marseilles. And with it came Berncasteler 1931, followed by Liebfraumilch 1932. Just to think of such sublimities gives me courage for another week.

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AND SUPPER-DANCING
Henry King and Xavier Cugat Orchestras
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Sophisticated Entertainment
THE
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"MOST MAGNIFICENT NIGHT CLUB OF THEM ALL"
says Walter Winchell
3 Dance Orchestras
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7th Avenue at 50th Street
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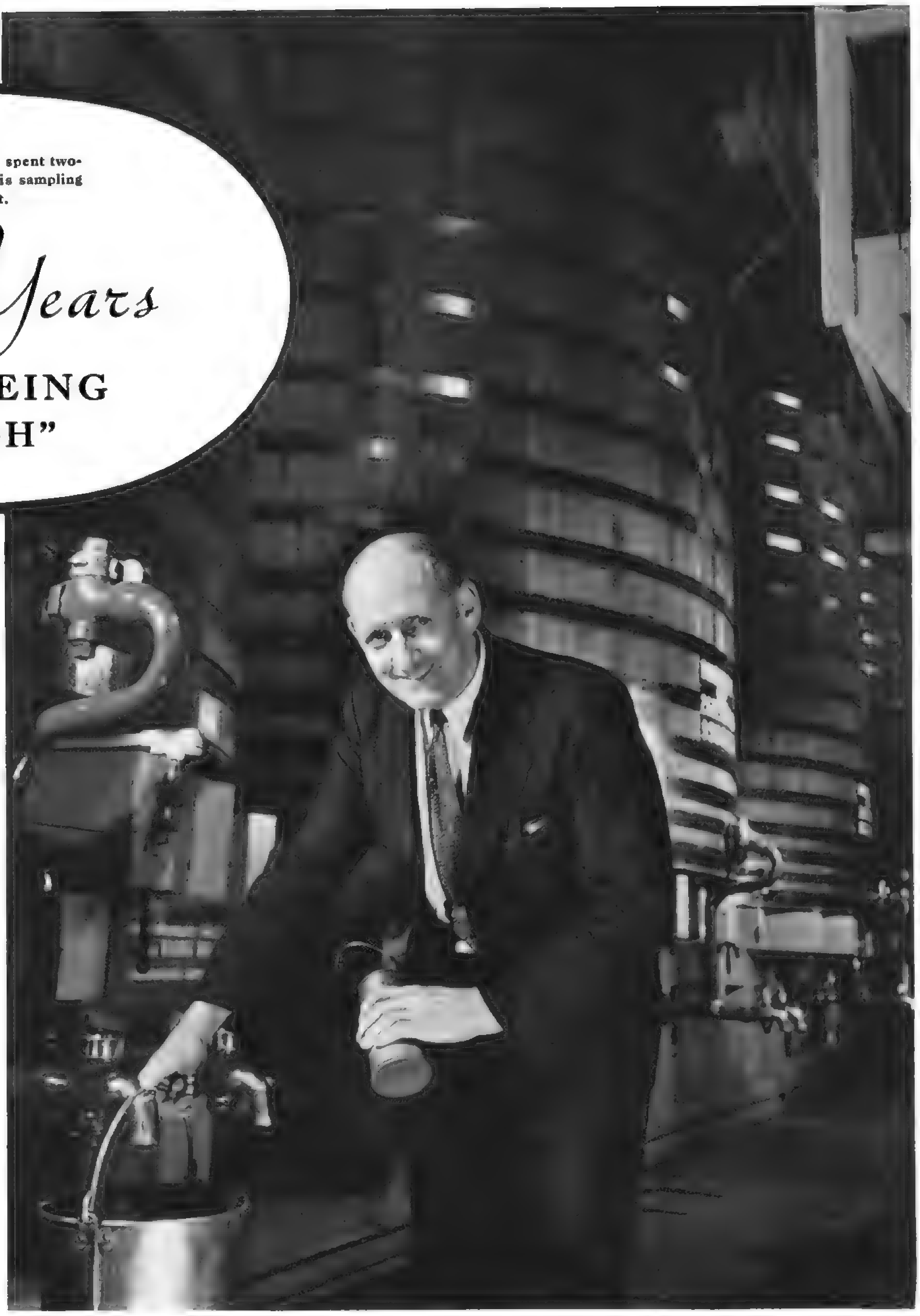

Ed Wiseman, now superintendent, has spent two-score years in the distillery. Here he is sampling a bottling vat for a proof-test.

"For 41 Years I'VE BEEN SEEING IT THROUGH"

LET'S walk out into the distillery. There those old-timers who grew up with Hiram Walker will tell you why our bonded whiskies are of such unvarying excellence. They'll show you how carefully they check each step in the process, from grinding the grain to maintaining summer-heat in the warehouses where the whiskey slumbers to maturity.

HIRAM WALKER'S DE LUXE STRAIGHT BOURBON

Walker's
De Luxe
Straight Bourbon Whiskey
Produced in Canada
ONE QUART

We take choice corn and mill it carefully to preserve the full life of the kernels. We put into the distilling all of the knowledge we have gained through 77 years' experience. After the rich liquor is ready, we lay it away in special casks of fine-grained oak from the Ozarks. *Hiram Walker's De Luxe Straight Bourbon* rests undisturbed in ivy-covered warehouses for six years or more. Then it is bottled in bond under the watchful eye of the Canadian Government. Try it—and enjoy the rich bouquet of real, old-time bourbon whiskey. Distilleries at Walkerville, Ontario, and Peoria, Illinois.

Hiram Walker's BONDED WHISKIES

PAINTING THE TOWN WITH ESQUIRE

PIERRE ROOF
HIGHEST AND COOLEST HOTEL ROOF IN MANHATTAN!
•
JOE MOSS
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NEW YORK
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● people with his
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● LUNCH! DINNER!
● SUPPER! COCKTAILS!

ASK FOR THIS
DECORATIVE MAP FOLDER

PORTSMOUTH, N. H.
THE
Wentworth
BY-THE-SEA
BOSTON OFFICE

Full of pictures and information about this charming summer home. Detail map shows surroundings and beautiful oceanside location.
SENT ON REQUEST
THE
Wentworth
BY-THE-SEA
PORTSMOUTH, N. H.

"Don't you ever get fed up with going places?" people ask me. . . . The trouble is, I don't. . . . For years I've struggled to register sophistication, to convey the impression that the world of pleasure is a squeezed rind which I, in my appalling superiority, have tossed aside. And sometimes —for whole moments—I've succeeded. But something always happens. . . . A few evenings ago, for instance, stopping in at the Winslow (55th St. and Madison) for a quick Martini, I was able to thrust my hat at the check-room attendant rather jadedly I thought. But the coziness of the Cocktail Terrace unbent me; I sat down and presently found myself deciding that the lady at the table across the way was better-looking than her escort deserved, and wondering what were the chances of her deciding likewise—which heavy thinking put such a strain on my vitality as to necessitate further Martinis and a club sandwich.

. . . At the Red Room Lounge of the McAlpin it was a guitar player that detained me. Ordinarily I'm no glutton for guitars unless there are dancers in the picture (ah there, El Chico!); but this Anthony Rocco makes his steel-stringed utensil of virtuosity tell papa all about it, in the manner of an Aeolian hot-box. . . . Just across the street to the south, ran into another entangler, the Café-Bar Martinique with large mural entitled "The 18th Amendment" which serves as background for the shaker brethren and as standing excuse for history lovers. . . . There's no guessing at things from the outside—certainly not at Fouquet's. . . . Barged in there (40 East 58th) with my aplomb set for supposedly level going, only to descend a smart chicken-run which brought me out on a balcony and I found that I was upstairs on the steamer deck looking down over the railing into Fouquet's ingenious dance pit, with George Sterney's band musiking. . . . Gladys Baxter gets songs off her well-made chest, and Ann Freshman flings her limbs about. . . . The Kungsholm (142 East 55th) offers a worthwhile touch of unexpectedness, these warmer days, in the shape of a smorgasbord patio, or Swedish eating garden, affording fresh air and the prattle of a fountain, to go with a large belt-filling dinner. Disregarding such Americanisms as roast turkey and the like, I attacked *Kaldomar* (stuffed cabbage), Stockholm style, and rum pudding with Swedish punch as pursuer. . . . If that new fountain could be hooked up with the Kungsholm's cellar of wines of all nations I'd be really satisfied. . . . I hesitate to mention the Mayfair Room (Park Avenue at 65th) because it is quite small and I have designs on it in behalf of self and special friends. . . . The perfect taste of its Chinese decorations and fitments and the pleasantness of the exemplary little bar are well understood when you meet Vincent Maderner who presides there. He is Viennese with additional background of Shepheard's Hotel, Cairo, and of the Meurice in Paris—hostelries which I happen to be sentimental about. A further explanation of the Mayfair (House as well as Room) is that it is run by Ned Crandall, erstwhile of Gedney Farms and now remarkably successful occupant of the shoes of the late Pierre. Under Crandall, Hotel Pierre is what it was meant to be, only more so—as I had a chance to verify by visiting the Pierre Roof, in full swing with Joe Moss's music dreamifying you and nocturnal Central Park 42 stories beneath—just a doormat.

The New
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A CONTINENTAL RENDEZVOUS
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DINNER • SUPPER
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Tea Dansant Saturday & Sunday
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• Mayfair Bar •
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Mayfair House
PARK AVENUE AT SIXTY-FIFTH STREET

the Mascotte . .
cuisine Francaise . . . Escoffier disciples . . . wines and liquors at their peak of perfection . . .
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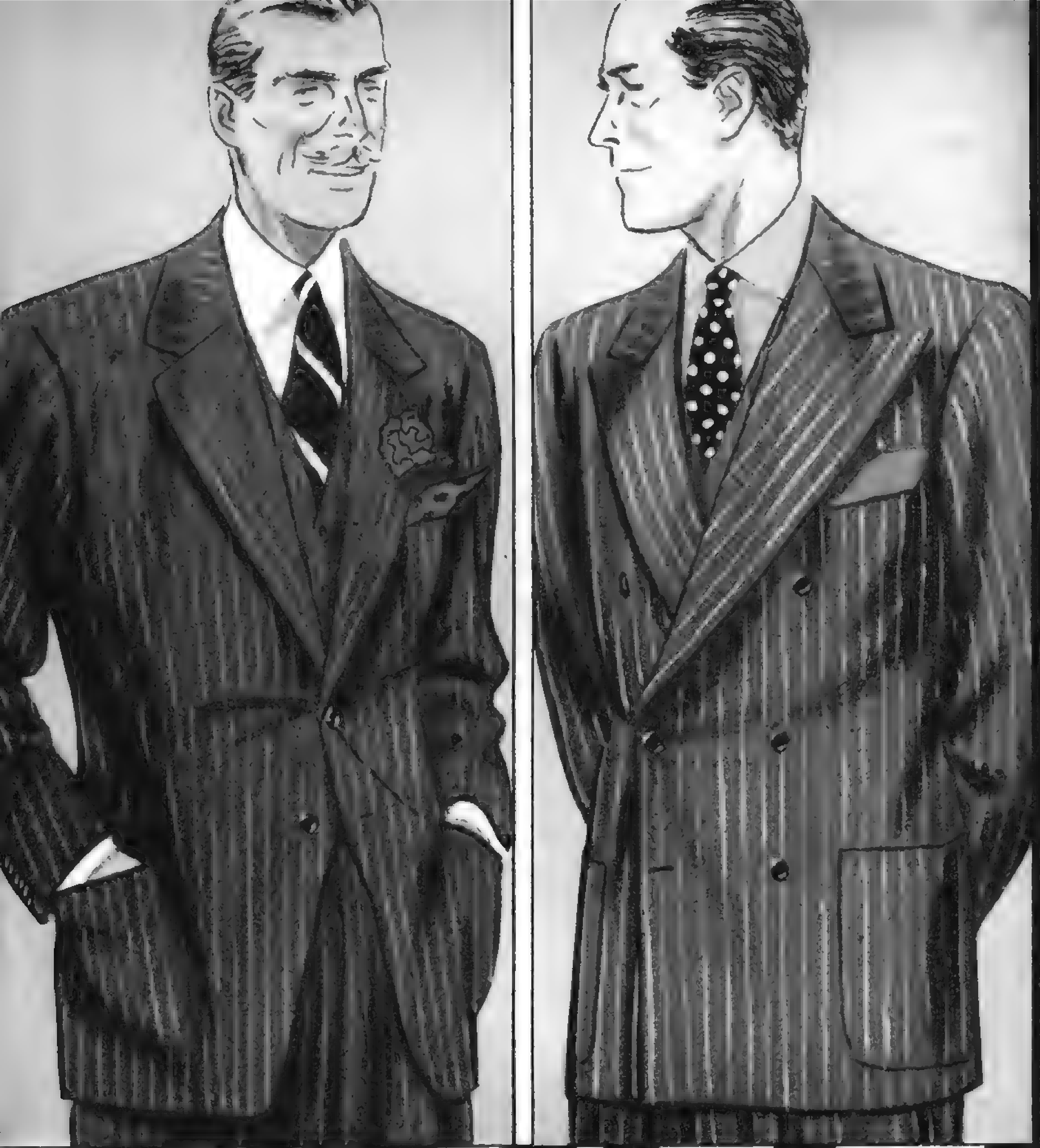


SMART FASHIONS FOR SUMMER . . .

In New York, the famed string of John David stores have long set a fashion pace both brisk and brilliant . . . with the result that throughout the length and breadth of the United States, the name John David is associated with apparel for men that is not only smart but faultlessly, meticulously correct and authentic. The distinguished John David Summer clothes portrayed on this page are outstanding examples of authoritative good fashion as worn by gentlemen of taste and character.

Fashions For Men

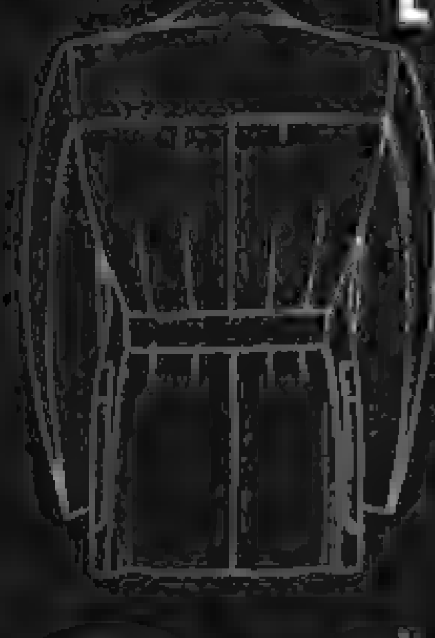
JOHN DAVID

FIFTH AVENUE • NEW YORK

UPPER LEFT: John David extra-quality tropical worsted suits. Coat, waistcoat, trousers. Cool and porous. Single and double breasteds. Plain colors, pencil stripes, plaids **$26.50**

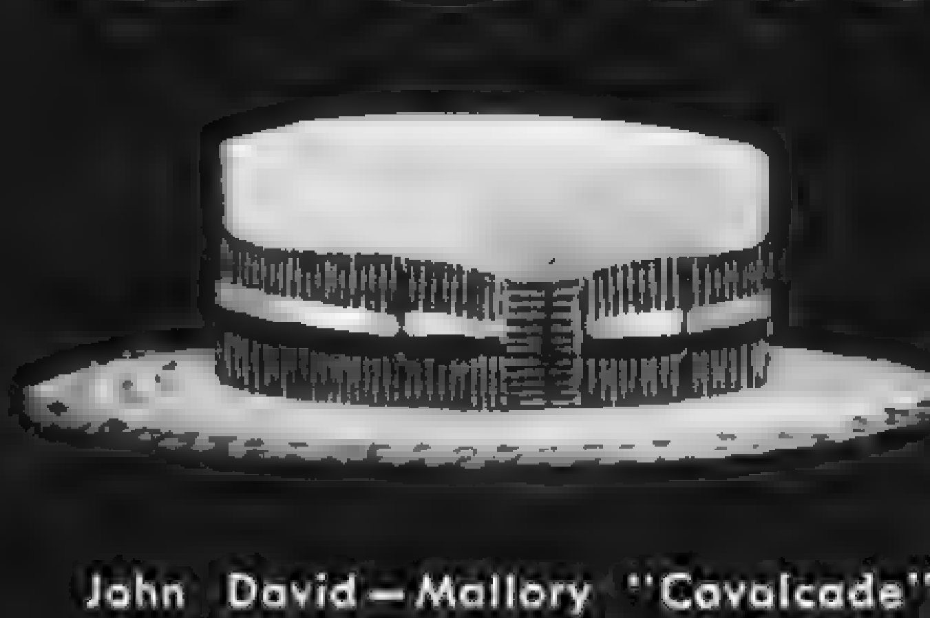
UPPER RIGHT: John David suits of famous imported Huddersfield Flannel. Single and double-breasteds in plain shades of navy blue and Cambridge gray. Also chalk stripes on these grounds **$35.50**

LOWER RIGHT: John David suits of Imported Irish Linen in both single and double-breasted models, with either sports or plain backs. Coat and trousers **$14.50**

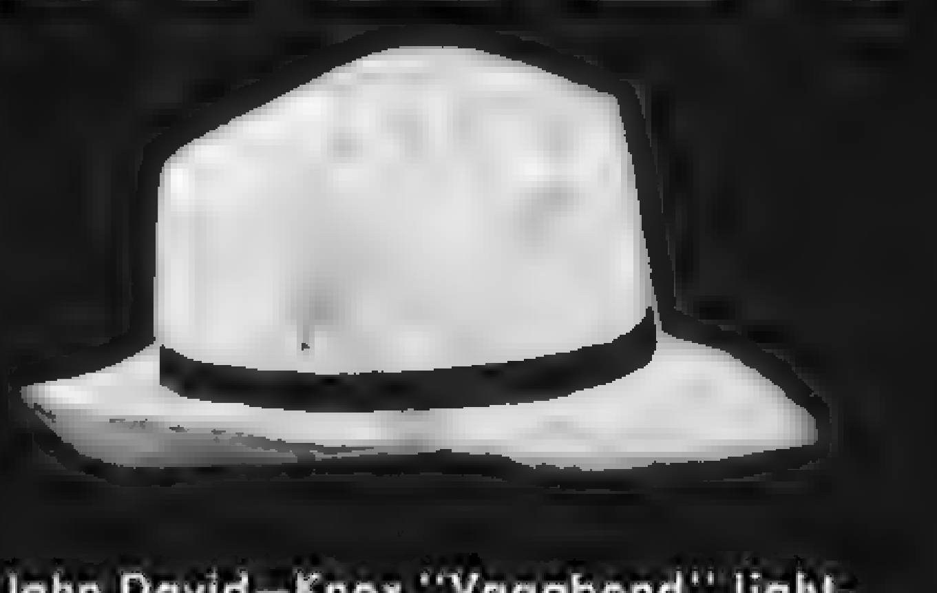


LOWER LEFT: John David "Brompton" Gabardine suits in single-breasted Bellows-Pleat Back sports model and in double-breasted English style with plain back **$35**

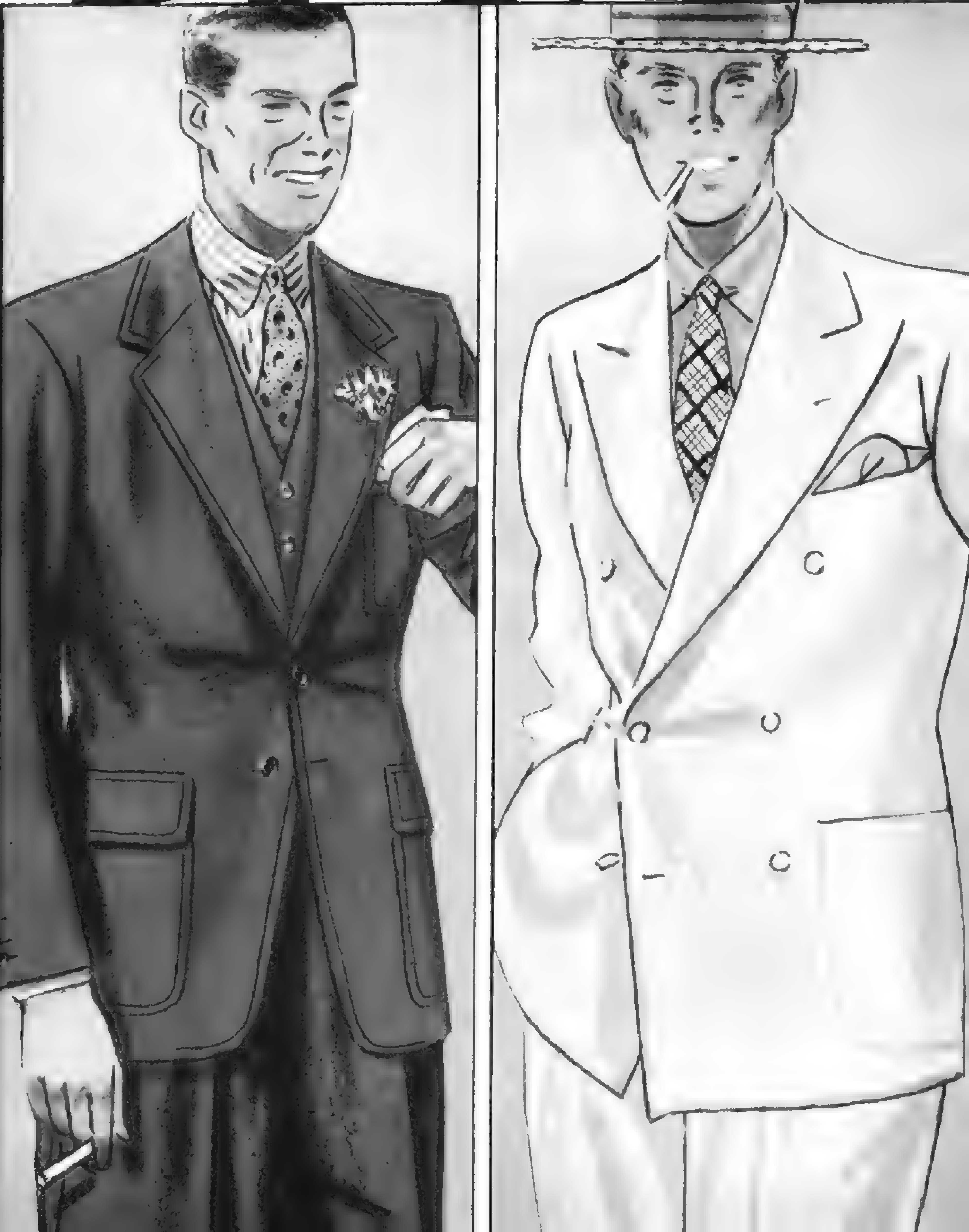
COMPARE!



John David—Mallory "Cavalcade" lightweight straw hat of circular weave. Cravenetted to resist moisture and discoloration from sun. Coarse ribbed gray grosgrain band with narrow stripe. $3.50



John David—Knox "Vagabond" lightweight felt sports hat. An all round Summer hat, ideal for town or country. Light gray, medium gray, dark gray, dark brown, tan and green. $5



BACKSTAGE WITH ESQUIRE

Mr. Hemingway, after time out for tetanus treatment, is now at Bimini.

•

Thomas Wolfe, is, at the moment, the Ace of American letters as the author of this year's big book, *Of Time and the River.* For five years, since the publication of *Look Homeward, Angel,* he has been the pride of the house of Scribner's and now, with the new book high on all the best seller lists, he is its joy too. Readers of Wolfe's two novels know the Pentland family as well as their own. But on page 26 of this issue they will meet one of this mad tribe for the first time, as Arnold Pentland has not previously appeared in Wolfe's pages.

•

Edward F. Roberts: Born in Dublin and boasts of it. Came to America to escape a family decreed legal career. Hated the law then and hates it still. Wandered around U. S. A. and adjacent countries disguised as a newspaper man. Gave ineffectual assistance to Zelaya who wanted to become Emperor of Central America, similar assistance to Bernardino Reyes who wanted to become Emperor of Mexico. Served with Dublin Fusiliers in the World War, temporary sergeant, permanent lance corporal. Likes fishing, golf, whiskey and conversation; dislikes most everything else.

•

E. E. Cummings who was last month's storm center with his five cryptographic poems, appears this month, almost as if by way of making amends, in the unaccustomed garb of conventional typography, even including capital letters, something the Cummings output hasn't worn in almost twenty years.

•

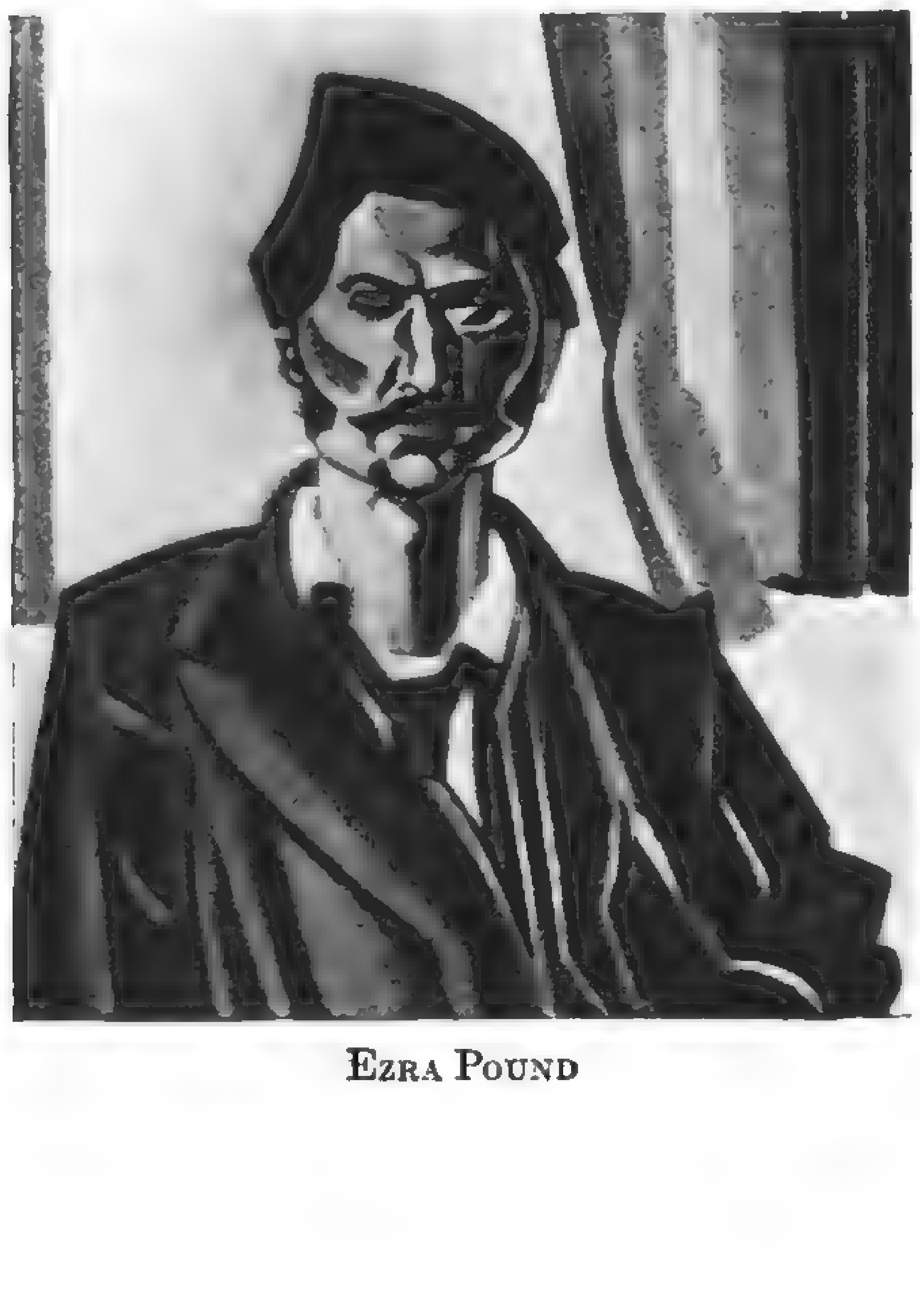
Freeman Gosden is Amos of *Amos and Andy.* The boys have offices in the Palmolive Building, where they are Esquire's neighbors. Our shower is better than theirs but they've got an ice box and we haven't.

•

If you want to read a funny book and your life has felt empty since Thorne Smith's passing, then try *Ernestine Takes Over* by **Walter Brooks,** published by Morrow this spring. As for us, we don't quite see why Thorne Smith should be dragged in, except that all the reviewers have said as much about Thorne Smith in speaking of this book as they have about Walter Brooks. Anyway, if you liked and remember *The Little Red Hat,* the classic that appeared in these pages some months back, then you ought to read *Ernestine Takes Over* because that's a full length flight of the same kind of fantasy.

•

Ezra Pound furnished the following caption for the accompanying photograph: "little known portrait of Ezra as he looked to W. Lewis just after the war, i.e., rather like the greek admiral whazzisname or a vehicle for W/L's particular phobias. The original was placed on a taxicab and disappeared. just like that. just started from a Regent St. gallery and never arrived anywhere else. Only the photos remain."



Ezra Pound

Backstage with Esquire

•

Charles Rawlings says: "There is not much to brag on. A between world that nobody cares much about, of wharfs and little ports, small vessels and small boat men, has proved too fascinating and made a trying-to-write bum out of me. There was a little newspapering; a little advertising; a mosquito humming, sweaty period with oranges in Florida, before I learned better. There is a nice place I'm in now: Lunenburg on the Nova Scotia coast. It is a place built on the side of a hill and it looks like a medieval town in Hanover where its first people came from in 1753. It has a bay with the sweetest, black hulled schooners in it that God ever let float and a thousand men at sea, off and on. Its town flag is a big bosomed nightgown, washed to the whiteness of archangel's feathers, whipping on a clothesline in a dry northeaster. It is a sight to see the town all aflutter with them on a bright Monday morning. The women love a dirty man the best because they can clean up after him more. My life isn't too many problems. Simply eating, and a cruise once in a while, and talking to the only girl who'll live with me right now, a little green Corona, trying to convince her she ought to get hot."

•

Yefim Sosulia lives in Moscow. His first story was published in local provincial newspapers before his eighteenth birthday. Later, he became the editor of a newspaper published in Odessa, and at the same time became a regular contributor to other newspapers. He was born in 1891, in the city of Lodz, one of the industrial towns of Tsarist Russia, where his father was employed as a clerk. His family coming from the lower middle class, and being in straitened circumstances, young Yefim went to work at the age of twelve. In 1905, during the great strike wave that swept Russia, Yefim Sosulia was arrested with a number of other strikers in Lodz and sent to prison. After his release he planned to go to America and for that purpose, as he told his friends, he decided to "learn an international trade." He became an expert house painter. But conditions, both financial and political, prevented Yefim from realizing his great American dream, and he remains in Russia. *The Dictator,* on page 80, is his first short story to be published in America. It was translated from the Russian into English by Alexander Berkman.

•

Joseph E. McDougall was born in New York City in 1901 but has been a Canadian since 1903. He lives in Montreal, where he works in an advertising agency. *Queen in the Parlour Car* on page 76, is his second story to appear outside of Canada. The first was a yarn that won second prize in a contest conducted by Mark Hellinger in the *New York Daily Mirror* a couple of years ago.

•

Petty's gals, **Campbell's** Turks, **Webb's** mountaineers and **Van Buren's** birds—these, if you can judge by the fan mail seem to be the four high spots in the affections of the Esquire audience. (This little gem of editorial meditation was set down with the idea of serving as a preamble for a Backstage portrait of Mr. Webb and now, it seems, we've mislaid his picture. We'll go on from here next month if we find it by then.)

Michael Fessier was Esquire's Discovery of the Month for February, 1934. On May 20th, Knopf will publish his first novel, *Fully Dressed and in His Right Mind.* That's the title—not a reference to Mr. Knopf. To date, Michael Fessier and Louis Paul are the fairest of Esquire's fair haired boys, and we regard both of them as surething bets for future fame and fortune. Of Fessier's new novel, one reader's report said: "It is *Green Mansions* written by someone like Hemingway." Another said: "Imagine, if you can, the beautiful feeling and delicacy of a Walter De La Mare tale written in the clipped stark style of one of the modern Americans." If you want to sample the Fessier style before you invest your two dollars in *Fully Dressed and in His Right Mind,* read *One Was a Fool* on page 104.

•

Ford Madox Ford's newest book is *Provence.* He has been known as Ford Madox Ford since the war. Before that, he was Ford Madox Hueffer. He was Joseph Conrad's long time friend and first collaborator. Throughout 1924 he edited and published *The Transatlantic Review.* His assistant editor was Ernest Hemingway. His biggest book is his tetralogy of wartime, *No More Parades, Some Do Not, A Man Could Stand Up,* and *The Last Post.* Those are the titles, though probably not the order of the appearance, of the four volumes that comprise the complete work. Notable among his earlier books is *Ladies Whose Bright Eyes,* published about 1911. He lives at the moment on lower Fifth Avenue, but he is always en route to or from somewhere and is equally at home in France, England, and America.

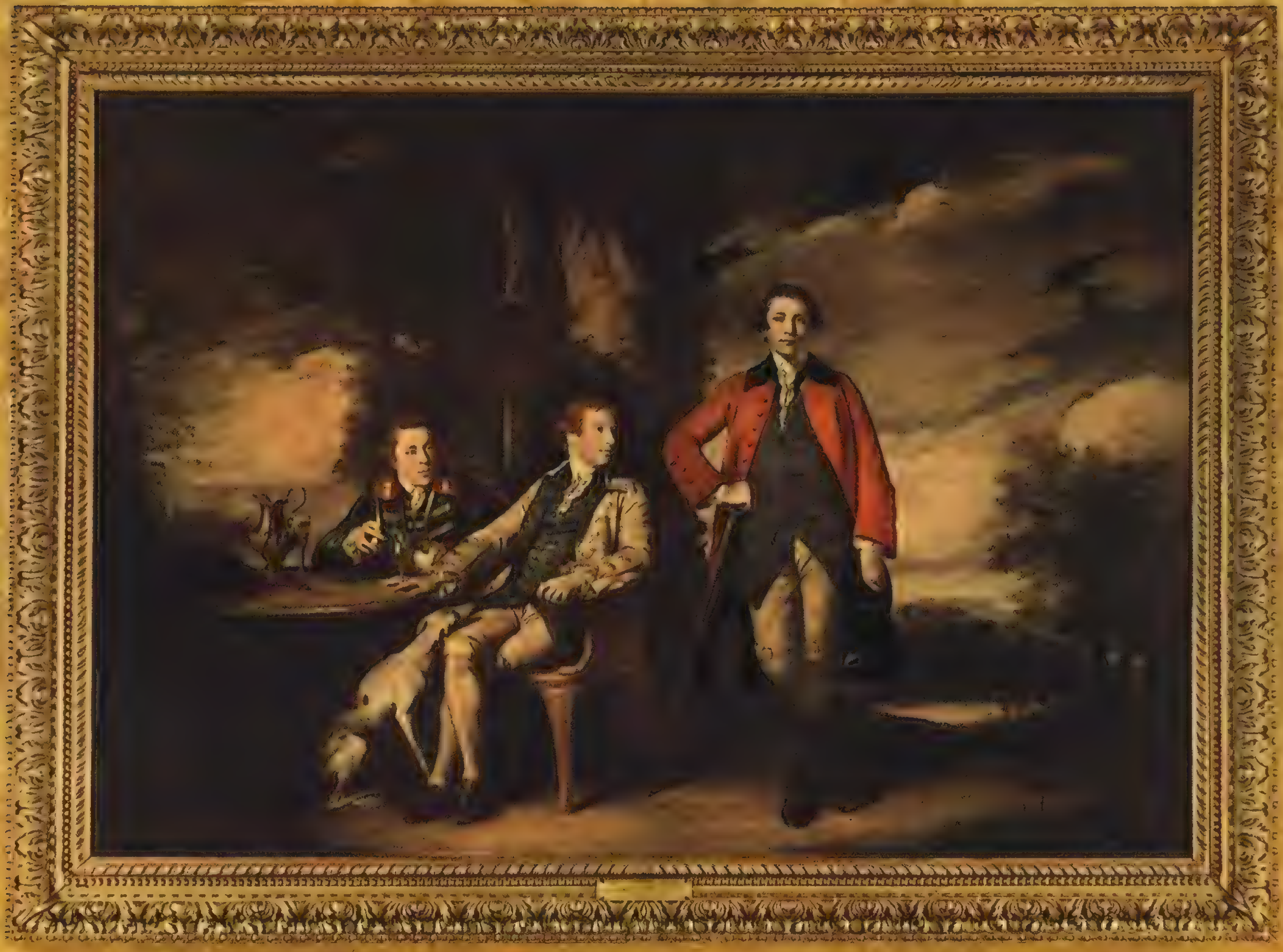
•

James Wright Poling reached New York, his present home, from Lima, Ohio, by way of the University of Michigan, where he graduated with honors in 1927. Went to work in the book publishing business and has been there ever since, with the exception of two years spent in free lance writing. Wrote anything he thought would earn an honest dollar, from book reviews for the leading New York newspapers to countless stories for the pulp paper magazines. Also wrote radio scripts, a few serious articles, and one talking picture, which, when produced, taught him the real meaning of the word embarrassment. Got tired of pulp paper writing and went back into publishing. He is the present editor of The Crime Club, Incorporated, the largest publishers of mystery novels in the country. His hobbies are criminology, talking, and relaxing. Would like to do more writing but it's such hard work. He is twenty-eight, married, and has one dog.

•

Discovery of the Month is **Alvin B. Harmon,** whose first published story is *The Perlu* on page 44. If you don't read anything else in this issue don't miss it. It's a chiller you won't soon forget. Mr. Harmon says of himself: "I was born in St. Paul in 1901. Graduated from the United States Naval Academy in 1924. Resigned my commission in 1926 to have a go at finance. Salesman, customer's man, market-letter writer and trader. At last they got me! No, not in 1929—in 1933. Since then, have been serving my literary apprenticeship. *The Perlu* is my first accepted story."

Alvin B. Harmon



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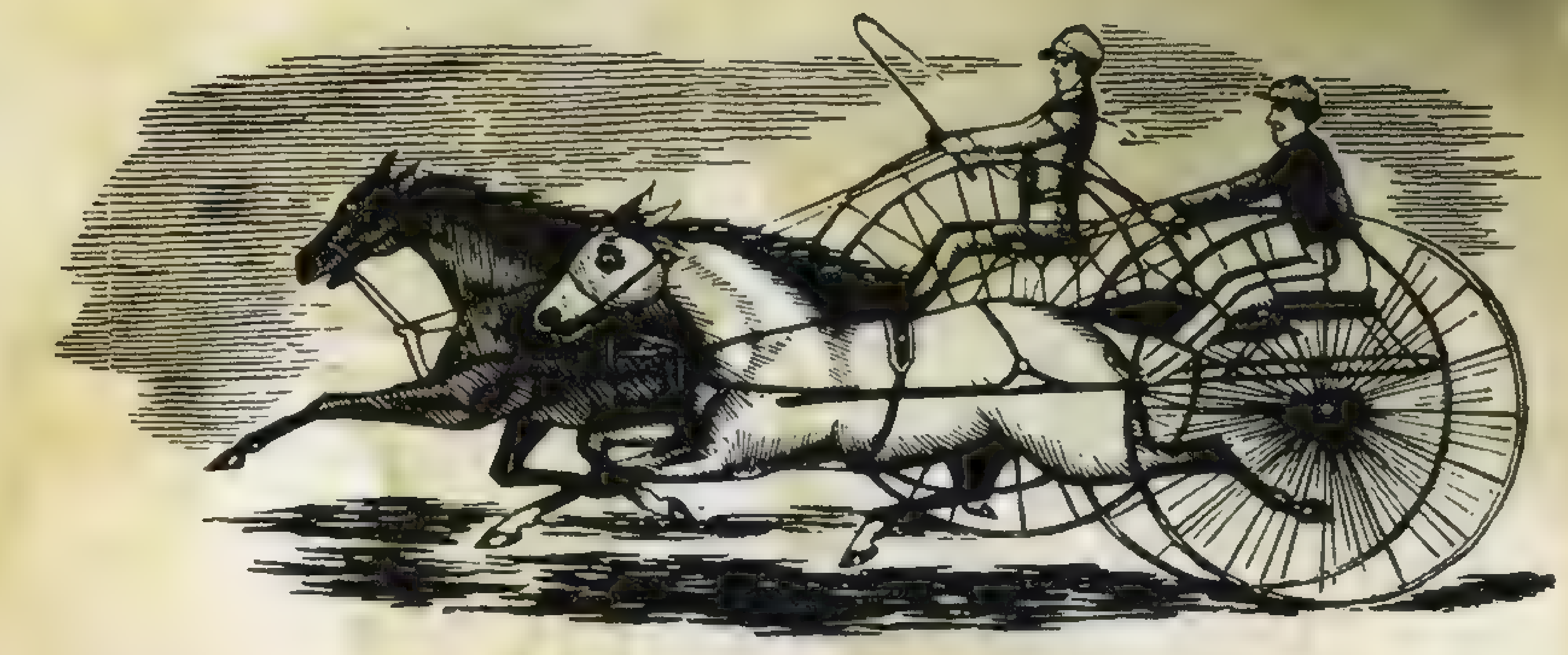

The Whiskey Rebellion

Many folk think
The whiskey rebellion
Happened way back
Before high-wheeled sulkies
And low settees

Truth is, however,
It's happening now

Octogenarians
Who've growled over toddies
What kept 'em awake....

Sexagenarians
Who've kicked about cocktails
That put 'em asleep....

Quadrigenarians
Who've dreamed about tipples
That tickle the taste....

All these rebels
Are turning away
From the new and unknown
To the good old names

One of the oldest
And proudest
Of these good names
Is Old Overholt
Straight rye whiskey
Born: 1810

It's bottled in bond
4 years in cask
And as mellow
And savory
And silken a sup
As you ever sipped

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UNDER U. S. GOVERNMENT SUPERVISION

NATIONAL DISTILLERS

A GOOD GUIDE TO GOOD WHISKEY

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On Being Shot Again

A Gulf Stream Letter

by ERNEST HEMINGWAY

If you ever have to shoot a horse stand so close to him that you cannot miss and shoot him in the forehead at the exact point where a line drawn from his left ear to his right eye and another line drawn from his right ear to his left eye would intersect. A bullet there from a .22 caliber pistol will kill him instantly and without pain and all of him will race all the rest of him to the ground and he will never move except to stiffen his legs out so he falls like a tree.

If you ever have to shoot a shark shoot him anywhere along a straight line down the center of his head, flat, running from the tip of his nose to a foot behind his eyes. If you can, with your eye, intersect this line with a line running between his eyes and can hit that place it will kill him dead. A .22 will kill him as dead as a .45. But never think he may not move plenty afterwards simply because you know he is dead. He will have no more ideas after you hit him there, but he is capable of much undirected movement. What paralyzes him is clubbing him over the head.

If you want to kill any large animal instantly you shoot it in the brain if you know where that shot is and can call it. If you want to kill it, but it does not make any difference whether it moves after the shot, you can shoot for the heart. But if you want to stop any large animal you should always shoot for the bone. The best bone to break is the neck or any part of the spinal column; then the shoulders. A heavy four-legged animal can move with a broken leg but a broken shoulder will break him down and anchor him.

Your correspondent's mind has been turned to shooting and he is inspired to offer this information on account of just having shot himself in the calves of both legs. This difficult maneuver to perform with a single bullet was not undertaken as an experiment in ballistics but was quite casual. Your correspondent was once criticized in a letter by a reader of this magazine for not being a casual enough traveller. Trying to become more casual, your correspondent finally ends up by shooting himself through both legs with one hand while gaffing a shark with the other. This is as far as he will go in pleasing a reader. If the reader wants to break your correspondent down by smashing a large bone, or drop him cold with a well directed brain shot, or watch him race for the ice box with a bullet through the heart the reader will have to do the shooting himself.

We had left Key West early in the morning and were about twenty miles out in the Gulf Stream trolling to the eastward along a heavy, dark current of stream en route to Bimini in the Bahama Islands. The wind was in the south, blowing across the current; it was moderately rough fishing, but it was a pretty day. We had sighted a green turtle scudding under the surface and were rigging a harpoon to strike him, planning to salt him down in a keg, a layer of meat, a layer of salt, for meat for the trip, when Dos hooked a very large dolphin. While he played the dolphin we lost sight of the turtle.

Another dolphin hit Henry Strater, President of The Maine Tuna Club, hereinafter referred to as the President, and while the President was working on him a while a school of dolphin showed green in the water and from below them a large black shark of the type we call *galanos* on the Cuban coast came up to cut the surface of the water behind the President's dolphin which went into the air wildly. He kept in the air, wildly, the shark going half out of water after him. The President worked on him with Presidential skill and intelligence, giving him a free spool to run away from the shark, and on the slack he threw the hook.

The dolphin were still around the stern and while Dos took motion pictures we put another bait on the President's hook and he slacked out to a dolphin and was still slacking to this or another dolphin when the shark had taken the bait in to what Old Bread, the wheelsman, referred to in other terms as the outlet of his colon.

With the President hooked into this shark and sweating heavily your correspondent slacked out from a gigantic new 14/0 reel with a lot of discarded line on it (we had been testing the reel for capacity and to see how the new VomHofe drag worked and had not put a good line on it yet) and a very large *galano* swung up to the bait, turned and started off with it, popping the old line. "Fornicate the illegitimate," said your correspondent and slacked out another bait on the same line. The *galano* with a length of double line streaming out of his mouth like one whisker on a catfish turned and took this bait too and, when your correspondent came back on him, popped the old line again. At this your correspondent again addressed the *galano* in the third person and slacked out a third bait on the President's heavy tackle. This bait the *galano* swam around several times before taking; evidently he was tickled by the two lengths of double line which now streamed in catfishlike uncatfishivity (your correspondent has been reading, and admiring, *Pylon* by Mr. William Faulkner), but finally swallowed the bait and started off, bending the President's heavy hickory with the pull of the new thirty-nine thread line while your correspondent addressed the *galano*, saying, "All right you illegitimate, let's see you pull, you illegitimate."

For a few minutes your correspondent and the President sweated, each busy with his own shark (the President's was on a light outfit so he had to go easy with him), then your correspondent's came alongside, and while Saca, the cook, took hold of the leader your correspondent gaffed the *galano* and holding him with the big gaff shot him in the top of the head with the .22 caliber Colt automatic pistol shooting a greased, hollow-point, long rifle bullet. Dos was up on top of the boat, forward, taking some pictures of the shark going into a flurry and your correspondent was watching for a chance to shoot him again to quiet him enough so we could bring him up on the stern to club him into a state where we could cut the hooks out when the gaff broke with a loud crack, the shaft striking your correspondent across the right hand, and, looking down, your correspondent saw that he was shot through the calf of the left leg.

"I'll be of unsavoury parentage," remarked your correspondent. "I'm shot."

There was no pain and no discomfort; only a small hole about three inches below the knee-cap, another ragged hole bigger than your thumb, and a number of small lacerations on the calves of both legs. Your correspondent went over

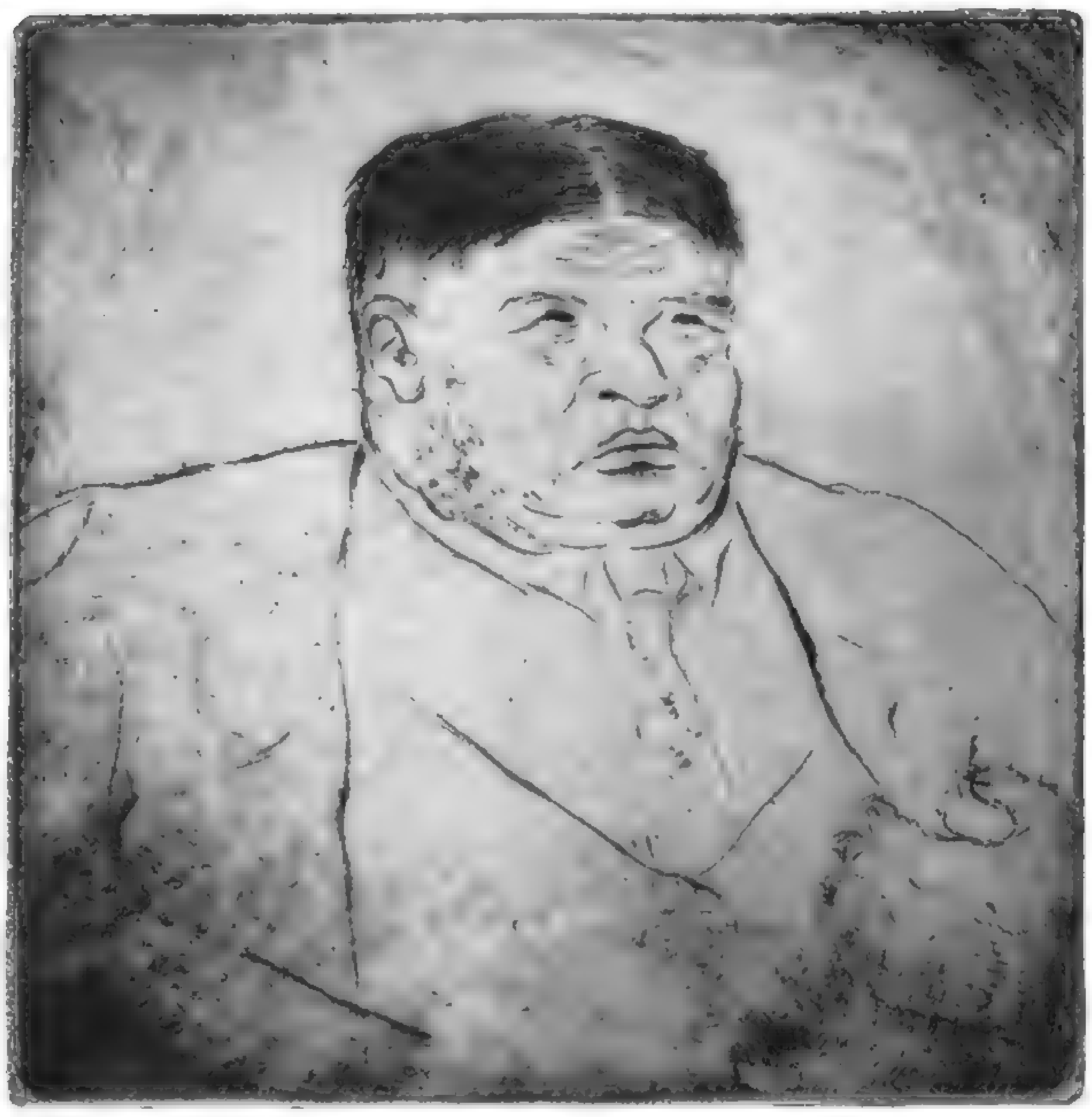
Continued in center of page 156

Arnold Pentland

Introducing a hitherto unknown member of the most vivid family in modern American literature

by THOMAS WOLFE

• FICTION •



DRYPOINT BY JOHN GROTH

John Groth

From time to time, during his Sunday visits to his Uncle Bascom's house, Eugene would meet his cousin, Arnold Pentland. Arnold was the only one of Bascom's children who ever visited his father's house: the rest were studiously absent, saw their father only at Christmas or Thanksgiving, and then like soldiers who will make a kind of truce upon the morning of the Lord's nativity. And certainly the only reason that poor tormented Arnold ever came to Bascom's house was not for any love he bore him—for their relation to each other was savage and hostile as it had been since Arnold's childhood—but rather, he came through loneliness and terror, as a child comes home, to see his mother, to try to find some comfort with her if he could.

Even in the frequency of these visits, the dissonant quality of his life was evident. After months of absence he would appear suddenly, morosely, without a word of explanation, and then he would come back every Sunday for several weeks. Then he would disappear again, as suddenly as he came: for several months, sometimes for a year or more, none of them would see him. The dense and ancient web of Boston would repossess him—he would be engulfed in oblivion as completely as if the earth had swallowed him. Then after months of silence, he would again be heard from: his family would begin to receive postal cards from him, of which the meaning was often so confused that nothing was plain save that the furious resentment that sweltered in him against them was again at work.

Thus, in the same day, Bascom, his daughters, and his other son might all receive cards bearing a few splintered words that read somewhat as follows:

"Have changed my name to Arthur Penn. *Do not try to find me, it is useless!* You have made an outcast out of me—now I only want to forget that I ever knew you, have the same blood in my veins. *You have brought this on yourselves—I hope I shall never see your faces again!* Arthur Penn."

After this explosion they would hear nothing from him for months. Then one day he would reappear without a word of explanation, and for several weeks would put in a morose appearance every Sunday.

Eugene had met him first one Sunday afternoon in February at his uncle's house; Arnold was sprawled out on a sofa as he entered, and his mother approaching him, spoke to him in the tender, almost pleading tone of a woman who is conscious of some past negligence in her treatment of her child and who is now, pitiably too late, trying to remedy it.

"Arnold," she said coaxingly, "Arnold—will you get up now, please, dear—this is your cousin—won't you say hello to him?"

The great fat obscenity of belly on the sofa stirred, the man got up abruptly and blurting out something desperate and incoherent, thrust out a soft, grimy hand and turned away. Arnold Pentland was a man of thirty-six. He could have been rather small of limb and figure had it not been for his great soft shapeless fatness—a fatness pale and grimy that suggested animal surfeits of unwholesome food. He had lank, greasy hair of black, carelessly parted in the middle, his face, like all the rest of him, was pale and soft, the features blurred by fatness and further disfigured by a greasy smudge of beard. And from this fat, pale face his eyes, brown and weak, looked out on the world with a hysterical shyness of retreat, his mouth trembled uncertainly with a movement that seemed always on the verge of laughter or hysteria, and his voice, gagged, worked, stuttered incoherently, or wrenched out desperate shocking phrases with an effort that was almost as painful as the speech of a paralytic.

His clothing was indescribably dirty. He wore a suit of old blue serge, completely shapeless, and shiny with the use of years, and spotted with the droppings of a thousand meals. Half the buttons were burst off the vest, and between vest and trousers there was a six inch hiatus of dirty shirt and mountainous fat belly. His shoes were so worn that his naked toes showed through, and his socks were barely more than rags, exposing his dirty heels every time he took a step. The whole creature was as grievously broken, dissonant, and exploded as it is possible for a human life to be, and all the time his soft brown eyes looked out with the startled, pleading look of a stricken animal.

It was impossible to remain with him without a painful feeling of embarrassment—a desire to turn away from this pitiable exposure of disintegration. Everyone felt this but his father; as for Bascom, he just dismissed the conduct of his son impatiently, snorting down his nose derisively, or turning away as one would turn away from the gibberings of an idiot.

Dinner that day—the Sunday of Eugene's first meeting with his cousin—was an agonizing experience for everyone save Bascom. Arnold's conduct of his food was a bestial performance; he fell upon it ravenously, tearing at it, drawing it in with a slobbering suction, panting, grunting over it like an animal until layers of perspiration stood out on his pale wide forehead. Meanwhile, his mother was making a pitiable effort to distract attention from this painful performance; with a mask of attempted gayety she tried to talk to her nephew about a dozen things—the news of the day, the latest researches in "psychology," the base conduct of the Senate "unreconcilables," or the researches of Professor Einstein, the wonder-working miracle of the human mind. At which Arnold, looking up and glaring defiantly at both of them, would suddenly explode into a jargon of startling noises that was even more shocking than his bestial ruminations over food:

"M-m-m-man at Harvard . . . fourteen languages . . . A guh-guh-guh-guh—" he paused and glared at his mother with a look of desperate defiance while she smiled pitiable encouragement at him—"A gorilla," he marched it out at last triumphantly, "Can't speak one!" and he paused again, his mouth trembling, his throat working convulsively and then burst out again—"put gorilla cage with man . . . all over! . . . done for! . . . half a minute!" He snapped his fingers. "Gorilla make mince meat of him . . . Homer . . . Dante . . . Milton . . . Newton

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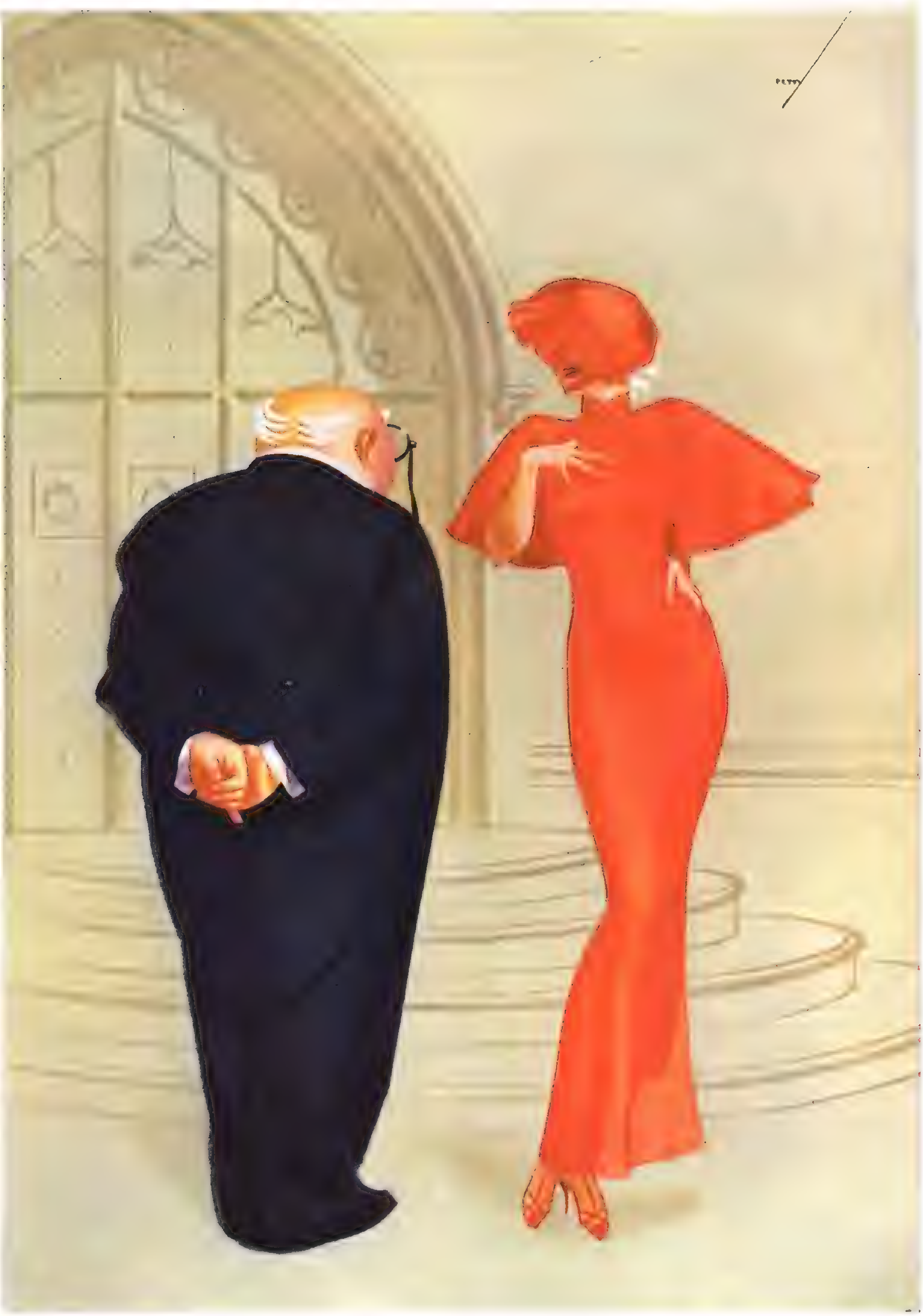


"But Reverend, what makes you think I couldn't handle one of your Sunday School classes?"

Man May Love War...

Contending that men have the time of their lives at war in spite of rats, lice, and blood

by EDWARD F. ROBERTS

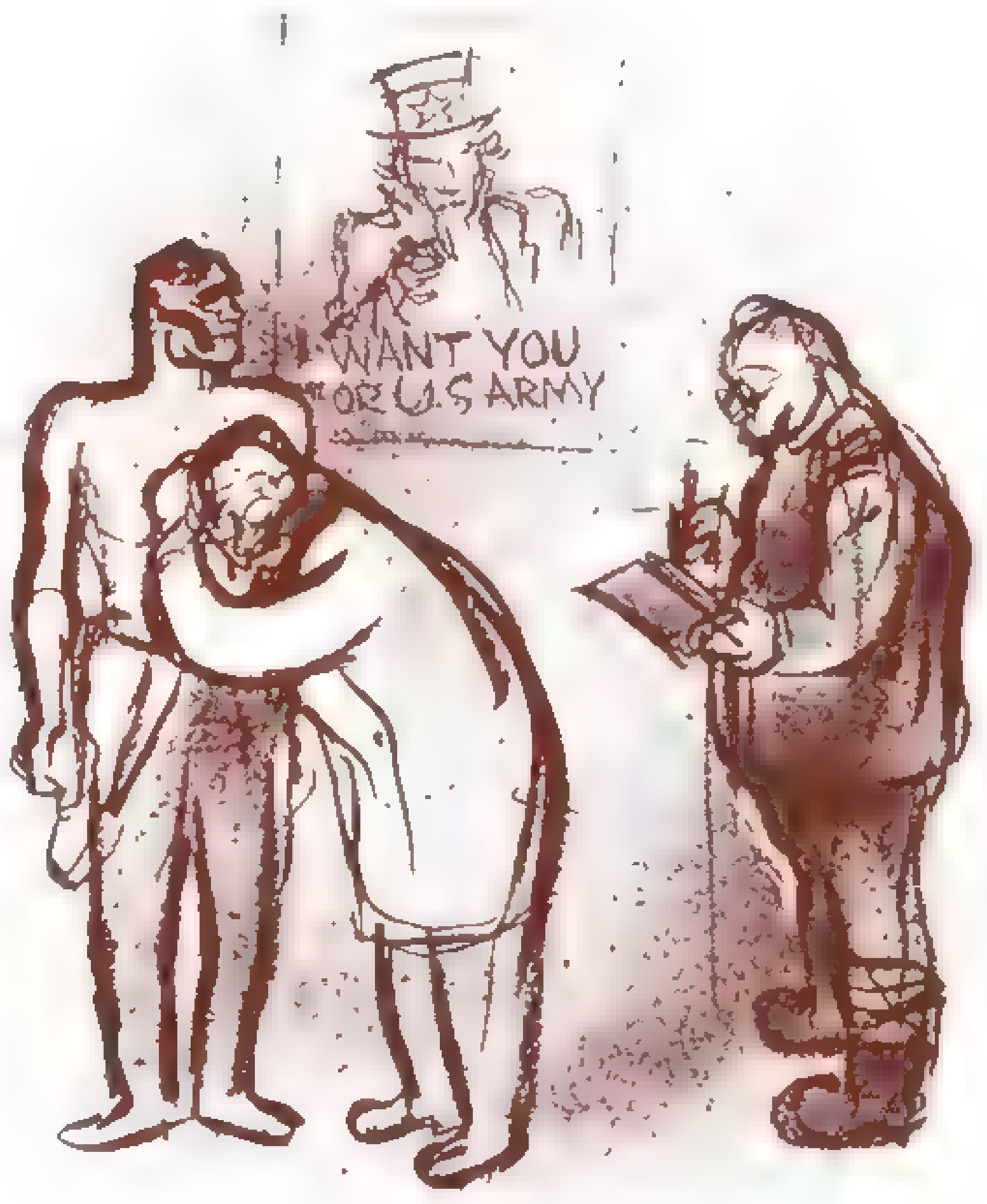
▪ ARTICLE ▪

Peace Conferences, Disarmament Conferences, pacts and compacts, Leagues of Nations, Locarnos to the west of us and Locarnos to the east of us, blather from pulpits and platforms, from newspapers and Hollywood and in the whole slushy twaddle not an ounce of honesty to a ton of hypocrisy, not a minim of reality to a gallon of sentimentality, not one voice in the saccharine wilderness to proclaim: we cannot end war until we eradicate the love of war from the heart of man.

Man loves war: That statement rests on facts that can be ignored only by the wilfully blind or the woefully ignorant. Biology, history, psychology and the experience of every impartial man who knows what war is and how it reacts on those most concerned with it all proclaim man's instinctive delight in war.

As far as imagination goes Homo sapiens is essentially a creature of his day, not of his yesterdays or his tomorrows but of the little day in which the "piebald miscellany" struts and has his brief moment in the sun. His memory of the events and emotions of his waking hours fades almost as quickly as the memory of his dreams. So he can persuade himself or be persuaded that he has always hated war, fought against it, been terrified at it and striven to end it. He can persuade himself of such things although even middle-aged men should be able to remember when, in their own lives, the clamor against war was only a disregarded whisper, when mankind in general took war as an inevitable, periodic occurrence, something indeed to be looked forward to as a thrilling interlude in an otherwise dull and monotonous world; something which gave a glamor to history, poetry and fiction, a welcome escape from the twin bores of procreation and bread winning. The poet still lives who proclaimed that a soldier's life was the most glorious one possible and when he made that statement he was neither reviled, contradicted nor admonished.

But the World War is supposed to have changed all that. It is credited with an extraordinary surgical feat, with having lanced the scales of thousands of years growth from man's eyes and left him for the first time in his history to stare, clear-sighted, aghast and penitent at the horror of his favorite pastime. The answer is: Baloney.



To believe in such a miracle is to ignore the whole story of man since he crawled first out of the primeval ooze or wherever he came from and tried to beat his brother's brains out with a stone.

Fighting and begetting have been the two primal instincts of man since we have had any knowledge of him and the only time he loses the instinct to fight is when he loses the power to beget. We do not know how long man has been strutting about the earth making life unpleasant or at least uncertain for the rest of the inhabitants but it is generally agreed, except in Kansas and Tennessee, that he has been around these parts for at least some hundreds of thousands of years. For all but a tiny fraction of that time he indulged without question or hesitancy in the two instincts which he shared in common but in a higher degree with all the other brutes of creation. Yet after a few aeons of this kind of conduct we are asked to believe that one of the two mainsprings of his activities has suddenly broken down and that in some meteoric flash of evolution he has bridged the gap between the gorilla and the sheep. Does it make sense?

There is no question here of right or wrong, of endorsing or condemning war as a pastime or as an expedient form of argument. Let the theologians settle that any way they please. The problem is not of theoretical ethics but of man's nature and instincts, and if we consider his actions of yesterday and today we should have a reasonable guide to his actions of tomorrow.

As this is written embattled heroes are trying earnestly to shoot each other's heads off in various quarters of the world and practically everywhere else preparations are being made for indulgence in the same pastime. While Paraguayans and Bolivians persist in attempts at mutual extermination, Chinese and Japanese skirmish with the same objective in view; Greeks are being entertained with civil war as Turks and Bulgarians mobilize with an idea of joining the fun and Italians volunteer enthusiastically to liquidate the Ethiopian. At the same time Russians are boasting about the increased size and efficiency of their army, Germans are taking menacing goose steps east and west and the United States is facing the largest military budget in her peace time history.

All this in spite of the incessant burbling of the peace propagandists, who, it must be admitted, are largely British or American, the two nations who have always specialized in hypocrisy. There is a widespread fallacy that writers are artists. Of course there have been writers who were artists but the vast majority of the ladies and gentlemen who make a living with the aid of the printer are astute merchants whose success depends on their ability to interpret correctly the prevailing styles and fashions in their market. During the war the market demand was for claptrap about our heroic boys in khaki, blue, green, brown or whatever was the dominant shade of the local consumer. After 1918 the style changed and sob stuff, shivers and horrors, unspeakability and all the rest of it comprised the note which must be

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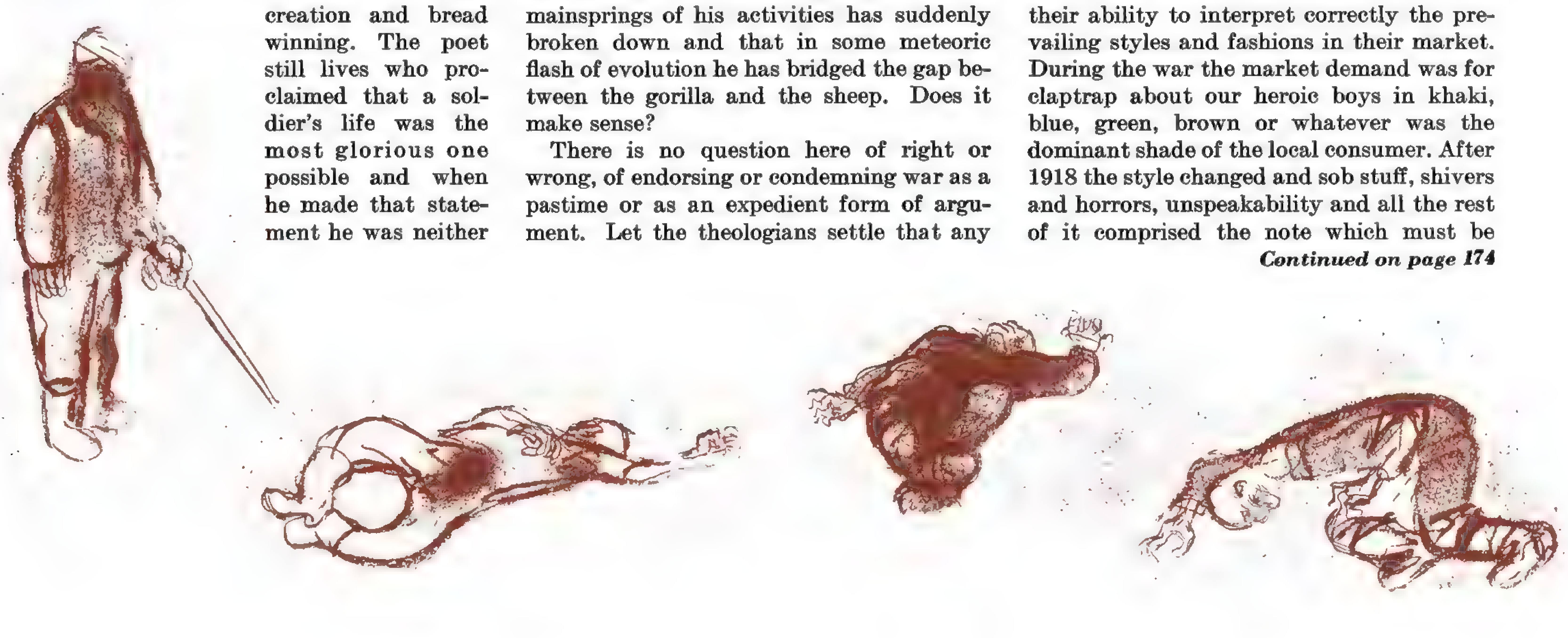


...But This One Doesn't

The first American to enlist in the last war vows he'd be the first to resist the next war

by BAYNARD H. KENDRICK

• ARTICLE

TWENTY years ago, August 1914, I sat at lunch in a boarding house in Windsor, Ontario, and heard two boys at the table say they had resigned from the Essex Fusiliers. For four years they had belonged to the Canadian Militia, drilling regularly in the Windsor Armory, going to camp with their outfit once a year.

"You're a couple of fine tin soldiers," I jeered from the heights of twenty years worldly experience. "You go to camp and parade around in your red coats, and when a chance to fight comes along—you resign!"

"You're an American," one of the boys protested. "This war is nothing to you. I don't want to leave my mother. I'm supporting her and she is old."

"I'd go for the fun of it," I declared. "There is nothing I would like better."

"Listen, Kendrick," the other boy said quietly. "If you mean that I'll just call your bluff—"

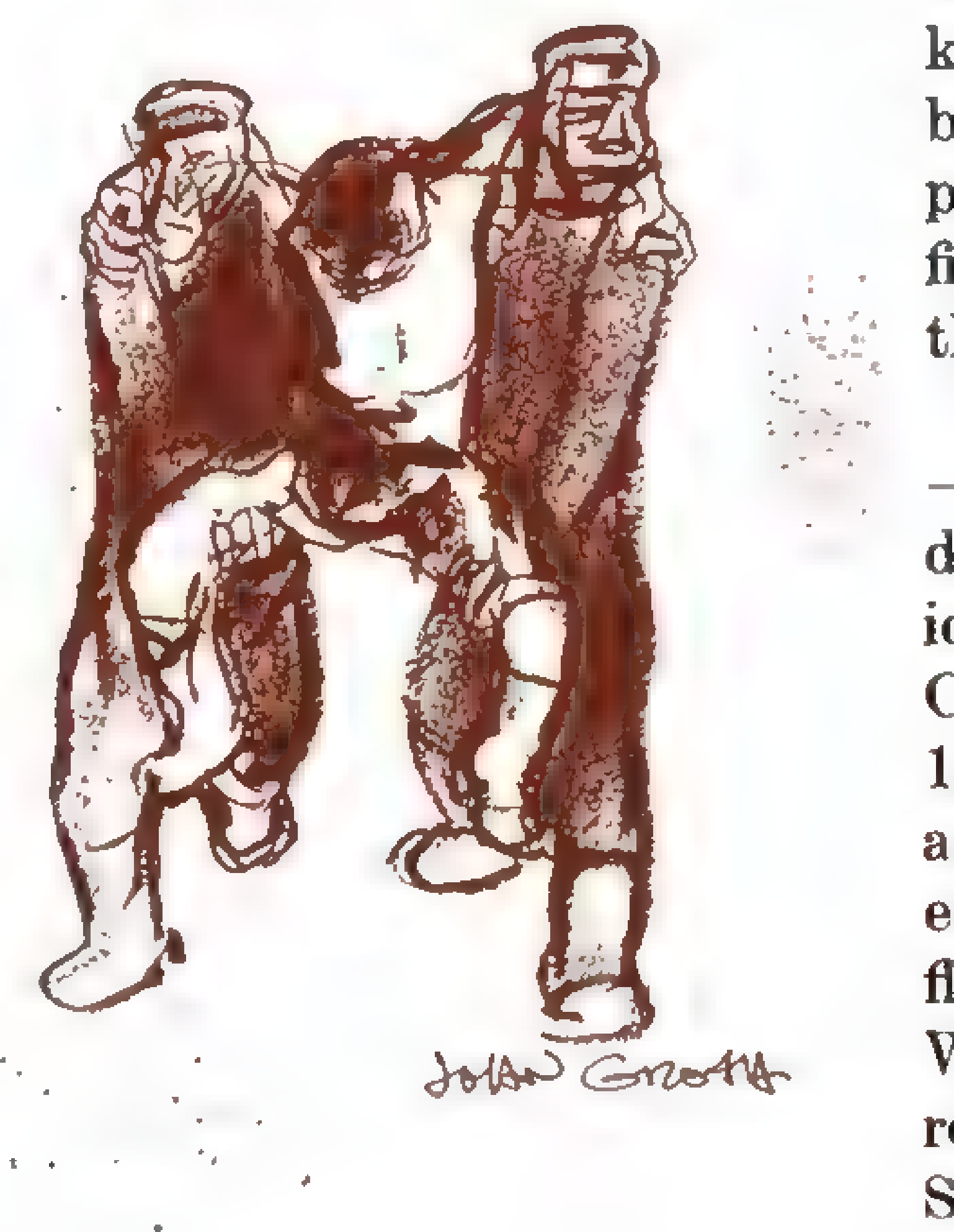
"Certainly I mean it. I would hate to miss that excitement for all the world."

"Come along with me," the boy said.

A few minutes later, in the back of a vacant store near the water front, I signed my name before a Sergeant-Major of the First Hussars, a unit of the Canadian Cavalry Militia. My name was second on the list, for Canada had asked for volunteers less than two hours before. I have learned since, that so far as can be ascertained, I was the first American to enlist in the World War on this side of the ocean.

There was nothing of patriotism in my action. I was born in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, U. S. A., educated with American ideals, imbued with American traditions. I did not care for Canada or England at that time.

However, I developed in the army an affection for the people of both countries which will never die, because through close association I learned how fine they were. I had no quarrel with Germany.



"Why did you go?" I have been asked so many times.

I went because it was war. It was everywhere, killing reason with music of the bagpipes, painting a picture of glory and heroism, blacking out its grisly horror with the glare of torchlight parades, the kisses of pretty girls, and the shine of brass buttons not yet stained with their wearer's blood. I was young—as all good soldiers are young—and I know today that had I been in Germany I would probably have been the first American to enlist on the German side.

I became at Valcartier—No. 6468 Private Kendrick, B. H., 1st Battalion, 1st Brigade, No. 1 Company, No. 1 Section, 1st Canadian Expeditionary Force. I was the tallest man in my company—flank man on the line. When the Canadians were reviewed at Valcartier by Sir Sam Hughes I set the step as our Battalion passed the reviewing stand. Thirty-three thousand men marched in that review. What a pitiful handful of those comrades of mine could keep step with me today!

Behind me as I write hangs a parchment signed by "George R. I."—the King of England. It says I served with honour, was disabled in the Great War, and was discharged, medically unfit, January 3, 1919.

Four and a half years of my life it cost me to get that certificate and the three medals I am entitled to pin upon my chest to show I was a fool. "Medically unfit" the certificate reads—a sop to the truth "totally unfit," which *should* be stamped in red letters on the certificate of every man who came back alive.

I was lucky. I have my arms and legs intact. I am not disfigured externally—despite the twenty-six months spent in army hospitals. My share in the fighting was negligible. Yet in four years and a half I paid with my life, for I was robbed of every thing worthwhile.

My religion is gone. I have nothing to tie to spiritually, not a remnant of the romance of Church and Sunday School nurtured in me by my parents. I cannot hear a sermon today without the thought: "Perhaps that man, prating his false doctrine of 'Love thy neighbor—' from the pulpit, preached to other boys that they did right to kill. Perhaps he blessed the day my dearest friend was blown to bits and said: 'Well done, thou good and faithful carrion!'"

My faith in the wisdom of mankind is gone. I salute our flag, because I love it, and bear the curse of looking beyond it—watching the march of skinny corpses. I would rather join the ranks of that gruesome parade than tell my son: "The leaders of the world have spoken. Their trade is in danger. You must die! There is no other way!"

My boy loves this country as I was taught to love it. Shall I be content to send him out to see the things that I have seen?

Privacy torn away, sentiment buried in muck, passion ruling everything! No function of the human body left sacred, no working of the human mind left without control. The big parade—cheer them as they go, if you will. I can only stand silent and watch them as they once came back. Twenty times a million home-sick boys, hardly out of school, bitter, disillusioned, diseased, dismembered, better dead, to make a world safe for munition makers.

Shall I tell my son—"Your country calls!"

Mud. Lice. Filth. Disease. Death. Dishonour. Rape. Terrible words for educating tender youth! I met them all! They are minor things when nations preserve their honour.

"We must fight! Suppose we were invaded? A man must defend his home! The country might be conquered!"

I have heard it all!

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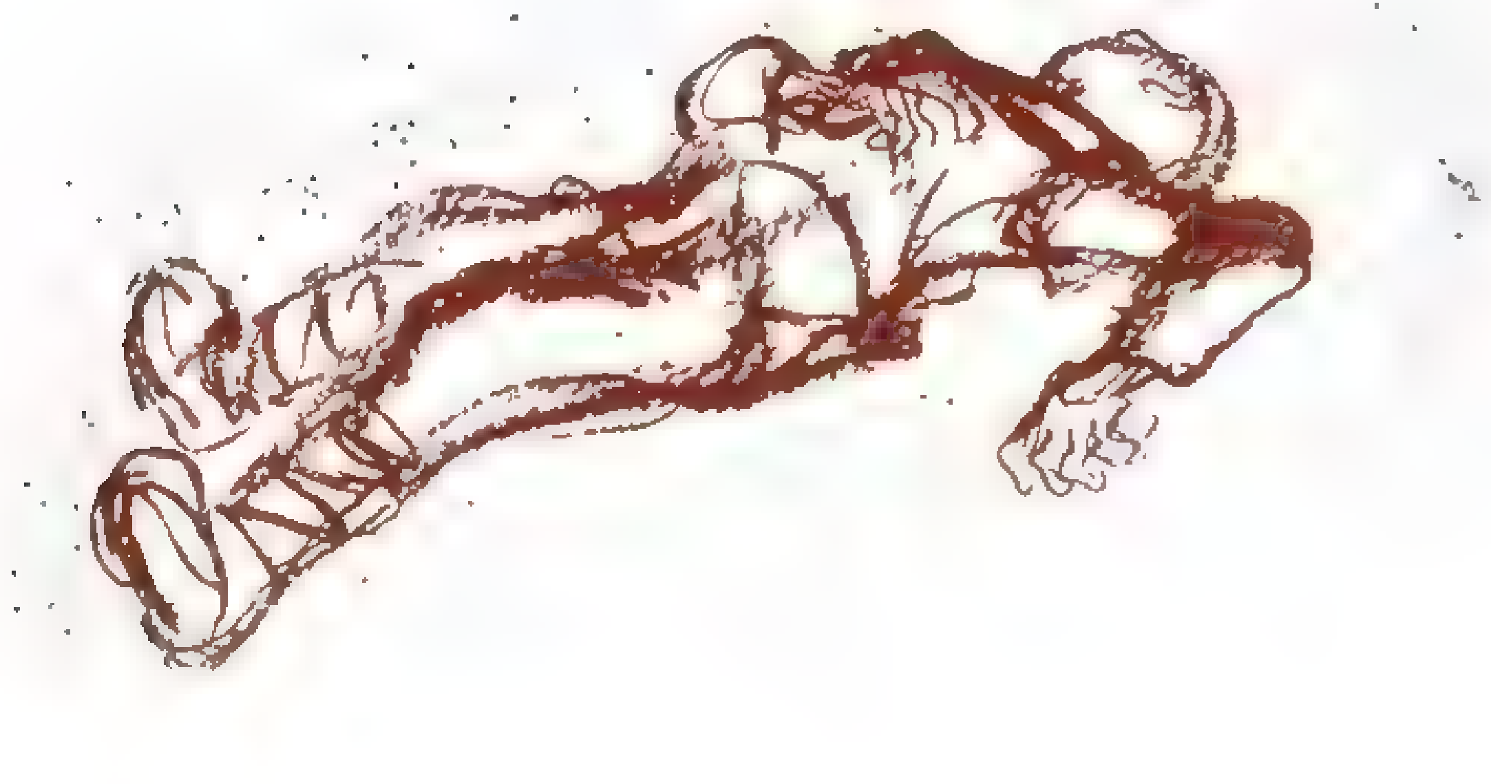

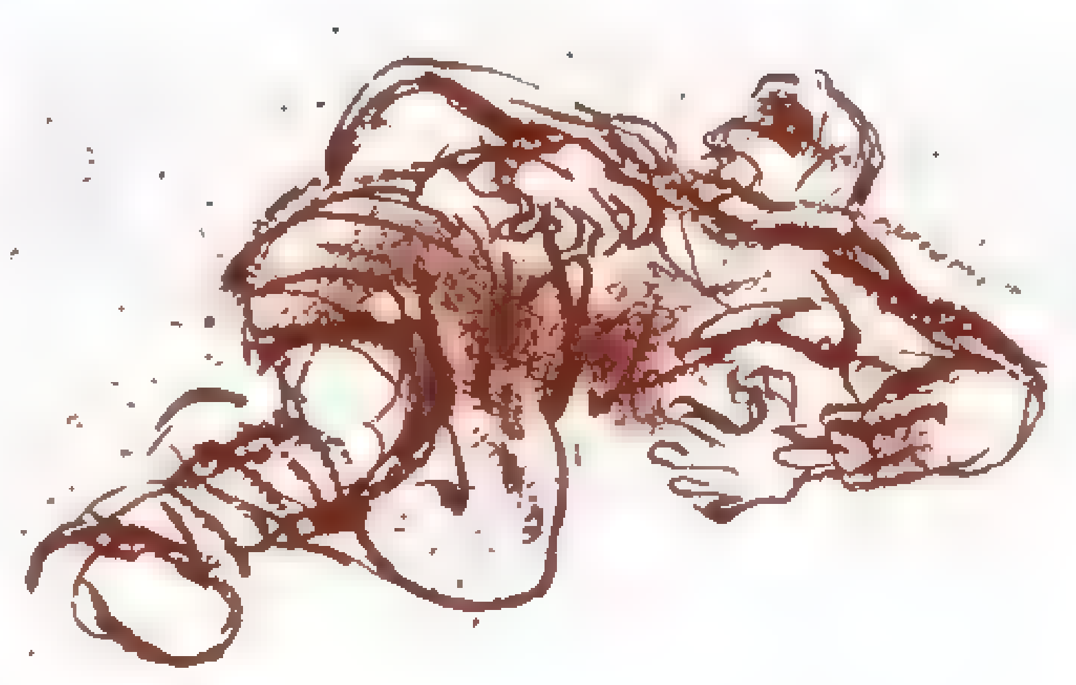

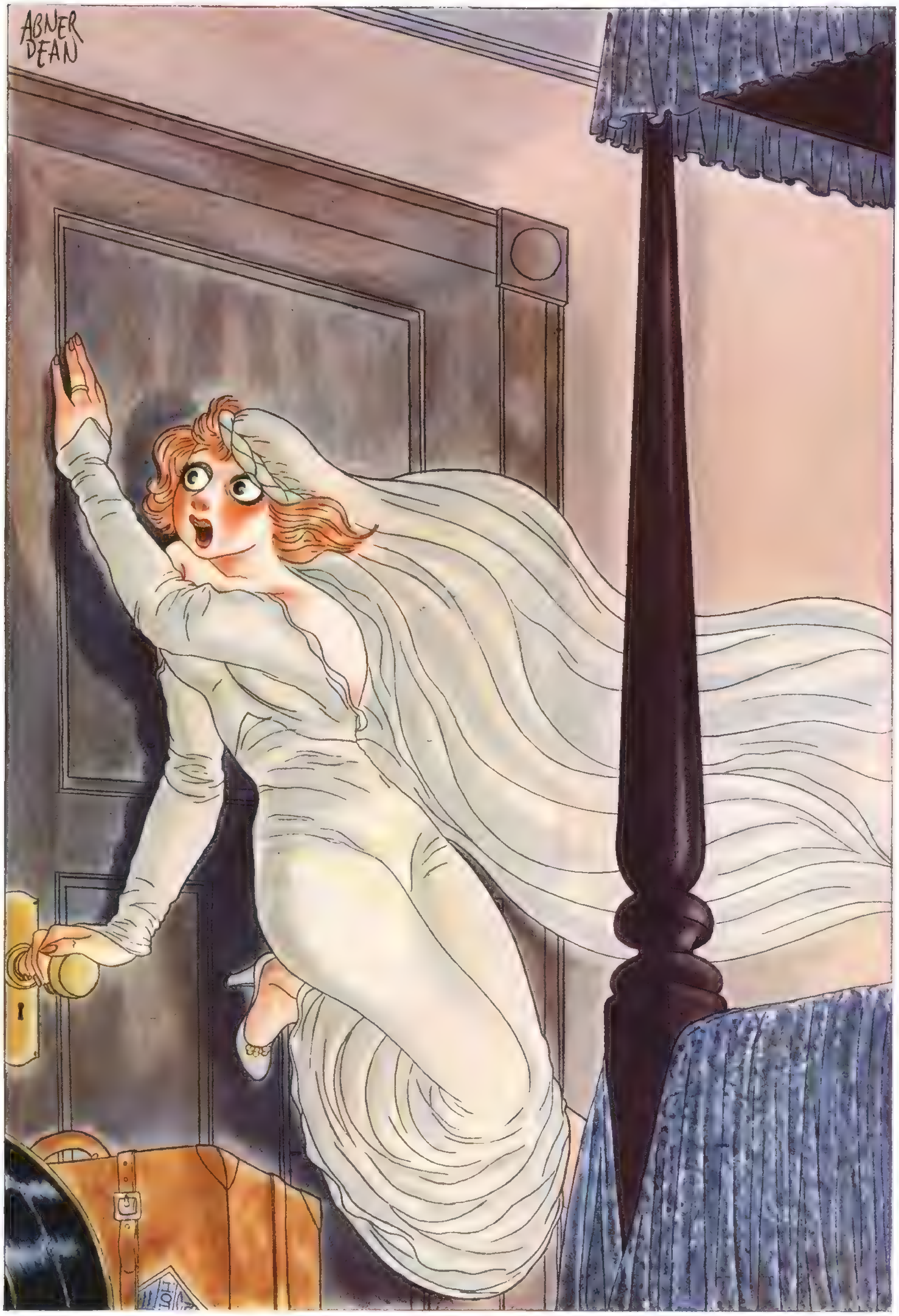

"But—but it's only noon!"

Death of an Eagle

Of indestructible beauty and of courage in the wild spirit forever free of final capture

by MANUEL KOMROFF

▪ FICTION ▪

I SWORE that I'd kill that bird. And I did.

Early last summer we noticed that the bird came from White Peak. This mountain has an elevation of exactly one mile, and high up somewhere near the summit he must have his home; high up near the top where there is an old chalk quarry.

Near the top of White Peak the rocks are streaked with long veins of soft chalk and from far off they make a pretty striped effect. I think perhaps this is one of the reasons why the bird chose this rocky crag, for the streaks in the rocks make it easy to hide up there. But this is only a theory of mine and I am not sure that it is correct.

When the eagle first appeared in the sky we thought it was some kind of hawk. He never flew low enough for us to get a good look at him. And high up it is difficult to see his colour or estimate his size. But I would never make the mistake again because there is a whole lot of difference between a hawk and an eagle. And the difference is not in size alone. There is a slow heavy sway of the wing as it lifts and glides that is peculiar to the eagle. I know it now.

Often I sat under a tree near the barn and watched this silent lone rider in the sky. I saw his gentle unfolding and that slow easy flight with hardly a stroke of effort. I saw him bank a curve so gracefully, swing around, and glide in long coasting tours. All summer long I watched him and he seemed to grow bolder and fly much lower.

His size was enormous and at times when he flew low you could see the fan of white quills on the underside of his great spread of wings. And because of his size I called him our "roc." This is the name of the bird in the Arabian Nights that carried off Sinbad the Sailor. But this joke soon turned into a little domestic tragedy.

He was riding low in a long coasting flight without the slightest motion of his wings. He must have been a half-of-a-mile away or perhaps more, but then he seemed to get lower and hang over the barn. I could see then that his feathers were exactly the colour of the unpainted weathered boards of the barn.

Then he came still lower and looking up I could see the spaces between his wing feathers and they made a very pretty pattern. But suddenly he seemed to stop in the air and remain still in one spot. How a bird is able to do this I cannot say. He stood still and he seemed to tremble and then he pointed his wings straight up in the air and he dropped like a stone landing in the next field. And when he came down there was a terrible screech from a cat.

The grass was high in this field and for an instant I could not see what had happened. But then with a slow heavy flap of his wings the bird rose and the cat was firm in his claws. It screeched once more when it was in the air, a high shrill penetrating note followed by a smothered moan. Then it was silent.

The bird swung low over the hills and was soon lost in the sky. It was then that I swore I would kill it. And I did.

The old man, he is over seventy and spends his days in his easy chair, he said it was no use. "You could not get close enough to a bird like that."

I put a rifle in the back of the Ford and took the road up to White Peak. It was a long climb and I had to stop before I got to the top because the water in the radiator began boiling. I got out and looked around. The valley spread out below like a patch quilt of green and tan fields and you could see two little streams of water in the distance glistening like crumpled white threads that had fallen carelessly on a soft carpet. It is strange that I had never seen the view from this spot before. I had taken some tourists up to the top last summer and we saw the big panorama but the view from this side of the mountain seemed more intimate, more rugged and a hundred times more beautiful. I lit my pipe, and even the tobacco seemed to taste very good.

Soon the radiator was cool and I went up to the chalk top. I got out the rifle and climbed over the rocks and went all over the place. But there was no sign of any nest and the eagle was nowhere to be seen. It was quite a hopeless business and perhaps the old man was right. You could never get close enough to a bird like that.

For a whole week, every morning I would drive the old Ford up the mountain. I went over every part of it and I would get back late in the afternoon quite hungry. But there was no bird to be seen.

One day when I was high up and watching the clouds sailing overhead it began to rain—just a drizzling rain. But the rain seemed different high up. The drops were very cold and when they struck your face you had a delightful sensation that felt like the points of hundreds of little needles pricking your skin gently. But there was no bird to be seen.

Then for several days I forgot about it but suddenly there was the bird again in the sky. Where he had been all these days would be impossible to say. Twice more I went up on the mountain and on the third time I was rewarded. I was in the car and coming around a bend, and pretty high up, and there he was right in the road ahead of me, a distance of only about fifty feet. But he must have heard the car coming for he was already taking off and sailing away.

Before I could stop the car he was up quite a distance and while he looked very slow and heavy he was no doubt moving through the air at a great rate; too fast to hit on the wing. If you had a shot gun and aimed ahead quite a bit you might take a chance and trust to luck. But a rifle seemed quite useless. But as he rose in the air I had a good look at him and I could see then that the white quills of his wing feathers were as thick around as sash-cords.

Two days later I went back to this same spot. I left the car some distance below and began walking through the woods. I climbed up a bit and got to a place over the road where I had seen the bird before. The leaves were beginning to turn and they made a dry rustle in the breeze. They crumbled under your feet as you tramped between the trees and it made a soft crunching sound. Soon it would be autumn and then the snows of winter would cover the entire mountain and all nature would be deep in the ground asleep.

I found a split in a rock that was so big that you could walk into it for a distance of about ten feet. I got into this little corridor and sat down and lit my pipe. I examined the sides of the rock and wondered at the power of frost and how so great a rock could be split so clean. How gentle nature could be and at times how violent! Suddenly I looked up and there he was in the sky.

He was not far away. I watched him carefully and I saw him come down and perch on a tall rock quite close. He was facing the valley and looking down into it. Once he raised his wings just to smooth his feathers but he did not fly off. This was my chance.

Slowly I reached down and bringing the rifle up I aimed very carefully. I brought the bead down over the full length of his form and then began raising it as I increased the pressure on the trigger. As soon as I heard the crack of the shot, I followed it with another as quickly as I could.

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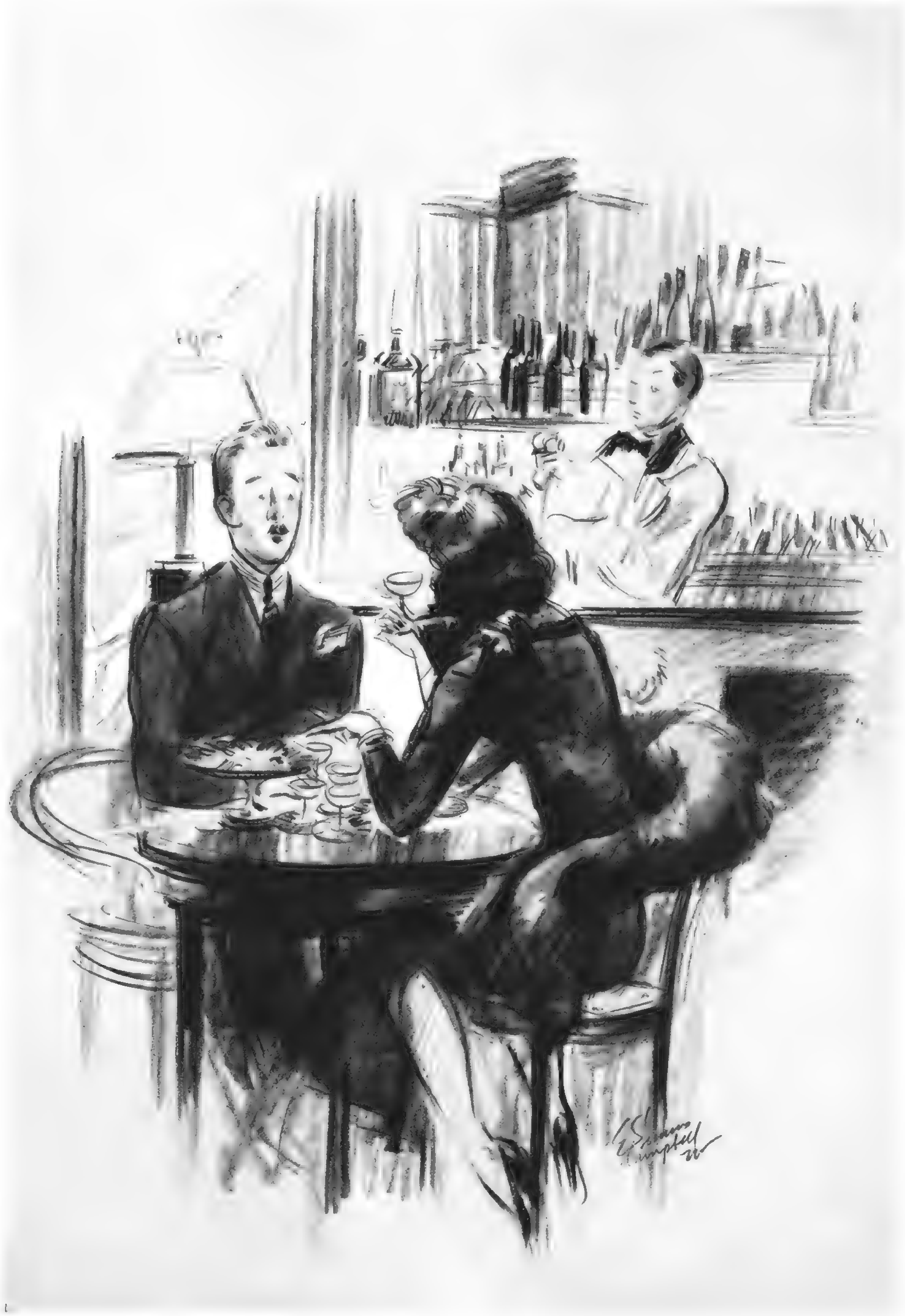

"—now if you were Mr. Guminck or Mr. Kaplan, f'r instance, I wouldn't dare drink more than two!"

Exit the Boob

This guy says just kick the dictators in the patoot, boys, and live, live, live your life

by E. E. CUMMINGS

▪ ARTICLE ▪

More than a great many simple folks, for some none too obscure unreason, know that they know what's good for you and me. Royally basking in his painfully acquired ignorance of whatever makes life livable, this "share the wealth" prophet butters platitudes for an invisible and immeasurable audience endowed with a simplicity so perfectly prehistoric as to be positively mythical. Quote every man a king unquote. Meanwhile a visible number of merely simplest folks surround that anonymous hater of human values who, busily raving under the peaceful stars, tells mankind just why it must come unto Doctor Marx to be goosed with a "class struggle." Pantspressers of the world, unite! you have nothing to lose but your pants. Etcetera, ad infinitum: yet (oddly enough) humanity survives. Individualism flourishes. Millions upon millions of men and women have toothaches. Thousands upon thousands of authentic sadists hope that (as one of them tactlessly assured myself) "some day I'll be in the mouths of the best people."

MODELED IN CLAY BY ERIC LUNDGREN

What ample zest! What copious verve! What abundant enthusiasm! What boundless bonhommerie! It's actually hard to imagine that there really was a time when everything wasn't known to be known and everybody didn't know that they knew it. But science says that a time there was; and science is an honorable man. A time there was when even the most omnipotent emperor didn't know that he knew and he never could know that he had B. O.—and can't you imagine his ill-starred consort, mounting her dazzling throne with a hideous case of Morning Mouth? Sure an' 'tis a merciful miracle our mysterious mothers and fabulous fathers got themselves born at all at all. Hail, hail, the civilization's all here . . . although one rather suspects that something must be not far from wrong when every punk can't automatically become Albert Lincoln or Abraham Einstein, merely by letting a button press itself or (if there must be such a thing as imperfection) by throwing a switch: am I right? Wouldn't a ducky invention like that simplify the whole horrid complicated unemployment problem rather nicely? Answer me, you twenty-five hundred dollar a week apotheosis of cinematographic idiocy. Or (if you prefer) just try to lift those already lifted eyebrows. Hoot, lass, 'tis not a Nude Eel in my sporran either way.

Note that the stalwart champion of Civilization, the dulcet handmaid of Progress, the omnipotent Genie of the uncorked Unknown —science—has succeeded in shrinking our so-called world until it doesn't fit anybody. But there's something stranger still: the fact that any number of simple folks, no matter how mutually antagonistic they may seem to you and me, can (and do) inhabit one and the same microscopic blunder—the blunder of "thinking" that "people" can be "improved." Believe it or not, each of these cranks knows that each of them knows that he, she or it has the absolutely only authentic dope on how to better its, her or his so-called neighbor. Well and bad: but as long as that neighbor equals X, Y probably doesn't mind; and as long as it doesn't equal X, X possibly doesn't mind. Nobody really minds perhaps, until that neighbor becomes X Y—

Did you ever share an otherwise palatial dungheap with much too many other vividly stinking human beings? Did you ever (attired in all the majesty of a wilted monkey, with sixty-odd pounds of erroneously distributed junk banging your coccyx) go foolishly limping and funnily hobbling up and down a river of feebly melting tar entitled "company street?" Did you, accidentally, ever exchange your hard-earned right to visit freedom for the doubtful privilege of policing latrines; just because you'd failed—as a warrior can't and mayn't—to grunt loudly at the exact moment when those real hands of yours stuck that real bayonet of Uncle Sam's into an imaginary fellowman? Ah, the ecstasy of it all! And the rapturous ritual of standing in line (here, by the by, we can use what writers who know that they know call "a blazing sun") waiting and waiting and waiting and waiting to partially submerge one slipperiest plate in one stickiest kettle of lukewarm once upon a time water, through which meander lazily something like two hundred remains of something which somebody said was supposed to have once upon a time been tapioca pudding . . .

Well, anyhow—the so-called fascist styles for a not too distant future look simply fascinating. Off with your earmuffs, ladies fair, and hear what your well-dressed man will wear. And you, upstanding nonpareil of American masculinity, lend me your auditory appendages. You will wear (sic) mud and you will wear gas and at least three kinds of lice and you will wear terror and agony and hatred and disgust and shrapnel and (without knowing it) a funny little foolish little feeble little fairylike grinless grin. Yes indeedy. Big though you be, big boy, you'll carry that tiny faggoty feeble foolish funny thingless thing wherever you go—all the while never so much as suspecting you've quietly turned into somebody else.

"Who in hell is this s. o. b. to tell me what I'll do?" an outraged sample of the more widely circulated brand of intellectual snob cordially inquires.

Now let said outraged sample keep his shirt on; if he thinks we despise fighting, he's agreeably mistaken. We don't. But neither do we ignore the obvious and incredible fact that, if individuals are organisms, multitudes are mechanisms. Courage we consider whatever is most important on earth; and multitudes do not have courage. A "soldier" who prefers going over the top to being shot in the back by his superior officer is not a man. A man is an entirety, not a fraction of something. A man has courage.

As for who ourselves are: we honestly feel that they couldn't be trusted to furnish the outraged sample with a correct answer—not that he wants a correct answer; far from it. What he wants is a simple answer, which

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Introduction to Mexico

A young ethnologist meeting the slow magic of native life cries it's all true! it really exists!

by OLIVER LaFARGE

▪ SEMI-FICTION ▪

THE SIGHTS

HALLERMAN had done his best by me, a good best, and I was grateful. He was no tourist, and Vera Cruz had long since lost its novelty for him; taking an absolutely green youngster whom he hardly knew and showing him the sights must have looked like an awful chore. I could see that looking upwards in narrow streets to acid blue eaves against an electric blue sky, the almost cloying richness of old walls, doorways, windows, the sense of seaport, antiquity, lushness, the direct, physical effect of the tropical air, had no element of surprise to him. I was still excited by the mere fact of a *jacaranda* tree, or contemplation of the many nations, the fleets whose cannon over four centuries had pockmarked the cathedral.

Hallerman felt something else which I could not grasp until long after; a deep appreciation and love of the quality, the abiding texture of lowland Mexico, grown out of his own sensitiveness and the real understanding which comes, not from visiting, but from living in it. He loved the thing itself, not the surface. That must have made it harder for him to show me round, for like most men of action, it would have been painful for him to try to explain to a stranger his instinctive aesthetic approach, and he could not tell with what idiocy I might respond to what he showed me.

Luckily, I had no wish to Baedeker the place; there was a flavour I wanted to comprehend. We spent the day lazily, and after dark, having had a few drinks each, he had gained some confidence in me. I don't remember just how we got there—what reason he gave, if any—but we were standing on a bit of beach, no houses near us, facing the rustle of the Gulf along the sand, sibilance at our feet and behind it stretching into greyish darkness, invisible but sensible, the great extent of warm oceans. A breeze from Cuba was in our faces, freshened by water, yet still almost skin temperature. To our right lay the skeleton of a schooner, an arrangement of truly black shadows, as though they had been drawn in ink with a soft brush, and little speckles of phosphorescence where the water lapped at the stern. On the left, the beach ran out in a short point with two or three tilted palm-trees on it. The point broke the run of little waves, causing a pulse of white foam. Hallerman must have decided I was all right, bringing me here without explanation. I got it. We both stood, saying nothing, taking in the full quality—still new and overwhelming to me—of those nights. You can call it languor, but it's not a wish to be still; excitement, but not as we understand the word. Even in this quiet place one felt the mixture of content and restlessness, and awareness of one's body. I had had a full day, a grand day, I was tired, I did not plan to go on a party, yet I was haunted, as I was to be many times again, by the sense that something tremendous and pleasant beyond mortal levels of satisfaction should happen, had been promised, was being promised again and again, and lacking it I should remain forever disconsolate.

We shuffled our feet, Hallerman said something about the wreck—treacherous coast—we lit cigarettes with a touch of the silly Northern shame at being caught in the act of appreciation. We returned to the town, and had drinks under bright lights at a sidewalk café. Hallerman looked at the clock over the bar.

"Quarter past nine," he said. "About everything in this part of town shuts up at half past. Have you seen the district?"

"No. But I'm not taking any. I pull out tomorrow, and I promised the boss—"

"That's all right. I'm for a quiet evening myself, but you ought to have a look at it, if you've never seen that sort of thing."

"O. K."

"We'll get a car."

We disembarked at the corner of a long street. On either hand, an unbroken block of one-story buildings stretched away, a series of multitudinous doors from which came glow enough to nullify starlight, so that the roadway, washed out to a depth of several feet below the sidewalk, was all darkness. Over the doors hung red and black flags.

"Black and red," I said, "that's the Communist flag, isn't it?"

"Yes. All the little ladies are Communists."

"How come?"

"They refuse to pay their rent on a basis of party principles. The party's strong here."

A few doors were closed. At the others, the girls sat, and called to us in Spanish and scraps of English and German as we strolled past. I had always heard that women of this kind shouted names when one passed them by, but these did not. They were quiet, orderly. Among them were a few women well past youth, tending towards fat; under frank and unconvincing paint one saw the type of the Latin-Indian housewife, a settled look which was disconcerting. The majority were young, and with coffee-colored skin and rich, lustrous black hair, achieved a general level of passable looks.

What hardness, what battered qualities there might be, were hidden from me by soft lighting and an exotic racial type to which I was not yet accustomed.

Behind each figure was a square room, briefly glimpsed, a cluttered effect—the genuinely Victorian Latin taste which always put the outstanding feature, the big bed, at a diagonal from one corner—saints' pictures or images with lights before them, which hardly agreed with the Communist flags overhead; more furniture and knickknacks than one would have expected.

We walked a long block of doorways and women's voices, knowing that inside the rooms it would be hotter, closer than here on the sidewalk, an exaggeration of the quality of the night, with the women's cheap perfume instead of the fruitiness of the air, and a pricking feeling that here might be what was so insistently promised, running contrary to knowledge that here was only a means to exhaustion, an anaesthetic.

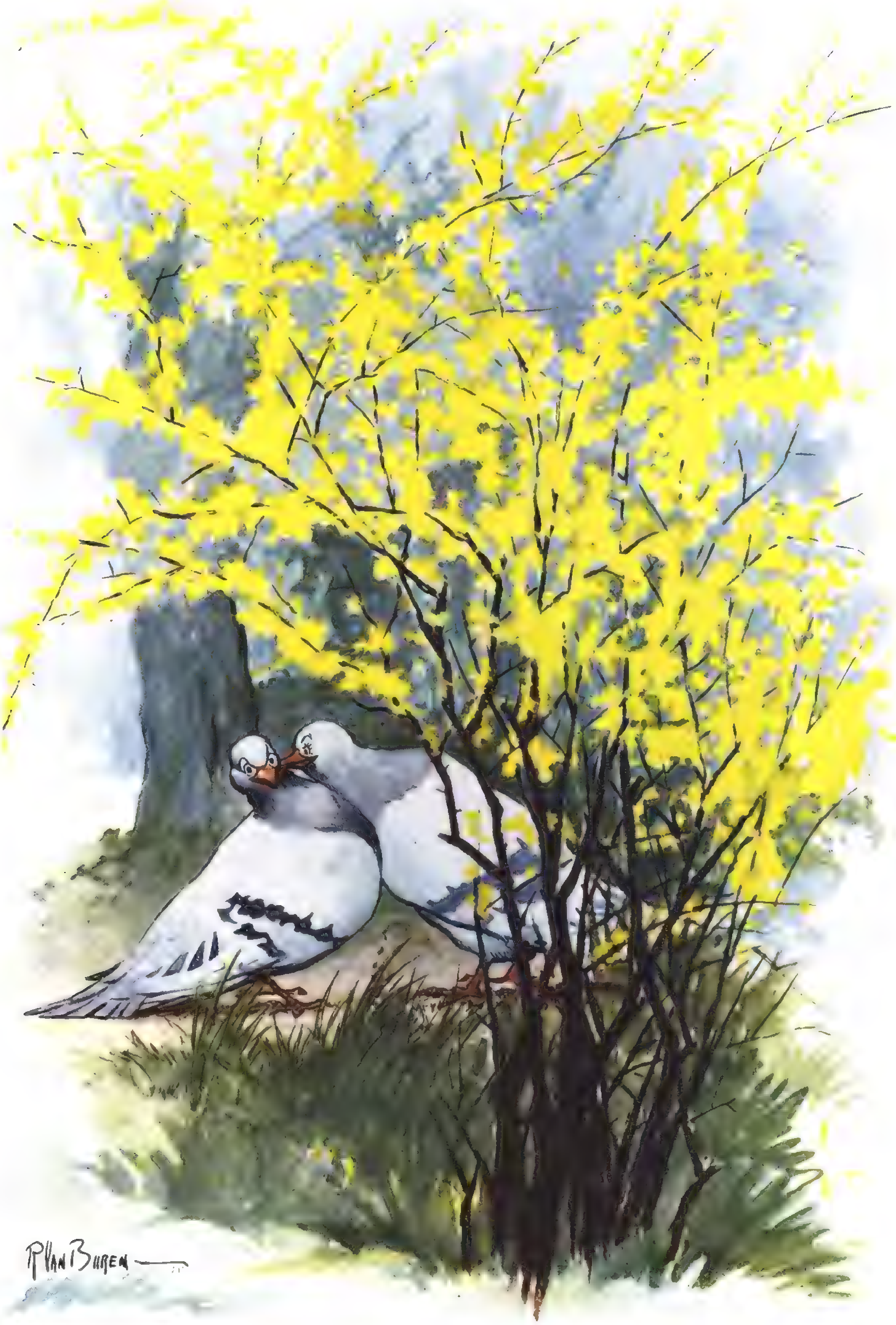
As the end of the block we crossed over and walked back along the other side. It was fascinating to me because it was new, it was strange, and it was what I had heard about, but it did seem rather pointless. Funny idea of Hallerman's. I wasn't leaving the tropics tomorrow—all in good time.

A girl called him by the Spanish form of his name—Carlos. We stopped.

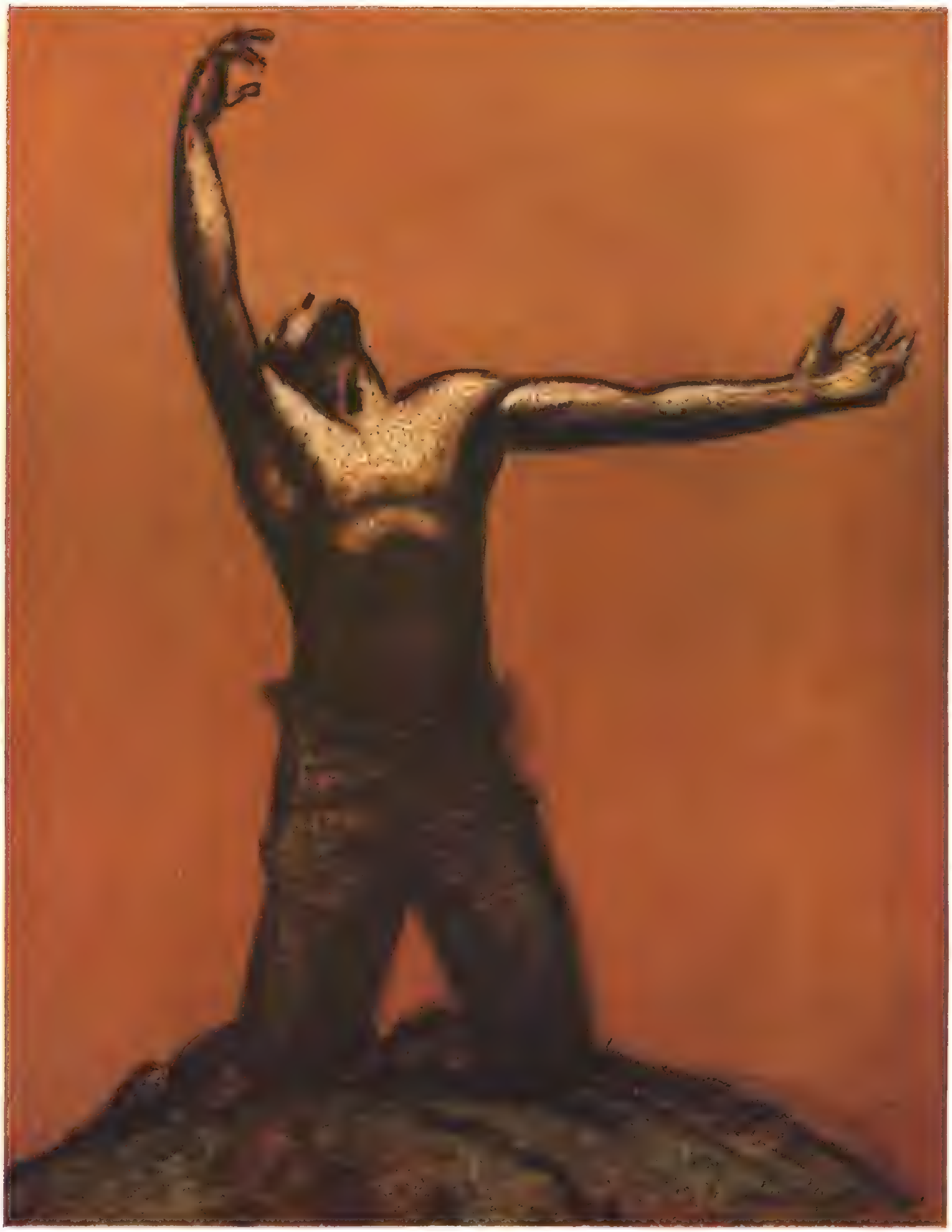
"Come in here," he said. "Take a look at this."

We stepped inside. I could not follow the rapid Spanish of their talk, though I listened with curiosity. What was the big idea? She pulled the door to and bolted it,

Continued on page 179



"Ohh no—give me the worm first"



TWO POEMS *by* CONRAD AIKEN

Prelude

Disaster is no disaster on a starlit night.
Look how the planets move. Look there, look there,
how when the tree shakes the loosed star comes forth
as impudent as ever! How can you keep
poor fool in such an angelic presence
your handful of pain? Look at that world
so young so fiery so swift and so intent—
and deny if you can that you, too, once
ran forth as splendidly as that. And how long since?
Yesterday? This morning? Even as you look
that swift conviction burns once more—it is this instant;
and all your life sums up one fiery thought,
bright as that loosed star, and begins again.

Prospect

Never before such wilderness of power—
no, there was no such sea as this before,
this wild unalterable unaltered hour
of worldlong water on a worldlong shore;
nor such a doubt, which is not night or day,
the sole self's terror into twilight made;
so that uncertain if to go or stay
I stand beside this sea and am afraid.
Old ship, it is too late to question now!
What brought us here, or what we hoped to find,
we must dismiss; and strive, no matter how,
starless across this sea, our compass blind,
to seek, despite our failing strength, and age,
death by adventure, or new anchorage.

See, They Return!

An impressionistic voyage to the muddy shore of Weehawken and to a city full of furriers

by FORD MADOX FORD

ARTICLE

The brother of the eminent vaudeville artist asks: "Are you an Anarchist? . . . A Polygamist? Do you entertain designs against the Government of the United States? Is your health good? Have you any physical defects? Ever been in prison?"

We say: "Do you assure us that this line is not Nazi-German?"

The brother: "No. It is Jewish owned and registered in Antwerp. I would not be agent for a Nazi Line. That's no good. I haven't booked a passage for any German line in eight months."

That little, beady-eyed brother of a vaudeville artist is obviously himself a Jew. This upper-floor office looking onto the Place de l'Opéra is dotted with flat-topped, shining desks. Beside each sits a would-be tourist. At each, a little beady-eyed man. We sit like patients deprecating the fierce attacks of dentists. This seems a respectable firm. It is well known. It is difficult to discover the real ownerships of steamship lines. But beady-eyed, little races do not usually perjure themselves one against the other. For the sake of the blond Aryan.

Good! Our French notes pass across the table. We are neither Anarchists nor Polygamists. We entertain no designs subversive of the Government of the United States. I am a fine figure of a man. Otherwise we are all Jews of assorted sizes. From the also shining, fine figure of a man who is the leader of our party, down to the twins in six month cradles.

•

Night has fallen on Flanders. Our Leader is beset by brigands between the railway exit and the bus of the steamship line. He has sixty-four pieces of luggage—a library, portable milk-sterilizers, electric cookers, twins, cradles, typewriters . . . Yes, under each arm a cradle . . . The huge brigand beset his tall form in the moist darkness. They demand in raucous voices . . . backshish. In Flemish . . . He staggers. He is almost down. Enhanced with cradles he suggests a huge crust of black bread beset by carp upon a Flemish duck-pond.

He is lost. We shall have no Fuehrer. I am sitting in the dark bus beside the for six years expatriated Brooklyn matron, the mother of the twins, with their attendants, their admirers, furs, rugs, wraps, milk-bottles. Dimly illuminated fragments of Flanders surround us. The Brooklyn matron maintains a shining Roman calm . . . The *Pax Romana*. In spite of the fact that her shining spouse has disappeared beneath the waves.

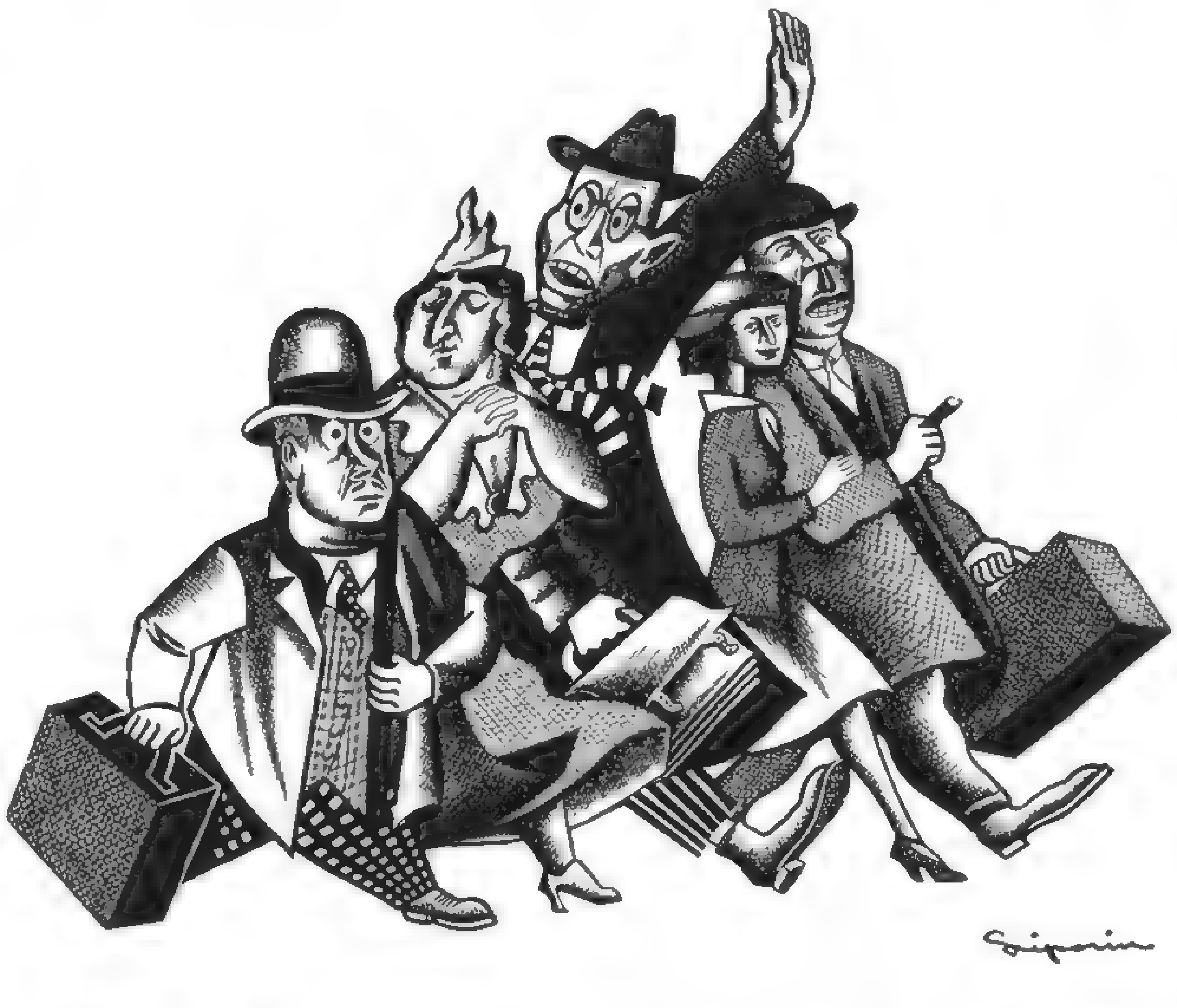
It is time I became a hero. I roar from a deep chest: "Gii hebt nix te bekomme . . . Het maatschapii betahlt . . ."

Those brigands scatter semi-circularly as if a bomb had fallen amongst them. From their distant horse-shoe they roar enormous Flemish obscenities. As if they vomited. I give it them back. I learned Flemish on the fields of Flanders where the poppies grow . . . Only there were then no poppies. You would blush if you knew what my words meant.

Now the Leader of our party has re-emerged. He tries to regain the Brooklyn matron, formerly expatriate, a cradle under each arm. The door of the bus is insufficiently wide. He has only found sixty-two pieces of baggage. You would have thought he would not have forgotten the cradle under each arm.

•

Antwerp sure is a big city. Crowds, Darkness. Flemish brick. It might be Grimsby. Or Salem, Mass. . . . At last great, broad dock-streets. Orderly; monumental. With arc-lights spitting and pavements like billiard tables.



We have no cigarettes. No one has any cigarettes. Let us stop the bus and get cigarettes. You can get French cigarettes here. But Belgian cigarettes are just the same. Cheaper too. They will have Belgian cigarettes on board the boat. It's a Belgian boat. Registered in Antwerp.

A timid voice says from the dim rear of the bus: Still I don't feel certain it isn't a Nazi boat . . .

That speaker is suppressed by the general voice of the bus-load. An English, aged voice quavers: They assured me she was a British-built boat registered in Montreal . . . The vice-President of Haiti exclaims in French: But she's United States owned. Do you think I would travel in a damn Boche ship?

•

It is too wet-dark to see what ensign the ship flies. The fresh, black, sea-air! Mind the twins' heads as you go up the gangway! We scatter into bright, white corridors . . . Oú se trouvent cabines 54 . . . 47 . . . 102? . . . Versteh' nicht . . . Hebt gii ke vlamsk cigaretten? . . . Versteh' nicht . . . Damn it, haven't you any Belgian cigarettes? . . . Versteh' nicht . . . Doand spik Eenglush . . . Wo sind Kajuete vier und fuenfzig . . . Sieben undvierzig . . . Hundert zwei? . . . Ve hef Gammuls, Luggy Streiks, Tchezderfeeulds . . . Oh Hell!

That tall, ramrod figure of a steward in white is presumably one of the exiled Intelligentsia . . . This is a Jewish boat. Registered in Antwerp.

She creeps out of Antwerp through the canals. Beneath the spitting arc-lights . . . As bright as day . . . Clean, impressive docks. Here's the sea.

•

In the shafts of sunlight that shoot down the companion the fine figure of a Fuehrer of our party sways gracefully, shining. In English tweeds and the morning. His attention is held by three framed sheets of printed matter, set in the breakfast room wall. We too sway. . . . gracefully descending the companion . . . Perhaps it is not a companion on a Belgian boat. A broad staircase, opening above into two wings as if we were on a stage, swaying agreeably as the boat sways with about the rhythm of the breath. The Fuehrer disappears into the sunshafts, onto the deck. We descend like figures in the *Waltz Dream*, pace by pace. With precision and dignity. My companion has no German.

•

These framed and printed announcements must be obsolete. Like the screwed-up brasses stating that this ship was Clyde-built in the year 1904. Left-overs, the one and the other, from some forgotten age.

They state that the vessel belongs to Hamburg . . . Belonged, of course . . . The owners are the Hamburger Gesellschaft . . . Were, it should be . . . Captain So & So. Burthen so many thousand tons.

She was inspected at Hamburg and found in every way to comply with the Imperial German sea laws . . . This year!

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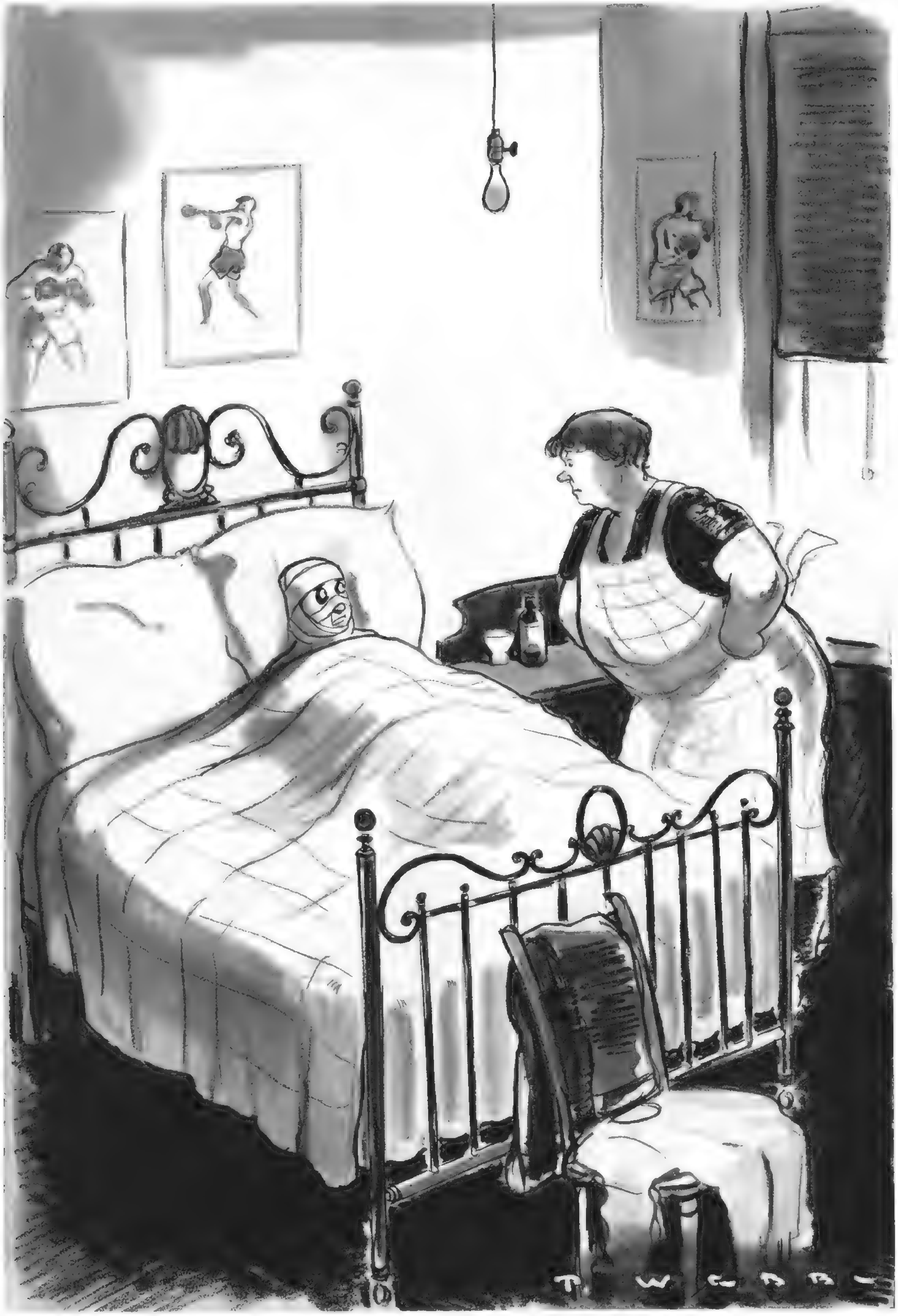


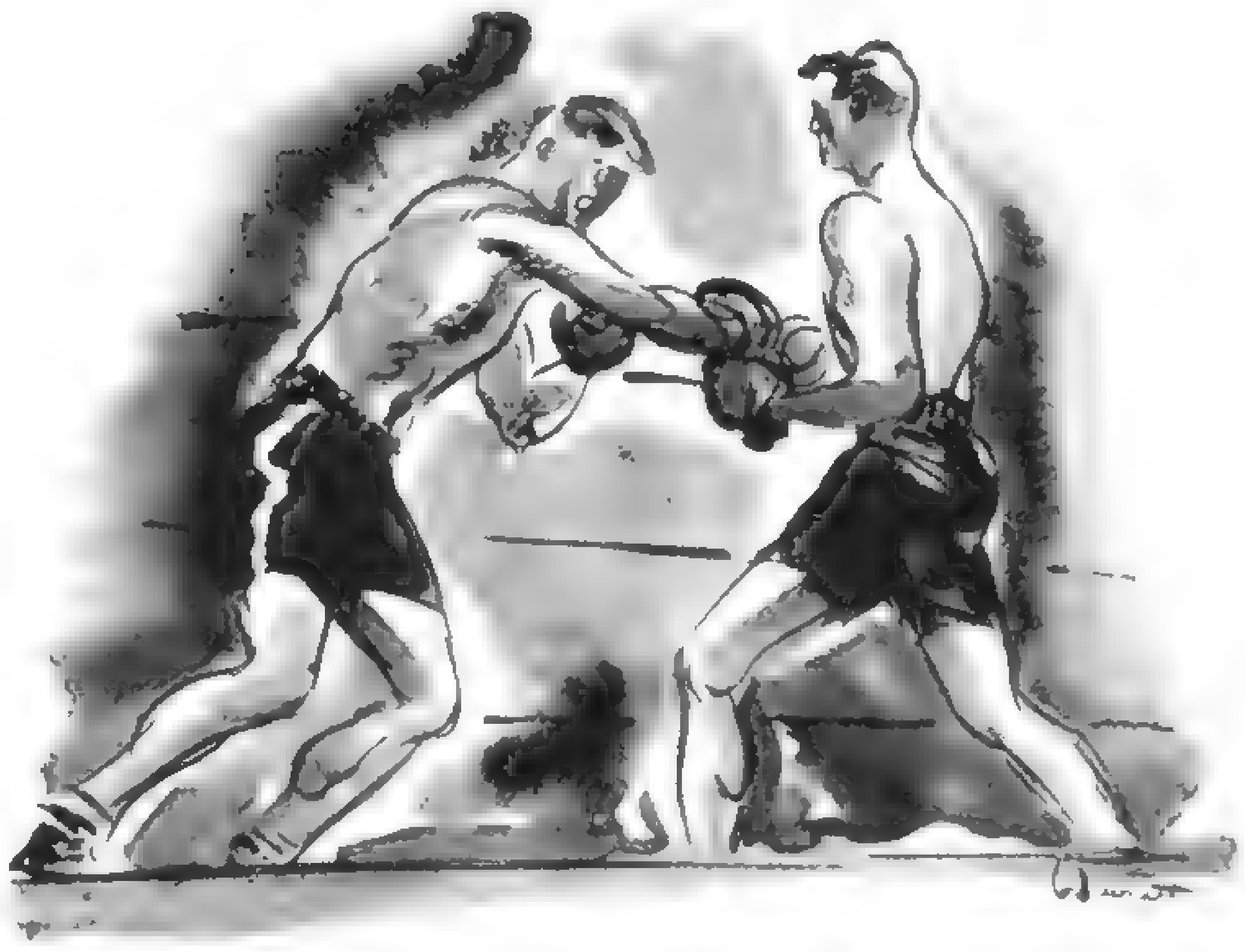
"You're twice the fighter yer old man used to be—he always went down in the first round!"

The Come-Back

The champ fights on, knowing some time he must lose; the kid knows some day he will win

by L. A. G. STRONG

▪ FICTION ▪



TED LENEHAN's second came into the dressing room, smiled, and jerked his head infinitesimally backwards over his shoulder. Ted returned the smile, but did not rise. He had heard through the closed door the roar announcing the premature close of the last bout. He sat forward, muscles relaxed.

"Plenty o' time," said his second unnecessarily. "Let 'im get in first."

Ted nodded, and stared straight in front of him. To sit with loose muscles, enjoying to the last second the time of rest, was a pleasure he had learned to savour to the full. It helped to keep his mind empty. It almost helped him to forget how nervous he was, how little he looked forward to the next half-hour. (Maybe quarter of an hour would be enough.) Slowly, keeping complete command of himself, he raised his right hand and inspected the bandages. Go on, he told himself. What's wrong? You're an old bird. You know the game.

Ted Lenehan had had a curious career. He was twenty-seven years old, and had been in the ring for nine of them. A provincial fighter, he had scrapped his way along for years without attracting any special attention, or gaining anything except experience and a considerable skill in taking care of himself. Then a lucky knock-out win had opened up new possibilities. He withdrew from actual fighting, managed to get taken on as sparring partner to a fighter of class, worked hard, and came back to the ring a year later. An immediate defeat almost upset him for good, but he tried again, won by a knock-out, got a better match, and won by a knock-out again. Filled with new confidence, he got down to the business in real earnest, and a series of knock-out victories put him on the edge of the map. Promoters in the big towns began to ask questions. His price rose. There were more engagements as sparring partner. He was invited to go abroad. Then luck took a hand. The welter division was having a thin time. There was not a single first-class man in it. The champion, an unsatisfactory fellow, dodged and twisted until the Board declared his title forfeit, and instituted a series of elimination contests to pick his successor. Ted, on the strength of rumour, was included in these. He rose to the occasion, and beat his man—just. Next came the semi-final, held in the biggest hall and the best town Ted had ever visited professionally. Up against a showy veteran, a navy boxer who was all tricks and tattoo-marks, Ted had boxed a couple of respectful rounds, and then, just as the audience was getting restive, went in suddenly and knocked his man cold.

Then came the final. It was a question which of the two small-town boxers was the more miserably apprehensive as they met under the big lights at the Albert Hall; but, after several scrambling rounds Ted once more found his pet punch, and, gazing down at his squirming opponent, incredulously heard himself proclaimed the new welterweight champion.

That was over a year ago. And here he was now, out in the provinces again, making a come-back, not against defeat, but against illness. A bare fortnight after winning the championship, he was rushed into a hospital with a perforated appendix. The Board was kind. They held his title in abeyance until he should recover. But recovery was a long, slow business. It was months before he felt anywhere near fit again. The Board grew impatient. At last, very carefully, after a long preparation in the gymnasium, Ted's manager began trying him out with a series of easy fights in the provinces. This was the third of the easy fights. There was only one more, and then, inexorable, the date, two months ahead, on which he must defend his title.

It was worth defending. Ted had a nice voice, and his good-looking, alert face bore no sign of his profession. The championship had brought film and music-hall offers—nothing fabulous, but still, possibilities of a kind of which he had never dreamed. If he could only hold on to the title for a bit, they were his, at any rate for some months ahead. He *must* hold on—that was all there was about it.

Ted's second, who had been standing by, raised an eyebrow. Ted rose languidly, passed his tongue over his upper lip, and went through the door. He was scared, badly scared, and there was no use denying it. He hated these "easy" fights worse than any others. True, he had won the first two, but that was little help. Merely winning was no good. He was expected to win easily, spectacularly; and the men he was up against, with everything to gain and nothing to lose, fought their damnedest. Ted had no illusions about himself. He was a weak champion, at the best of times. His ring assets were experience; an excellent sense of balance, which enabled him to avoid blows and gave the maximum of effect to those he landed; and a right hand punch. His defects, both physical and psychological, were serious. He suffered from over-much imagination, a bad left hand, lack of real aggression, and—intensified by his illness—an inability to take punishment. A good punch downstairs, and he was done. He had had ample reminder of these defects in the two preliminary fights just over, and even more alarming evidence of a new one, lack of stamina. In his present state, he could never last ten rounds, even if he were winning. His only chance was to secure a knock-out, early on. If he couldn't get one—well, there were ways out; ways to which, unfortunately, he was not altogether a stranger. That was one comfort. As he came down the aisle towards the glare of the ring; he reminded himself of it, and felt a faint glow of reassurance. He did know the ring; and, in those two first fights, that knowledge, like an instinct, had come up, independent of his fear-stricken mind, and fought mechanically in his defense. It was there, thank the Lord, under his skin, in the core of his muscles. Even if he were nervous and weak as a cat, it could be relied on to take charge and tell him what to do. As long as he, personally, remained inert, and surrendered himself to its guidance, he would be all right.

He was in the ring, the lights gleaming

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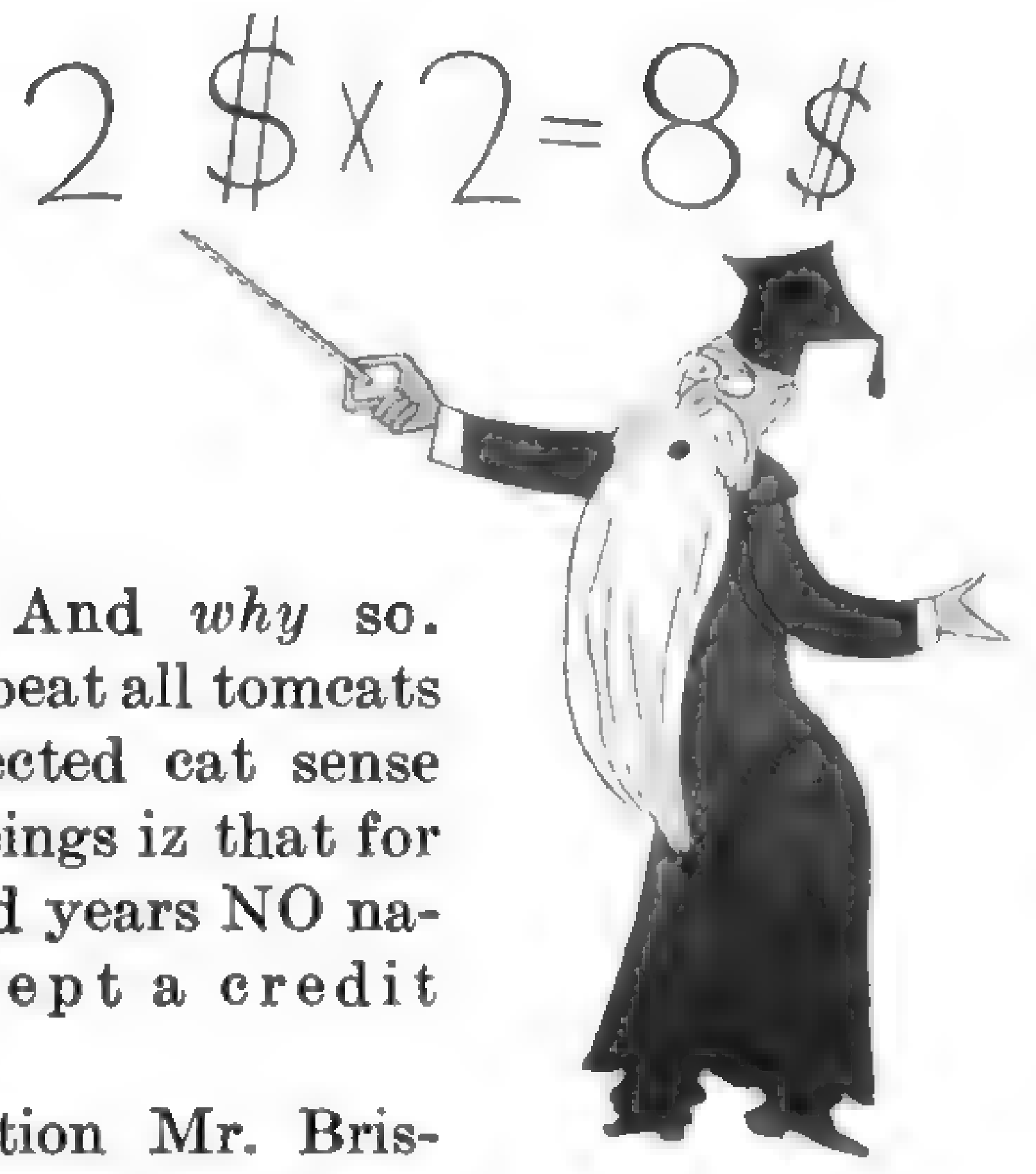
Hickory—Old and New

Maybe a dollar bill is only a bit of paper covered almost entirely with fancy engraving



by EZRA POUND

• ARTICLE •

"THERR saferst place ov deePosit iz in ther pantz ov ther peepul," said Andy Jackson, and they have took thet *out* of the school books.

I am sorry the printer told you folks that the Sienese bank (Monte dei Paschi) rented money at $5^1/_{12}$%, because it just ain't so. What I wrote was five ½% meaning five and one half percent. The Medici were a practical family.

If you give a bloke YOUR promissory note you have to pay the interest on it. If the bank gives you its promissory note YOU have to pay the interest on it. Heads I win, tails you lose. That is why people think "economics" is very hard to understand. What is hard to twig is WHY people have gone on doing it that way for so LONG.

It was once thought that a man had to have money if he wanted to LEND it. But sound banking put an end to all that.

And it took a Scotch horse doctor to catch 'em. He is a very religious Episcopalian, but that hasn't overclouded his understanding. He has, for our benefit, pointed out that the game of collecting interest, instead of paying interest on one's promissory notes, is a great game and has been highly profitable.

The number of times the Bank of England has gone bust and had its debts paid by the British Nation, always comes as a shock to refined British readers. Several Englishmen have said to me "Weahly (or 'realy') I nevah knew thatt. I had always supposed that the Bank . . ." und so weiter.

A bold Northumbrian hazarded the opinion that the way to make money circulate quickest was to PUT it where people would have to spend it quickest.

If Mr. Frank Delano Roosevelt has control of five billyun billyums he'll be under no necessity to shell it out in the course of a week.

If however the 12 millyum or however many blokes that ain't worked for some time, have fifty cents each on Monday morning, the chances are that they wd/ get rid of it by Wednesday or Tuesday night, especially if they have a wife, wives or/and children.

That is what starts people talking about velocity of circulation.

Watch a man irrigating a field on very steep hillside, and another whose ditches are almost level. That will teach you that no matter how fast it runs, two buckets won't water an acre.

By which I imply that velocity ain't the whole story.

There are more people in America who STILL think money is false teeth and spectacle frames, than there are folks who look at a dollar bill and see that it is a bit of paper covered almost entirely with fancy engraving.

The latter perception requires OBJECTIVITY on the part of the beholder or spectator. The highbrows are worse than the rough-necks and the Single Taxers are just as bad as the Marxists.

Silvio Gesell mopped up ALL the floor with Karlie Marx when he said "Marx found nothing to criticize in money."

And that is just as true as a mule's foot is handy to kick with. Karl never got onto the money game. And he didn't realize that what grandpop made can still come in handy, and that if you sell grandma's rockin chair the bloke that buys it has got to have money (in fact every gordamn reader knows it is a matter of MONEY, so why let the profs. tell you different), just the same as if he bought something new.

I'm no angel. So I wrote sister Perkins a valentine. No sonnet, but a nice little poEM. Cause I just CAN'T EAT work. And I don't believe Sis Perkins can either.

Work for 25 million peepul. And WHAT OF IT! Any damn fool can work. He can go out and start breakin' pavin' stone, and taking up the street to put it down again. But it won't feed him or clothe him, or get him nice woolley coverlets, or them silk sheets that brother Howard Baer puts in his pictures.

What the administration needs is a sense of causality, meanin' that what happens if you do this that or the other. And *why* so.

What wd beat all tomcats if they expected cat sense of human beings iz that for one thousand years NO nation has kept a credit account.

Every nation Mr. Brisbane ever wrote about has kept an account of its DEBTS. Why so? My high brow friends keep on sayin' "credit account" and nobody knows what they mean. Why so?

Wouldn't you think a nation wd/ try to keep an account of its assets? Why not? Has the country got any assets? It has. Has it got 3000 statisticians? It has. Why don't it keep count of its credit?

A nation's credit is said to be good when it can borrow at 3%, and bad when it has to pay 7 or 8%. And this depends on bankers' fancy.

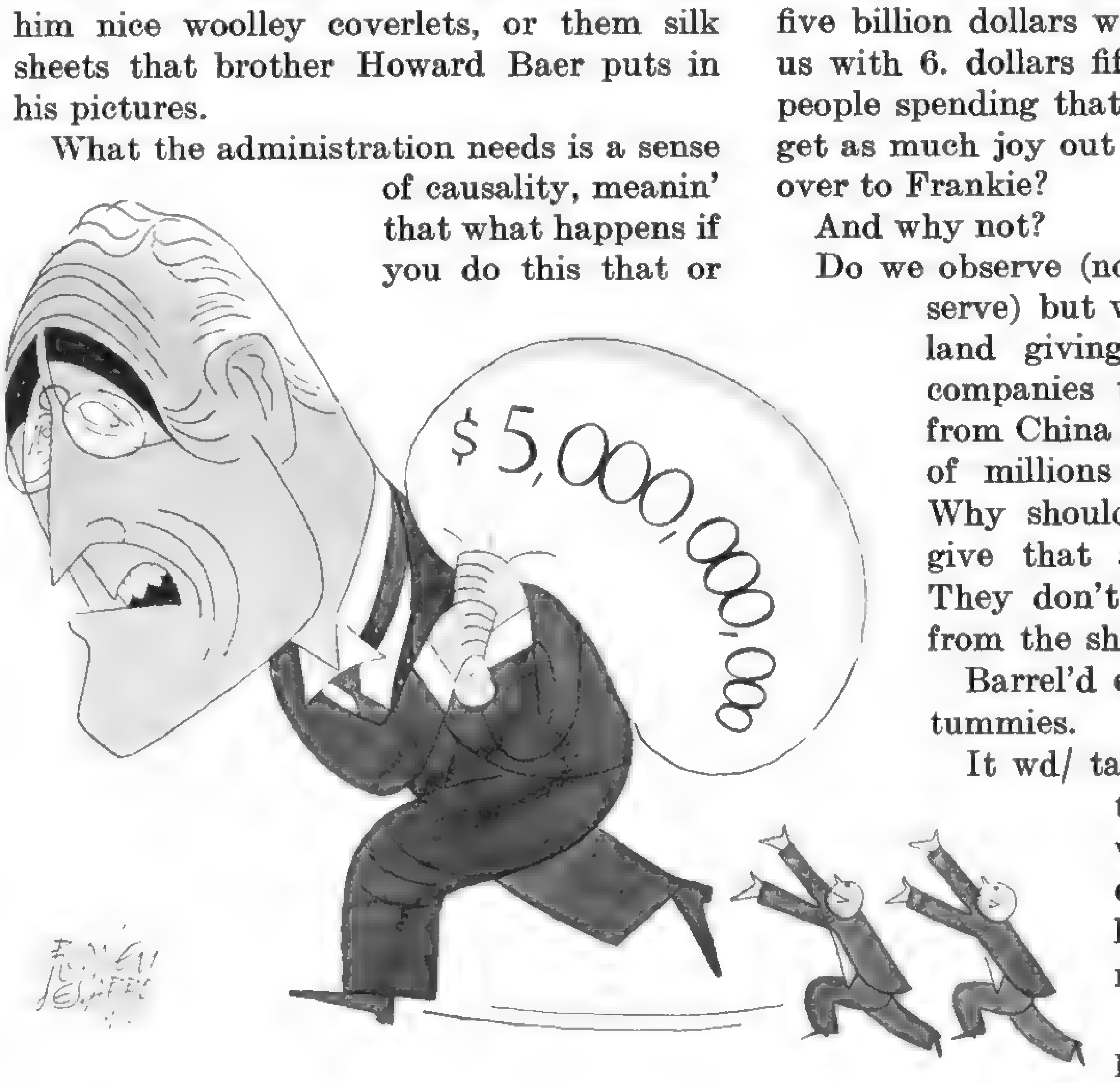
It depends on the rake off in bank's commissions, regardless of whether the country means to pay up or not. Wasn't there a confessing bond salesman that split it? The only thing he couldn't unload was DUTCH bonds!! Dutch, mind you 6%, that the Dutch paid up on. Paid interest in gold or at the gold value.

Rubber dollars? looks to me more like cheap wool after a bad day at the laundry. Speaking of shrinkage.

Why shouldn't the nation keep a credit account? What's so inhuman in keeping a credit account?

Why should we trust Mr. Roosevelt with five billion dollars when he wouldn't trust us with 6. dollars fifty apiece? Would the people spending that each man for himself get as much joy out of it, as in handing it over to Frankie?

And why not?



Do we observe (normally we do not observe) but we could observe England giving money to shipping companies to import eggs liquid from China in barrels to the value of millions sterling? Now why? Why shouldn't the British govt. give that away to plain men? They don't get anything BACK from the shipping companies.

Barrel'd eggs don't better kid's tummies.

It wd/ take a Freudian maniac to think up a reason why it is better to pay exporter's debts than to let the plain Englishman eat his own eggs.

Supposin', I say supposin' the nation had

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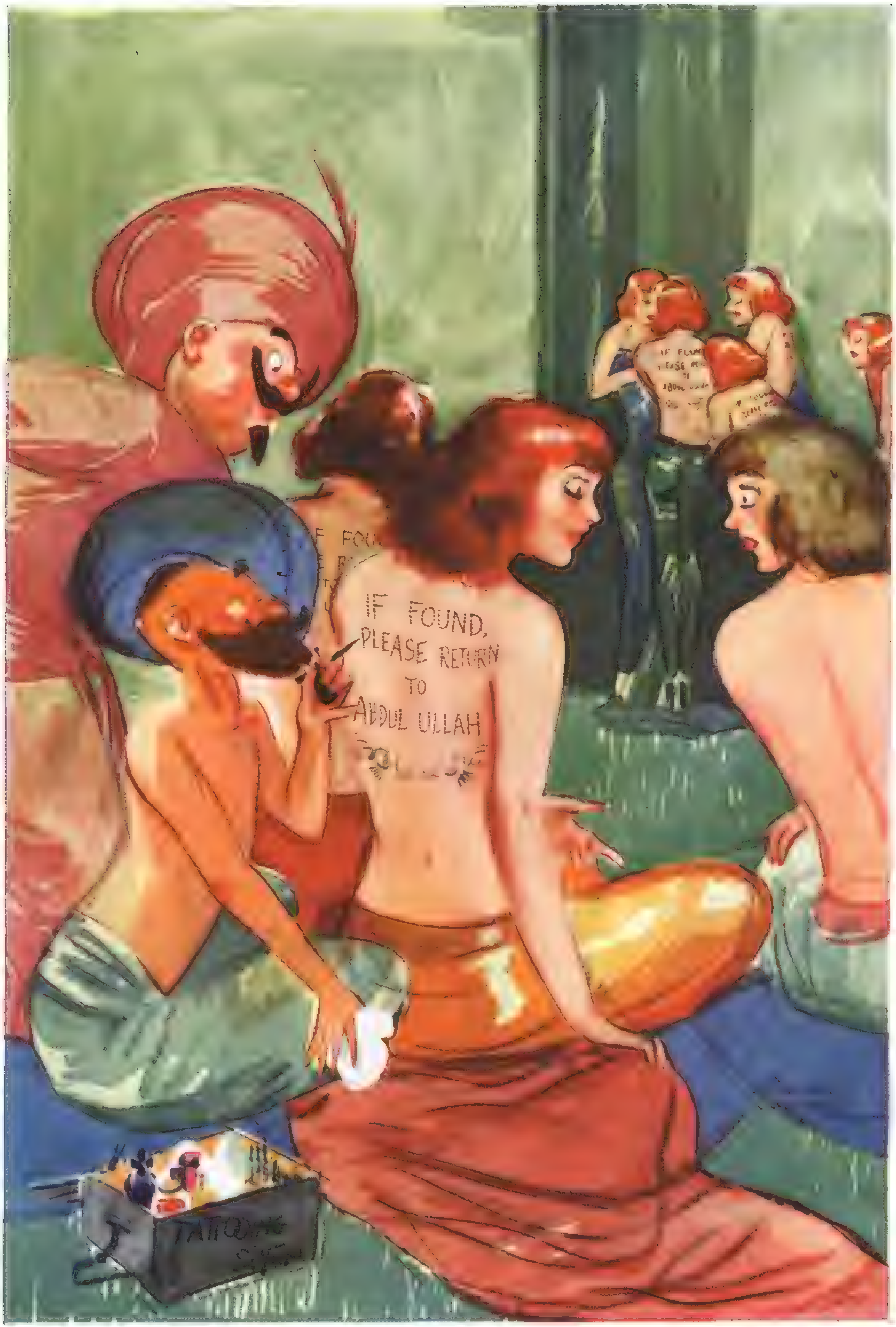
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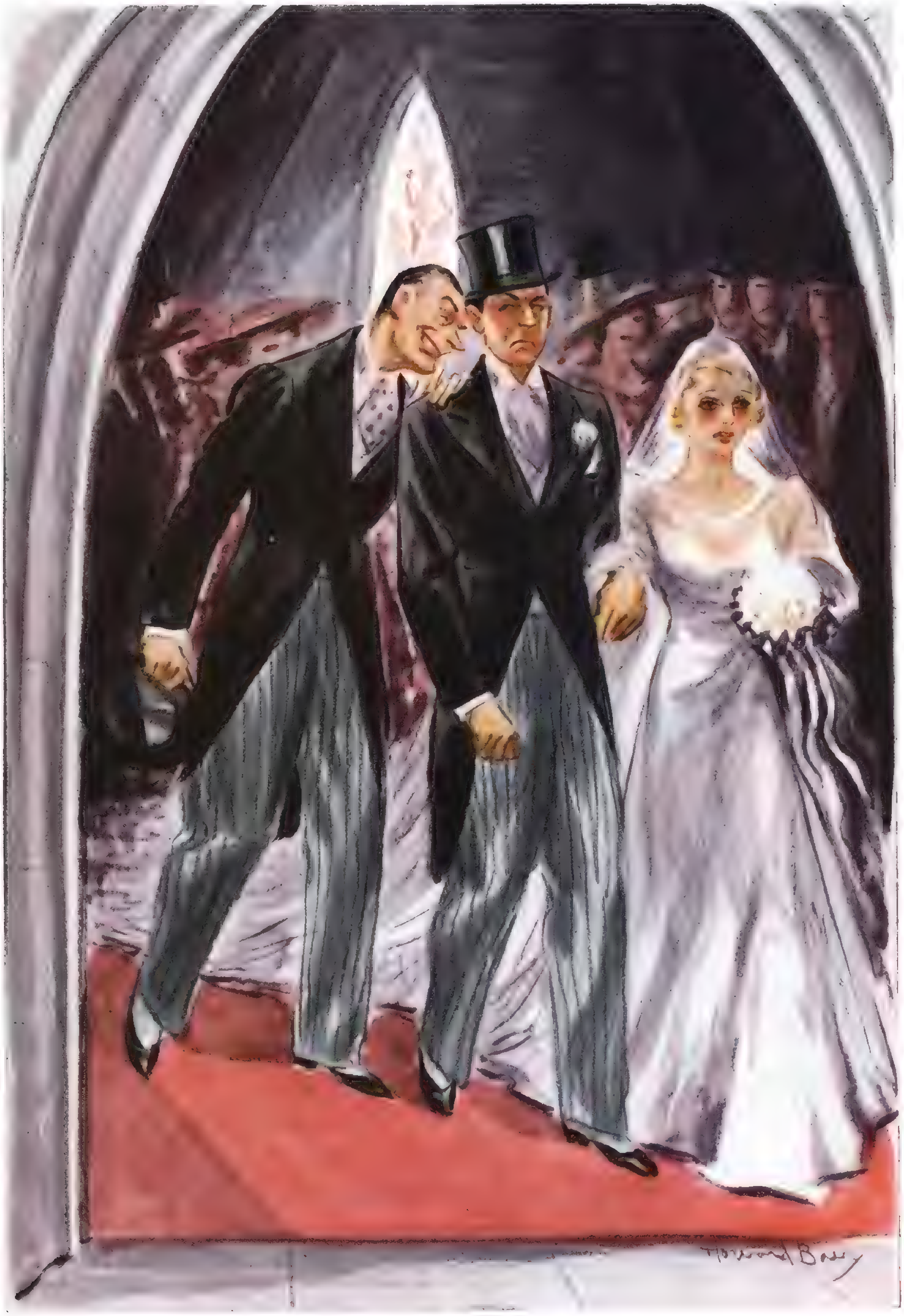


ENEMIES OF MAN No. 14: THE JOKER IN THE PACK

There's one in every wedding party. He's the guy who makes the first offside crack at the stag dinner, the one who simply panics all the girls at the rehearsal, the one who can't resist the urge for subtle innuendo at the ceremony itself, and the one who tries to convert a group of civilized adults into a gang of Halloween pranksters at the moment of going away. Marriage is having a tough enough time, as God and the lawyers know, in maintaining its dignity as a sacrament. And he isn't helping any. He's the crack in the wedding bell.

I Think It Was Schenectady

A fable with truly American ingredients such as kidnapping and how love triumphs over all

by WALTER BROOKS

• SATIRE •

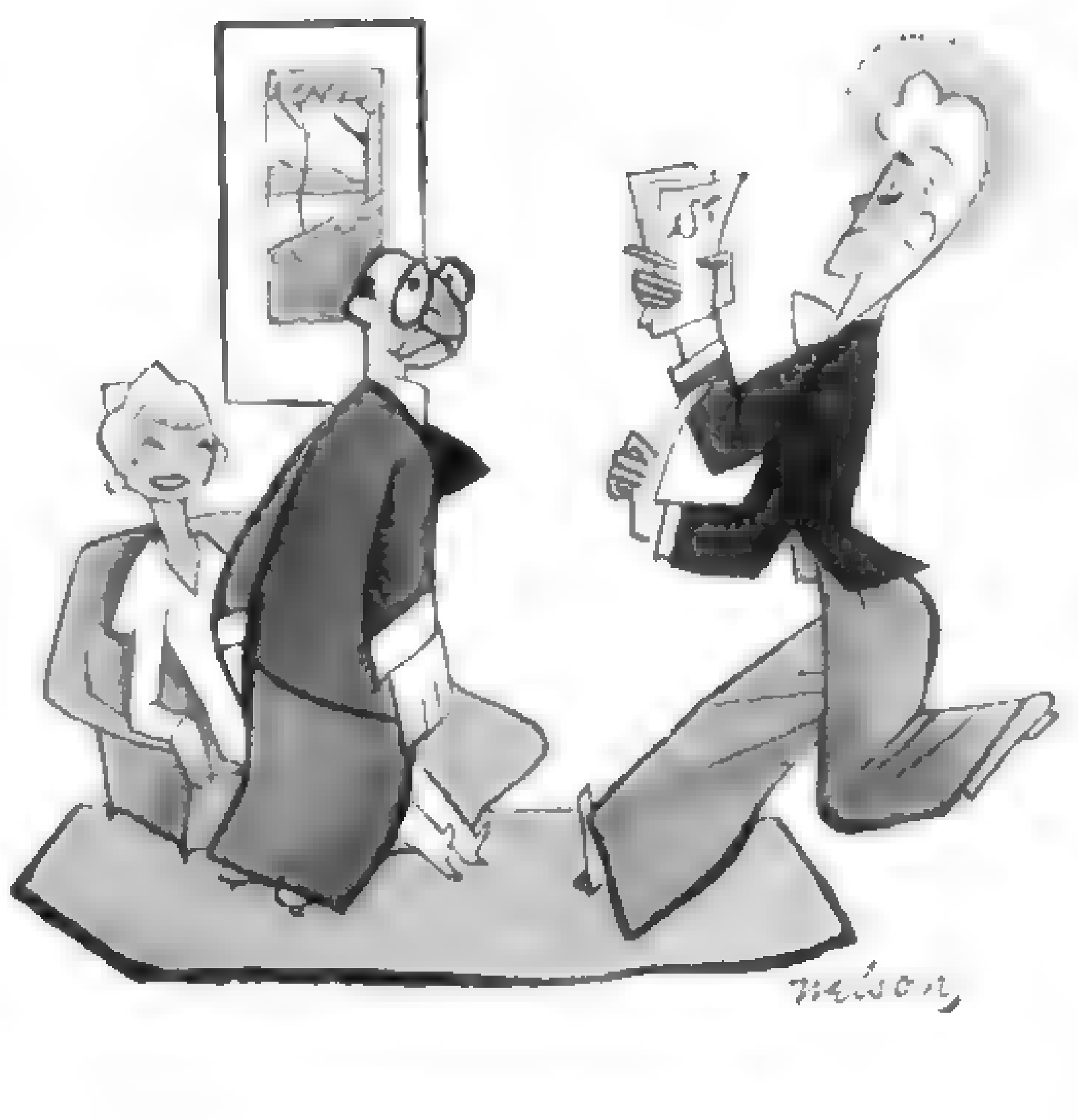
WELL it was up in Rochester or one of those upstate cities there was a man named John Pringle. He was president of Pringle & Co. and he had a daughter named Miss Caroline Pringle. Miss Pringle could not spell and she did not know what the capital of Ohio was but she had ash blonde hair with a natural wave and an impudent nose and the prettiest legs in Utica if that was the town. So there was always something going on at the Pringle house.

Now Mr. Pringle wanted his daughter to marry Mr. Zenas Crosby an elderly lawyer with no conscience and a great deal of money. Mr. Crosby was a good lawyer all right. Whenever he saw another lawyer in Syracuse or whatever the town was getting a lot of business he would take him into partnership and then after a year or so the partnership would dissolve and the other lawyer would go into bankruptcy or a sanitarium. But Miss Pringle did not like Mr. Crosby much because he always talked about mortgages and decisions and his hands were cold. And also she was in love with a Mr. Freddy Crane who was just out of Yale and had a small job in a bank.

Mr. Crane was a sort of average young man. He tried to help his friends and injure his enemies but it didn't always work out because he was constantly mistaking the one for the other. He was the kind of man who is always trying to kill two birds with one stone but only succeeds in injuring both of them. He was that kind of young man. But Miss Pringle thought he was wonderful.

Well Mr. Pringle did not approve of Mr. Crane and when he heard Mr. Crane ring the doorbell which was nearly every evening he hid. And at Sunday breakfast which was about the only time Mr. Pringle saw his daughter alone there were a good many battles over Mr. Crane. But Mr. Pringle never got anywhere.

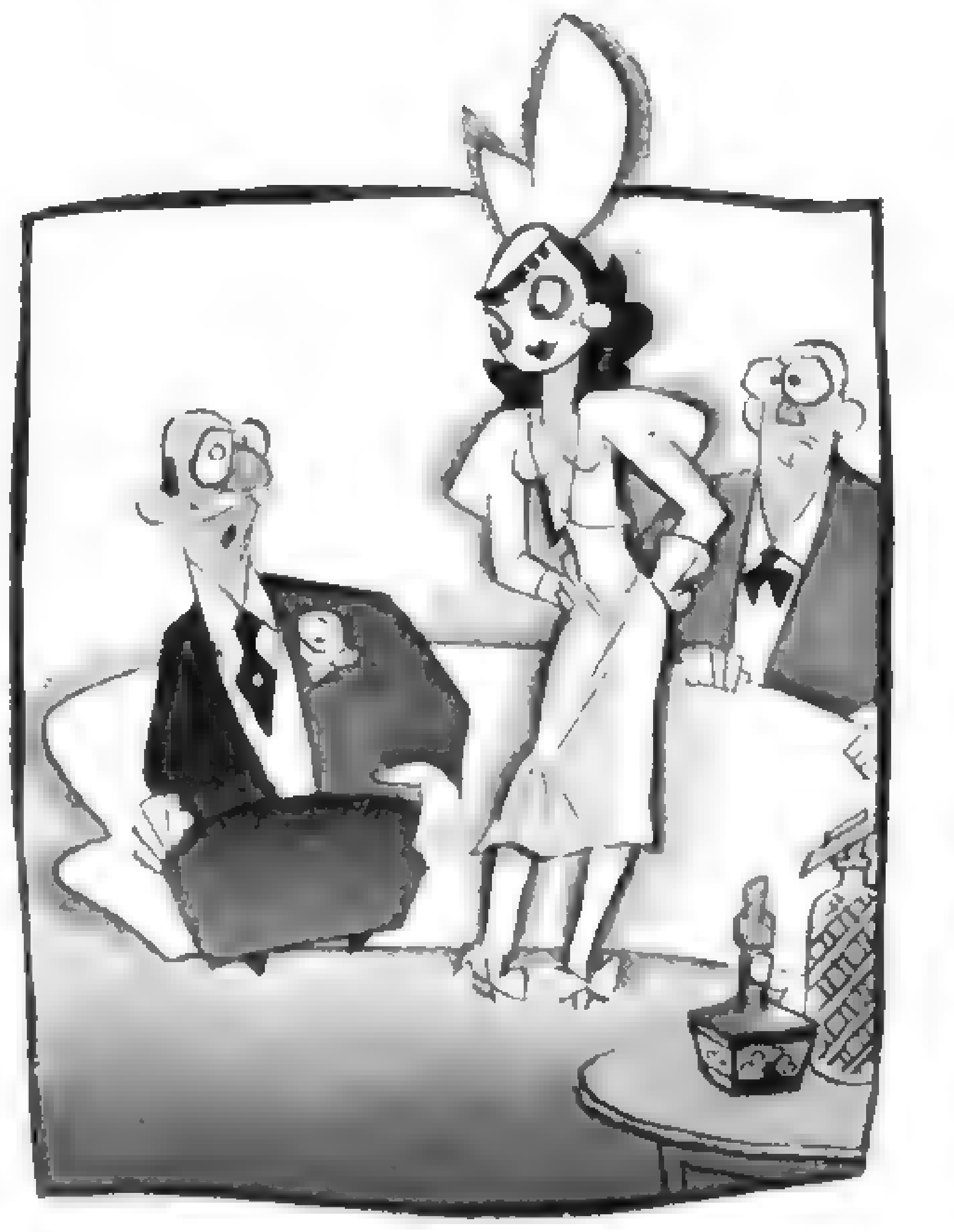
But at last Mr. Pringle said to himself If I go on like this she will marry this flibbertigibbet and so he put his foot down and said she must announce her engagement to Mr. Crosby. And when she just laughed he went and called up Mr. Crosby and then he called up the newspaper office. And the next morning Mr. Crane read two things that he did not like. The first was in the newspaper and it said A marriage has been announced and will shortly take place between Miss Caroline Pringle and Mr. Zenas Crosby. And the second was a slip from the bank and it said Your services will no longer be required.



Well Mr. Crane went right up to see Miss Pringle and he burst in waving the newspaper and shouting What does this mean as she was having her breakfast. Keep your shirt on Freddy said Miss Pringle and have a muffin. O said Mr. Crane it is all very well for you to talk about shirts and muffins but Zenas Crosby came in and talked to the president yesterday and told him to fire me and now I read this and he waved the newspaper again. But Miss Pringle took it away from him and got him to sit down and buttered a muffin for him and while his mouth was full she said I know this is a mess Freddy but there is no use your going around just bellowing Why don't you think of something? Mr. Crane swallowed half a muffin and said Why can't your father see that old Crosby is a crook? He is and I know it from what I learned at the bank. What do you know? said Miss Pringle. I know that when your father's friend Ed Kelly was sent up for embezzlement, said Mr. Crane, it was old Crosby that had him framed. Can you prove it? said Miss Pringle and Mr. Crane said No and Miss Pringle said Then shut up about it.

So Mr. Crane took another muffin and said We could elope. On what? said Miss Pringle It is the end of the month and I have only fifty cents left of my allowance. But we must do something said Mr. Crane and took another muffin.

Well they ate all the muffins and then Miss Pringle got out her car and they went for a ride. Mr. Crane drove because he could drive with one hand. And at last they thought of something. Mr. Crane went to lunch with his aunt so he would have an alibi and Miss Pringle went home and borrowed $25 from the cook and packed a bag and sneaked it out to her car and drove off again. She left her car up a side road ten miles out of town and caught a bus back. But first she put on a black wig that she had had for amateur theatricals and an old dress and cotton stockings which she had stuffed out so that her legs looked lumpy and uninteresting. And then she took her bag to a boarding house in a not very dressy part of Albany I guess it was and paid a week's rent under the name of Miss Emily Dillheimer.



Well that evening she and Mr. Crane met for dinner in Gus's Alamode Tea Shoppe where nobody would know them and then Mr. Crane told her that he had called up Mr. Pringle and said in a bass voice Your daughter is safe and unharmed Do not call the police in Await our instructions and then hung up. And now he said we must ask for ransom and then I will rescue you and he will be grateful and let us marry. Maybe said Miss Prngle kind of doubtfully but we had better get the ransom money first. Well said Mr. Crane I will call him up. So they went to a call box and Miss Pringle put in a nickel and pretty soon Mr. Pringle's voice said Hello. Dis is de kidnaper said Mr. Crane speaking very deep in what he thought was a foreign accent We want fifteen tousan' dollar for your daughter. Thirty thousand you fool hissed Miss Pringle. O whispered Mr. Crane putting his hand over the transmitter that is too much to ask. Huh said Miss Pringle you hold me pretty cheap. So Mr. Crane took his hand off the transmitter and said You hoid me we want tirty tousan' dollar. What said Mr. Pringle why you said fifteen and even that is a great deal too much. I said tirty said Mr. Crane and Mr. Pringle said She isn't worth it and Mr. Crane said Just as a girl maybe not but she must have a sort of association value for you hasn't she? And Mr. Pringle said Arrrh you scoundrel!

Well they argued for quiet a while and it began to look as if Mr. Crane would be beaten down to his original price but Miss Pringle grabbed the receiver and said O papa do not haggle with these wicked men. What said Mr. Pringle is that you Caroline where are you? In the woods said Miss Pringle in a sort of wail O I do not know where but papa pay their price and save me from a fate worse than death and above all swear to me that you will not call in the police. O all right said Mr. Pringle who was touched by this appeal which was the first one Miss Pringle had ever made to him. But he said you have cost me an extra $15,000 by butting in. O what is $15,000 to a father's loving heart? said Miss Pringle.

Continued in center of page 176

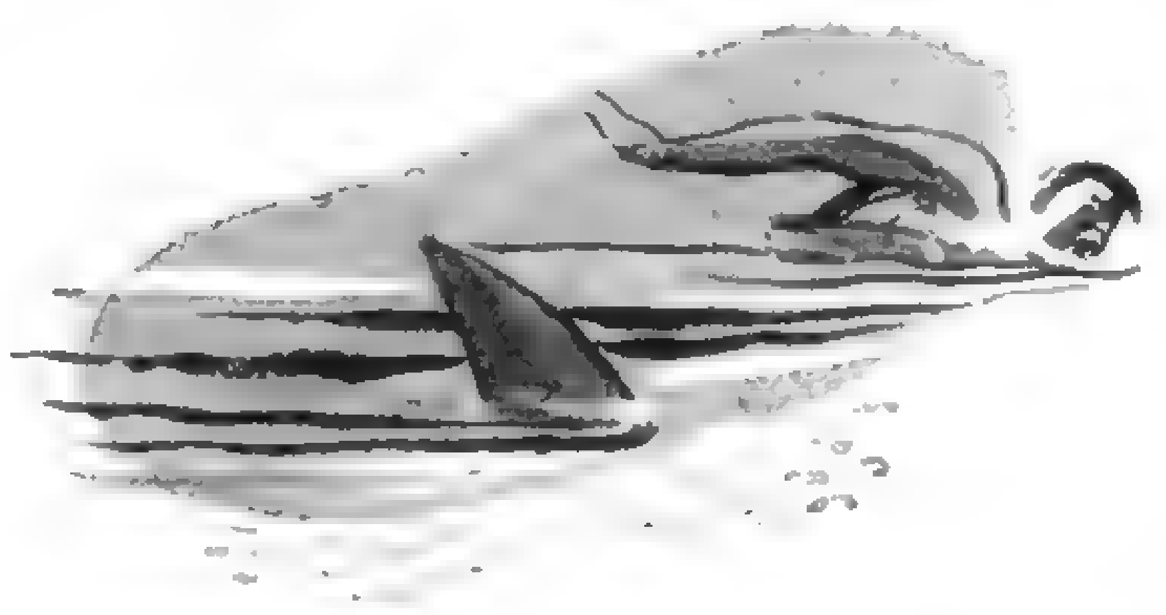
The Perlu

Blood-chilling tale of a deadly monster lurking just outside the boundary of man's senses

by ALVIN B. HARMON

▪ FICTION ▪

THE sun dropping swiftly behind the mountains of Samoa, draped the steep ridges on the western side of Pango Pango Bay in soft shadow while the thick green of the opposite slope was still touched by its slanting rays. A last bright beam, reflected sharply back from a window of the Administration Building, made that dull white edifice far down at the foot of the mountain look not unlike a gray moth impaled on an entomologist's green baize cloth with a bright steel pin.



Inside the building, at the desk of the officer of the day, an enlisted man stood waiting. When the lieutenant on duty looked up the man spoke cheerfully: "I shaved the face, Mr. Starley. Do you want me to give him a haircut too?"

"No, no. That'll be all." The officer of the day waved him away in dismissal.

The man looked wistfully over his shoulder in the direction of the courtroom across the hall.

"Could I—could I stay and hear the testimony, sir?" he asked while twisting his hat anxiously.

Lt. Starley shook his head. "You know the courtroom is always cleared," he said severely.

"But couldn't I be a witness or something? I could say the whiskers was full of dirt and blood—"

"No! Get the hell out of here," ordered Lt. Starley impatiently.

"Aye, aye, sir," said the man, backing hastily out of the room.

When he had gone Lt. Starley went into the courtroom. He stood for a minute looking down at the sheeted figure on a stretcher and then stooped over and drew back the covering from the face. Dr. Vickers approached.

"He does have a familiar look now that he's shaved, doesn't he?" observed the doctor.

The officer of the day nodded and then stood up quickly and saluted as Capt. Leif Albrectson, Governor of Samoa, came into the room. The Governor walked to the stretcher and stared critically at the dead man's face.

"Yes," he said after a moment, "I believe it *is* Lt. Greer." Then turning to the officer of the day he continued: "We will hold the Court of Inquiry right now. Have the officers I designated come in here and we'll begin at once." Half to himself he added, "We needn't forward the findings until we can check the fingerprints and make absolutely certain."

"Aye, aye, sir," replied Lt. Starley, saluting smartly. He turned to go and then stopped. "Sir," he said to the Governor, "the officers on the station request permission to attend the inquest."

"Very well," acquiesced Capt. Albrectson. "Caution them however, not to discuss the proceedings with the natives."

Ten minutes later practically every officer on the station had crowded into the little room. A single electric bulb hung suspended from the bare ceiling. The members of the court were seated around three sides of a rectangular table. At the head, the senior officer of the court thumbed the pages of a battered copy of U. S. Naval Courts and Boards, while at the foot the judge advocate skimmed quickly through a passage from a similar khaki-bound volume. At the latter's elbow the court reporter, a chief yeoman, sat with pad and poised pencil. Behind the table the other officers edged forward on their chairs, a close mass of gleaming white uniforms and gold shoulder-straps. Capt. Albrectson sat a little apart. He alone carried a smoldering cigar. As the testimony began it went out and he never relit it.

Lt. Starley was called first.

"State your name, rank and present station," directed the judge advocate in a dull monotone.

"Lt. Truman Starley, U. S. N., attached to the Naval Station at Tutuila, Samoa."

"Tell what you know of the deceased, the alleged Lt. Bernard Greer, U. S. Navy."

Lt. Starley wet his lips as he looked out over the tense faces.

"A man was seen swimming alongside a log towards the station at about one o'clock," he said. "As officer of the day I sent out a boat and picked him up. He claimed to be a seaman named Windish, classed as a deserter from the *U. S. S. Percival*. He looked exhausted but insisted on telling a strange story about Lt. Greer who disappeared from the *U. S. S. Antares* five months ago."

As the witness paused the weird cry of a night bird drifted in through the open window.

"I was sufficiently impressed with the story to order a searching party to go by shore to the place at the base of East Point at the head of the bay that he pointed out. However, native guides, when they understood the destination, flatly refused to go. They shook their heads and backed away looking scared, muttering something that sounded like—'the Perlu'."

Lt. Starley's eyes swept the sea of faces before he went on.

"So I secured relief and went myself with six men in a motor-sailer. Windish directed us to a spot in the valley beyond the peak where we found a crude hut of thatched pandanus leaves. A hundred yards away, near the bank of a stream, we found the body. The man's hair and beard were white although the records show Lt. Greer to be only thirty-two. The ground around indicated that a severe fight had taken place. The body was crushed and literally torn to pieces. I brought it back to the station and placed Windish under arrest as I believed his story incredible."

"Did you search the hut?" asked the senior officer of the court.

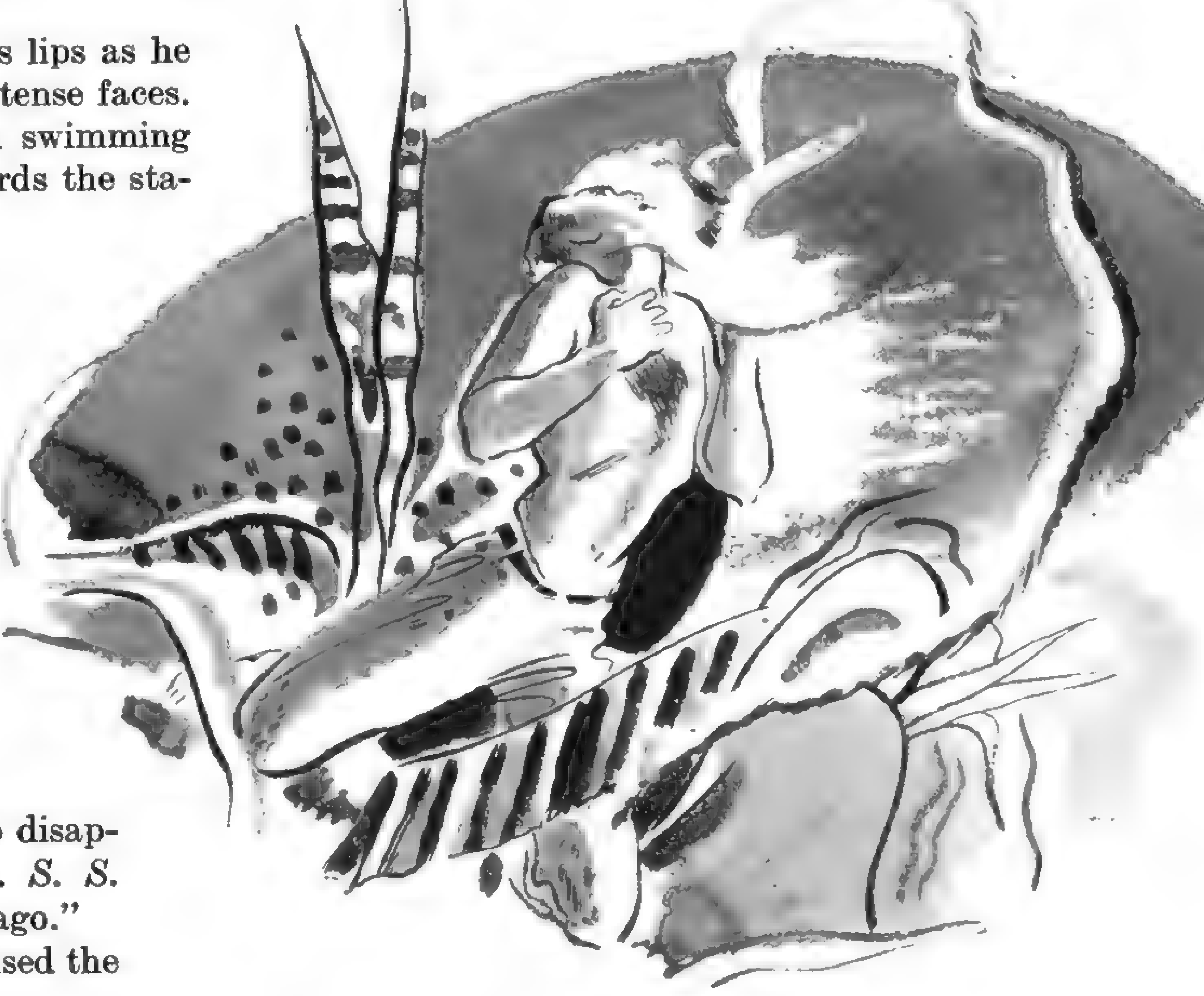
"Yes, sir. There was nothing except a navigation notebook. It contained worked-out sun and star sights, the most recent as of this vicinity about six months ago."

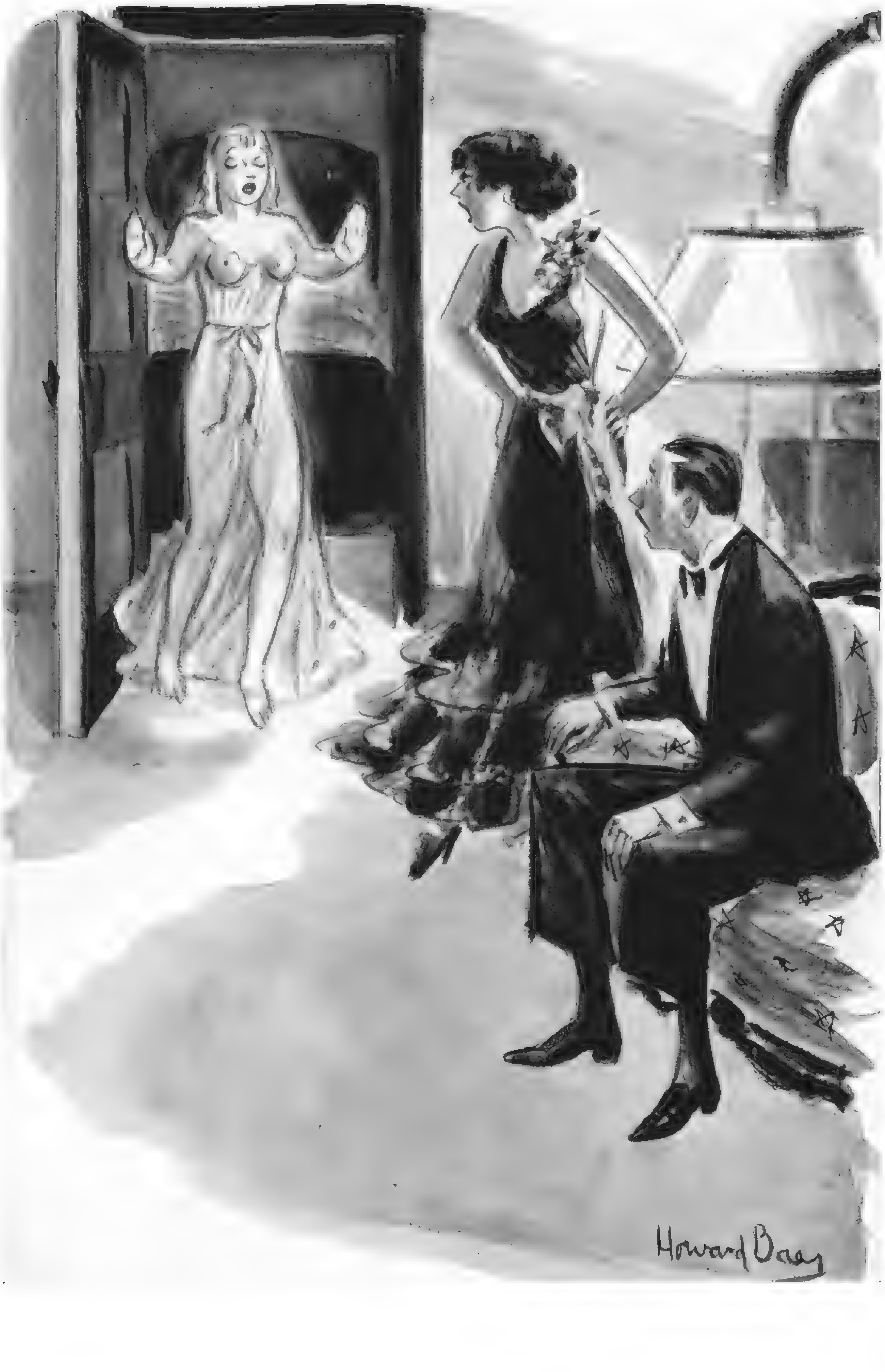
The officer at the head of the table nodded to the judge advocate who called out:

"Dr. Vickers."

When the witness stood before the court the judge advocate turned towards him.

Continued on page 162




Howard Baer

"It's damn funny she never has those spells when I bring girl friends up here!"

The Roar of the City

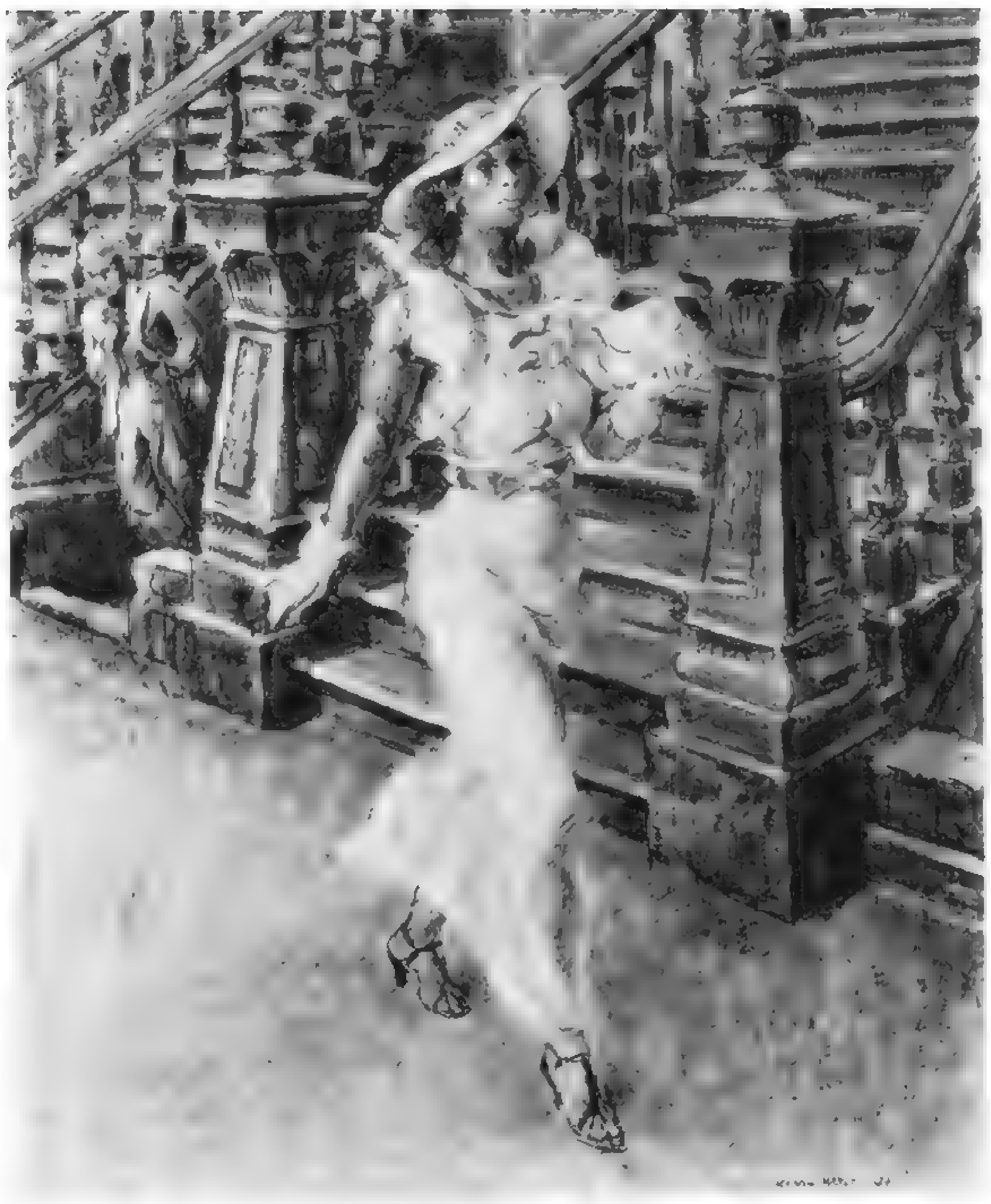
This artist traded his stuffed shirt for seventeen dinners and ate of the flesh of Manhattan

by HARRY SALPETER

▪ ARTICLE ▪

REGINALD MARSH is the most intrepid and brilliant explorer of the crowded city that we all think we know. He penetrates into the heart of Metropolis, moves beyond into its hobo jungles and derelict Hoovertowns and back into the heart again of shopping street, theatre, dance hall, subway and beach. And looking upon his pictures we find that he has restated our familiar world, the world so familiar that we hardly trouble to look at it, with an unaffected honesty, a virility and a solidity that help make us see our dirty town—anyone's dirty town—as if we never had seen it before, giving us, at the same time, the intense pleasure of recognition.

He is a creator in the sense that he is an organizer, for he takes the modern city, at its most confused and crowded points, and out of his squares and oblongs of pressed wood—he no longer paints on canvas—he presents to us an ordering of chaos. He makes what is dull and familiar fresh and strange, yet at the same time true to our knowledge and our experience.



126th STREET, HARLEM

Were his subject matter the Frozen North or the Torrid South, the very strangeness and picturesqueness of his material would prick our interest and serve him as ally, but Marsh's subject matter, being familiar and obviously unpicturesque, serves him only as exacting challenge, but is defeated nevertheless.

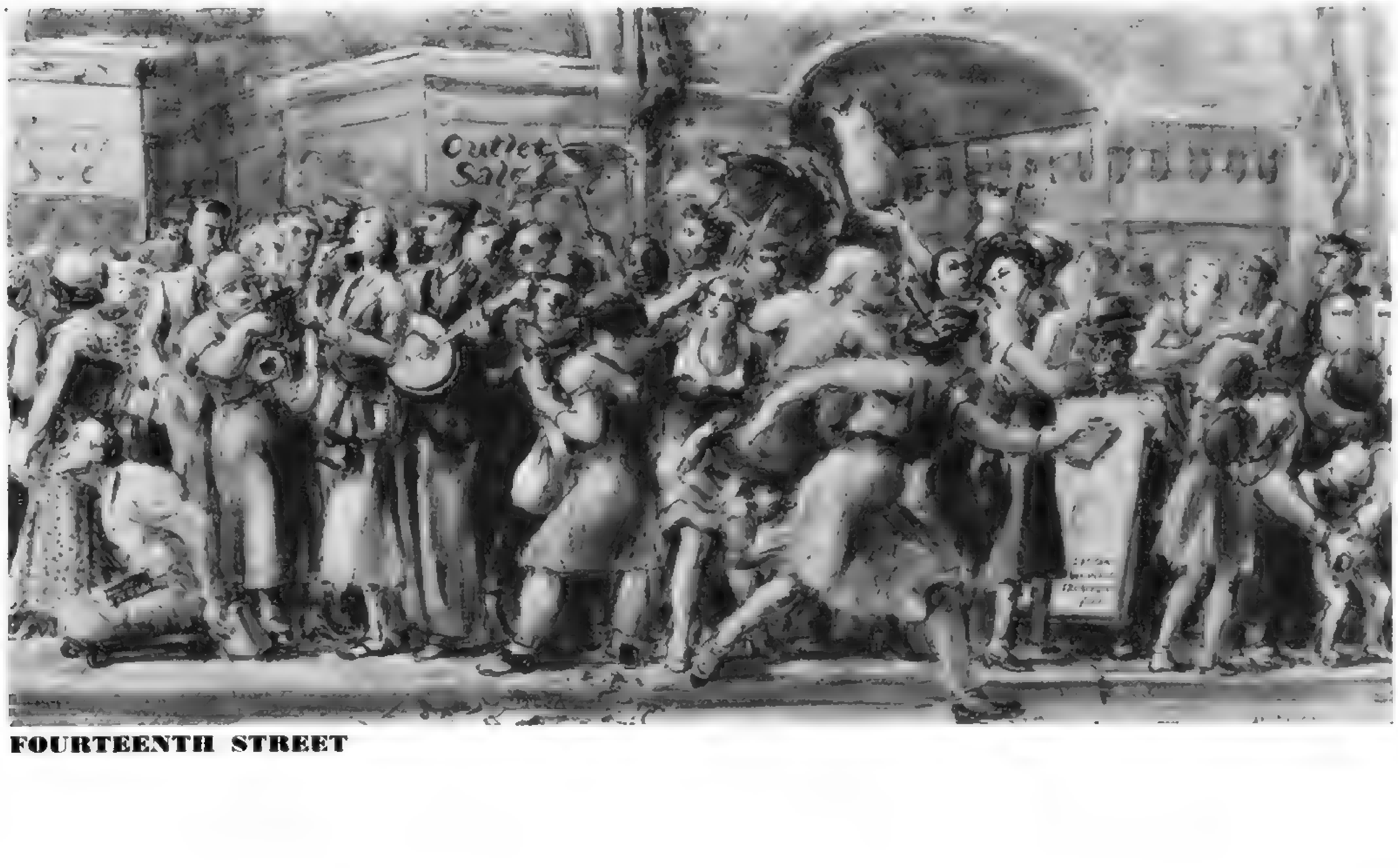
Reginald Marsh has made grander pictures out of smoke- and cinder-laden railroad yards, out of subway and elevated cars, than have been made out of glowing Vermont landscapes. He triumphs when he fails, for he fails only because he dares so far beyond the still life and the unpeopled landscape, both of which he could do if he thought them worth the doing. Marsh, like David, isn't content to beat a man his own size; he wants to beat Goliath.

It is the spirit of the city that constantly challenges Marsh and Marsh who challenges the spirit of the city, and out of that unacknowledged duel there has been produced a succession of meaningful and beautiful pictures, beautiful because of the richness of life contained in them, that would do credit to the brush of a man much older than thirty-six.

But it is a big job for any man to try to order the chaos of the modern city in terms of art. I venture the belief that should New York be razed to the ground at some future date and become a vast sheep-meadow, the crowded, tumultuous pictures of Marsh would tell our descendants more about the way in which their ancestor city-dwellers lived, worked and played than lies in the power of any set of documents and newsprint that might be cracked open out of the ruined cornerstone of the Empire State Building. And in his ordering and resolution of the life of New York in painting and etching, Marsh has told the essentials of the life of any big city. The fascination of New York is the fascination of the market place of 1935, a market place he did not seriously begin to portray until as recently as 1927 or 1928. It took him until then to know what he wanted.

Now that he's got it you simply can't tear him away from it. In the hottest summer days when artists move like droves of sheep toward the coasts of Maine and Massachusetts, Marsh wanders around the city, by day, by night, in dives and dance halls, along the waterfront and Riverside Drive, along the boardwalks of Coney Island and Rockaway, sketching, sketching, interminably sketching, or, from his 14th Street studio, spying out details in the life of that crowded street with a pair of binoculars hanging from a window nail.

But he doesn't talk about it, or anything else. He is not loquacious. In fact, he is quite monosyllabic and at that doesn't always finish his syllables. He looks like a dumb Swede, not long off the boat, but his ancestors on both sides were here from before 1776, and ninety per cent of them were English. He has been told he talks like a Hemingway character, but he prefers to say it with paint brush and etching needle. He has his hands full trying to lift to the



FOURTEENTH STREET

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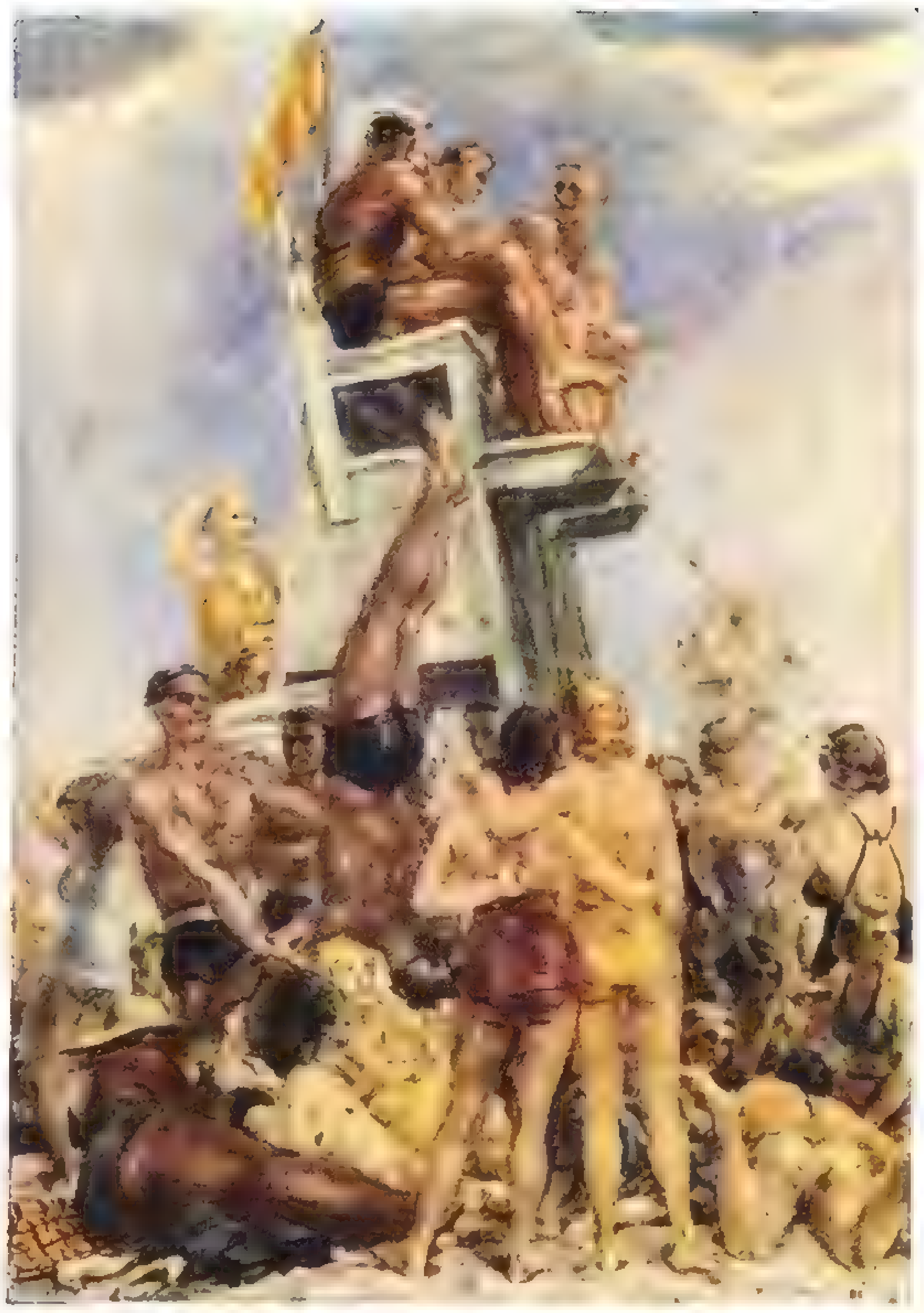
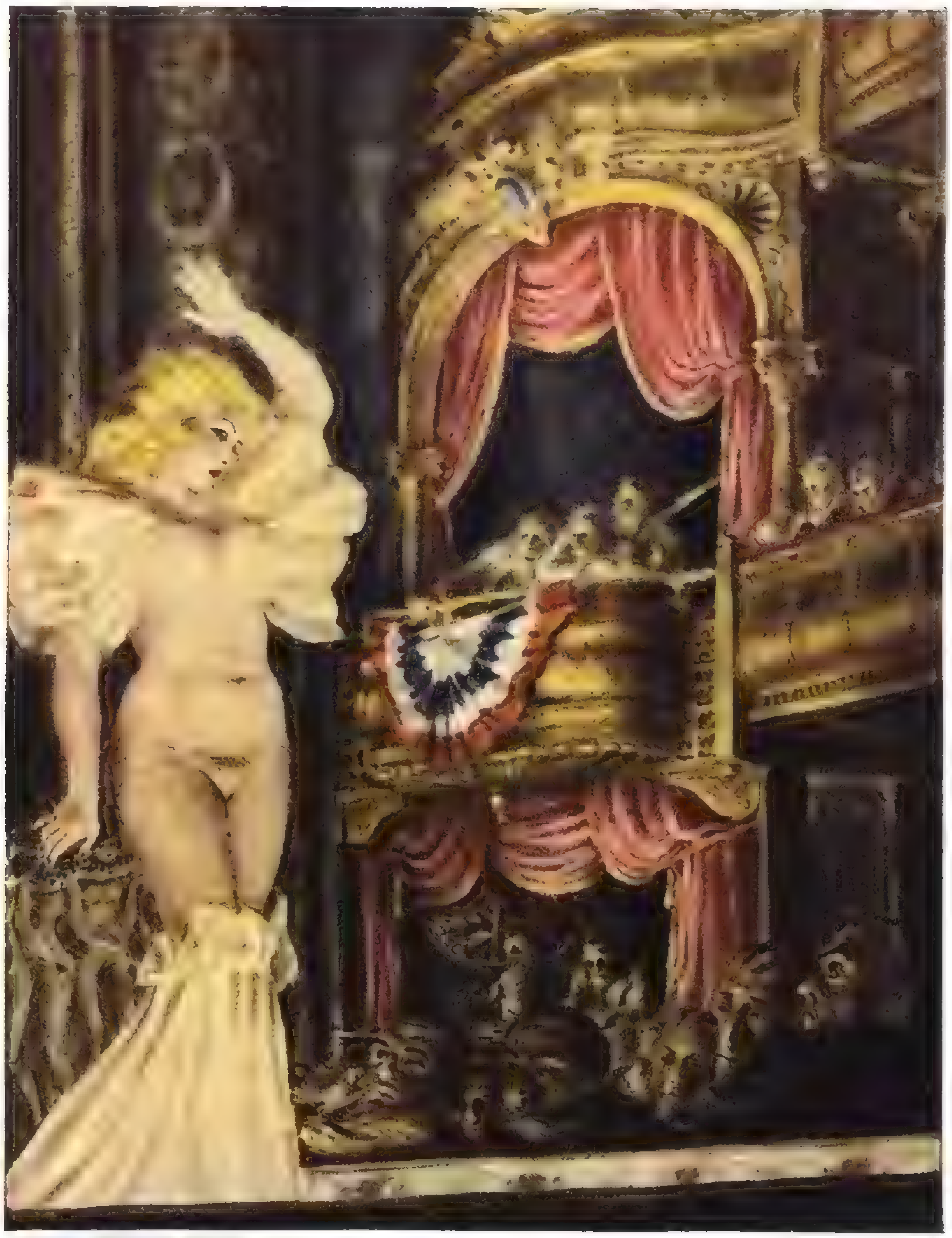


THE LIFE GUARDS



STAR BURLESQUE

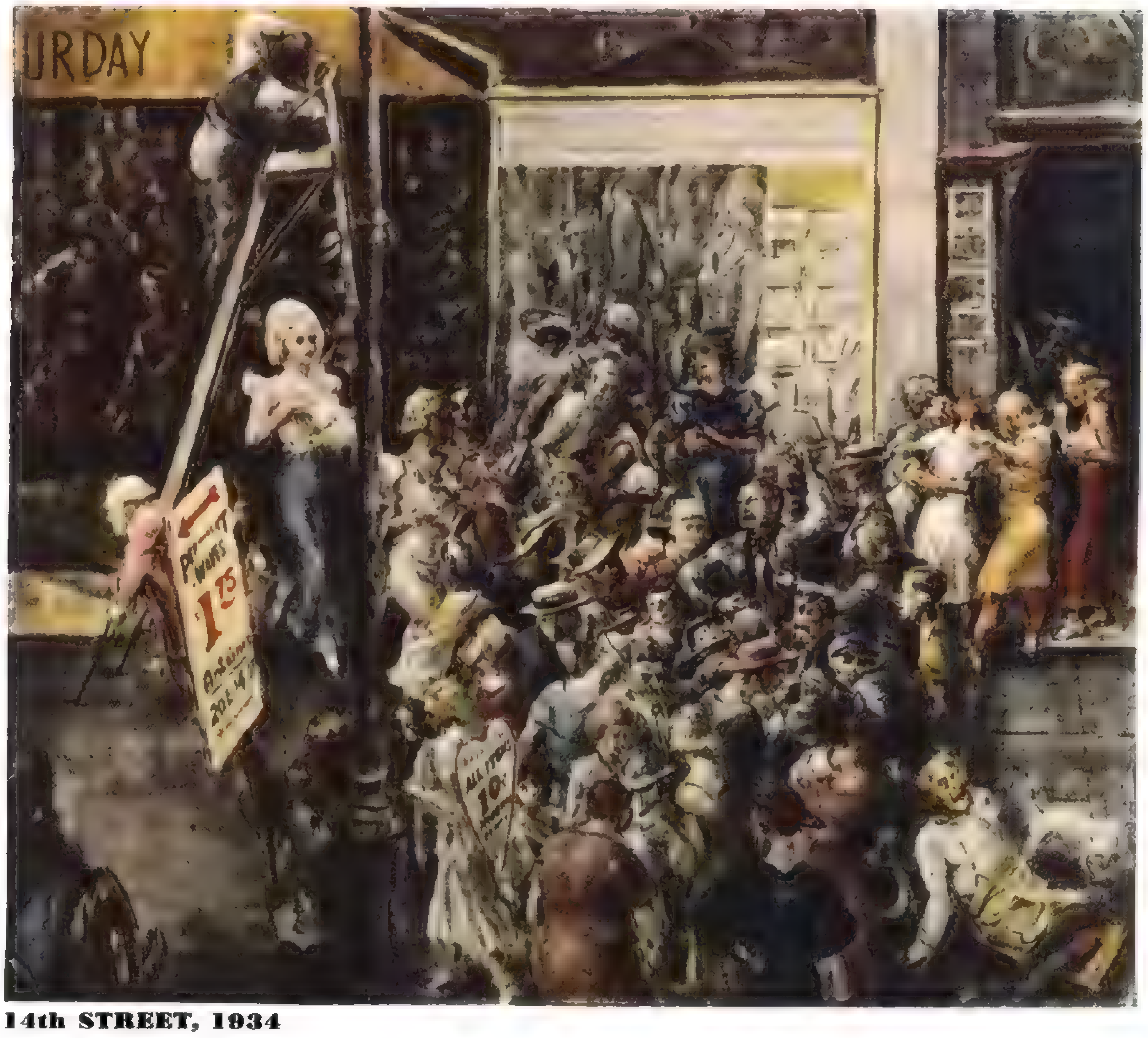
"FOURTEENTH STREET HOUSES HOGARTH IN OUR TIME . . ."

A

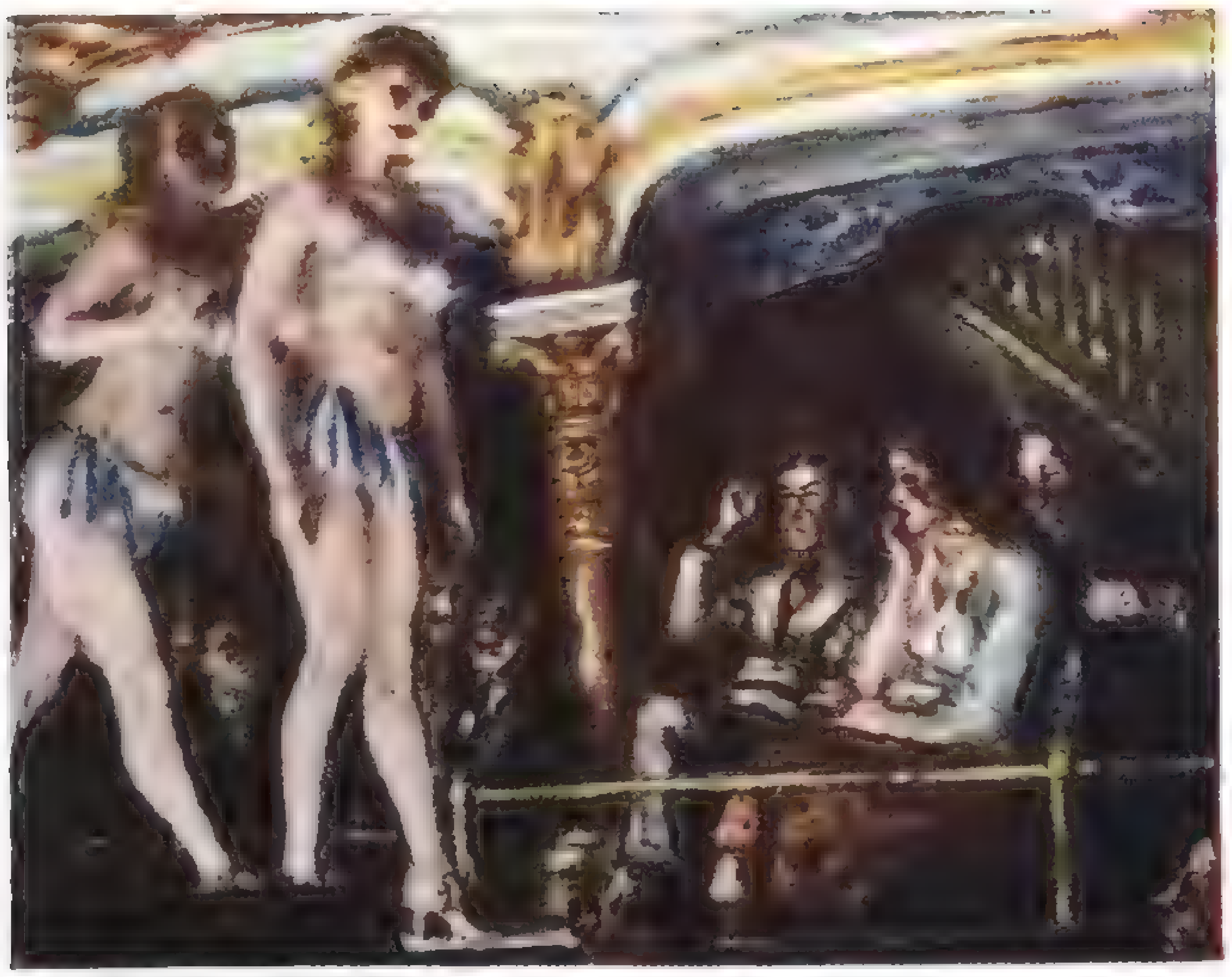
Portfolio of Paintings

by REGINALD MARSH

Reproduced in Chicago for Esquire *from originals made available by the courtesy of the artist and of the Rehn Galleries, New York.*



14th STREET, 1934



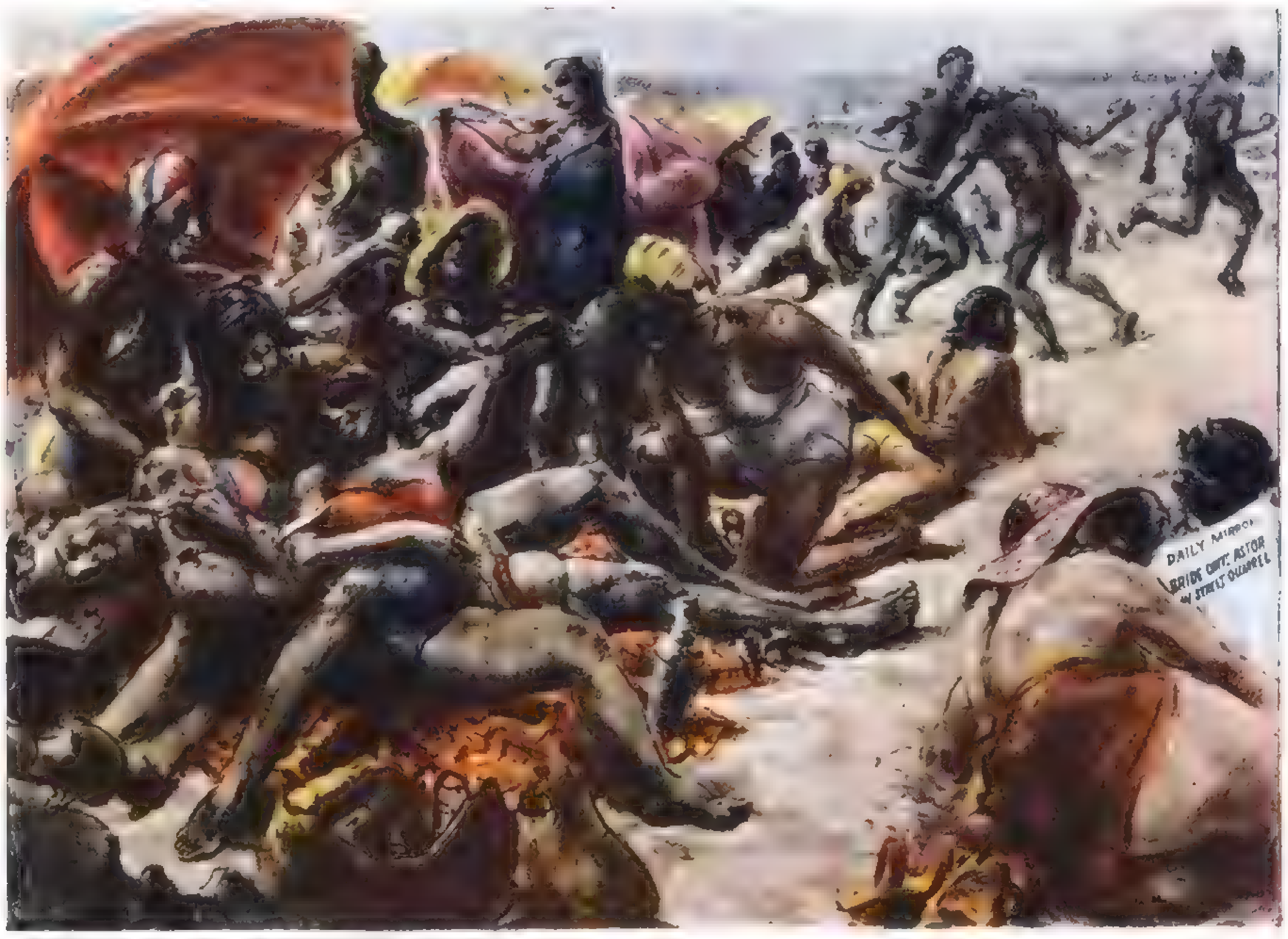
GAIETY BURLESQUE

"...OR YOU MIGHT SAY THE DELACROIX OF TODAY..."

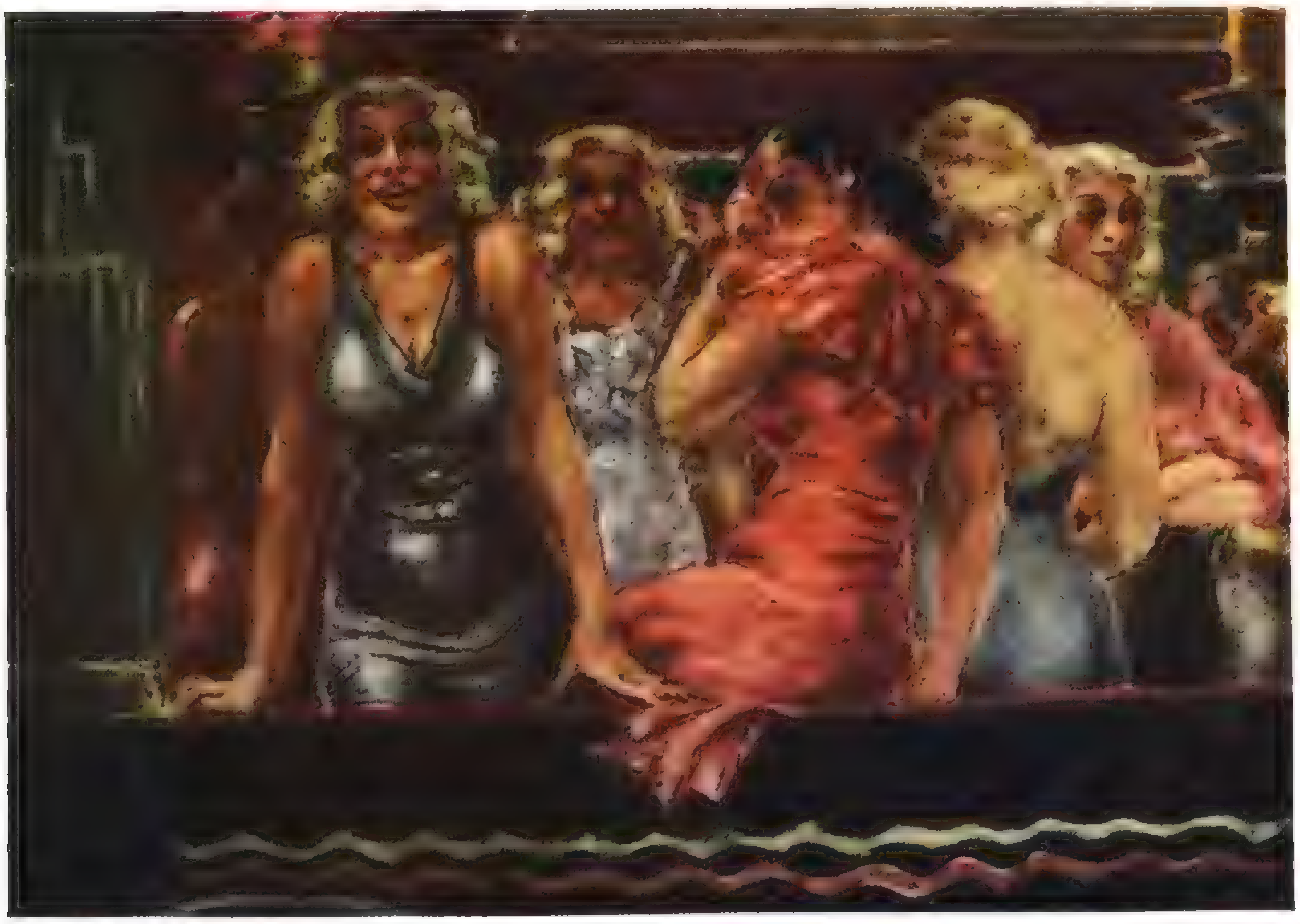
A
Portfolio of Paintings
by REGINALD MARSH

REGINALD MARSH

IS THIRTY-SIX, was born in Paris two hundred years after Hogarth, one hundred after Delacroix, talks like a Hemingway character despite a degree from Yale, is a son of artists and has artists as in-laws, past and present. His chronicle, as set forth in the pages preceding and following this portfolio, is smeared with paint. His pictures have been widely reproduced in the past year or two, in fact the topmost picture on this page was recently the subject of a full-page reproduction in *Life*. We saw it there only after our own plates were made, and mention it to forestall hundreds of letters telling us we were scooped. We were.



NEGROES ON ROCKAWAY BEACH



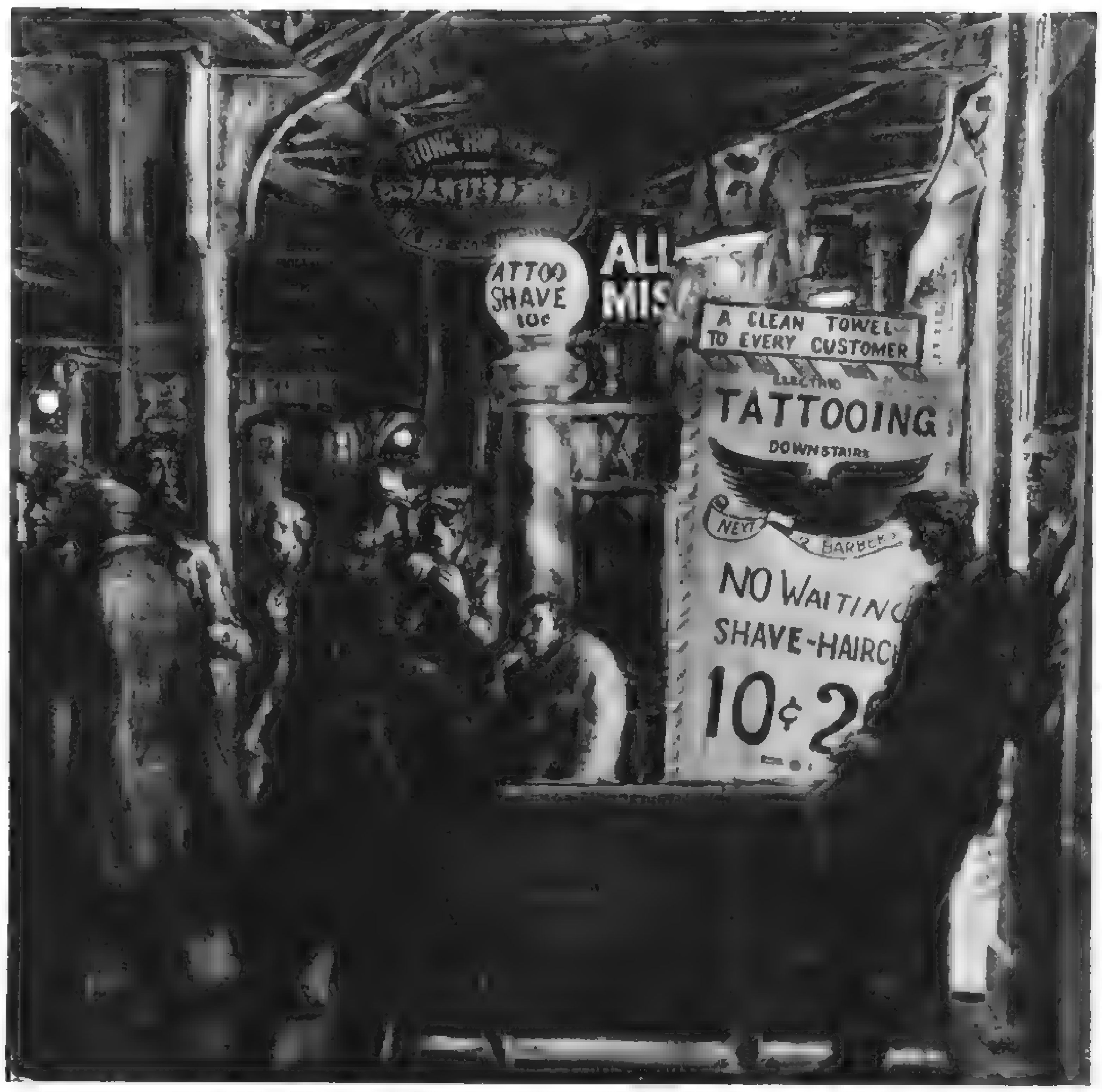
10c A DANCE

The approximate scale of these reproductions is one-tenth actual size.

Continued from page 46

level of art material so much of which insists on remaining on the level of illustration. There isn't any more to be said, even though he has a degree from Yale to prove, at least, his literacy. (Yale is the place, by the way, in which he painted his first, and last, still life.) But even though he paints like a streak, and may sometimes know it, he must feel a secret envy of the glib who finish their sentences and use long words in the bargain.

He can't help you even to look at his pictures. You've got to find out for yourself the things he has meant to say, and said, in them. It is into his pictures that he pours all that he sees, all that he knows, all that he understands, about human life; into them he puts his vision, his irony, his pity, his rare flashes of humor, his point of view—everything that he has and is, so that it seems, at times, as if he has nothing left over.


TATTOO SHAVE 10¢
ALL MIS
A CLEAN TOWEL TO EVERY CUSTOMER
ELECTRIC TATTOOING DOWNSTAIRS
NEW BARBERS
NO WAITING
SHAVE-HAIRC
10¢ 2

TATTOO AND HAIRCUT

He leads no social life and is interested in nothing that does not impinge on art. Does he go to Paris? This son of the Puritans goes in order to copy the masterpieces in the Louvre and sketch the naked ladies in the disorderly houses. He has watched bodies being dissected and taken part in dissections in order to learn more about the motor organization of the human body. He has been discovered of a Sunday wandering through the Metropolitan Museum of Art—and not in the gallery containing his own work, either. He is a quiet and self-contained monomaniac. He is a pair of eyes that sees, an intelligence that broods upon and selects from what the eyes see, and a strong right arm and supple fingers with which he transfers to sketch book, pressed wood and copper plate the things which he has seen and, in his mind's eye, is always freshly seeing.

Among the Russian Jews, the Germans, Poles, Swedes, Italians, Japanese, Frenchmen, Dutchmen, Irish and Czechs, he is a rare, though not the only, specimen of native American stock who represents American art. There is nothing of ancestor-worship in Marsh's statement of his heritage. One branch of the family worked in textile mills in New England under the most feudal of conditions and then moved West to improve its impoverished status. Perhaps it was the memory of that branch which stirred him some time ago to trade a picture for a subscription to the *Daily Worker*, which he reads daily. Only one grandfather had the shrewdness, or the cunning, to amass, and leave, a pile, on part of the increment of which Marsh is enabled, partly, to live and go his own way, thumbing his nose at what he calls "the drawing room trade," which wants him to do pretty pictures.

But with his father and his mother the Marshes went artistic with a bang. In the first place they met in a Paris art school and that's how Reginald was born in that town, in an apartment right over what is now the Cafe du Dome, in 1898, or, as he likes to put it, two hundred years after Hogarth, one hundred after Delacroix. About thirty years later he, Reginald Marsh, was to meet the mother of *his* child, Betty Burroughs, sculptor, at the Art Students League, repeating his father's biography in that detail if in no other. Father, Fred Dana Marsh, exhibited in the French Salon and was an associate of the National Academy at the age of thirty-one; his mother painted charming miniatures. Not only was Marsh's first wife a sculptor and his first father-in-law, the late Bryson Burroughs, painter and curator of painting at the Metropolitan Museum of Art, and his first mother-in-law a noted sculptor and a brother-in-law, Alan Burroughs, an authority on the X-raying of pictures, but his present father-in-law, Herbert Meyer, is a top-notch landscape painter and his present wife, although still unknown to fame, has done some pictures of which her husband is mighty proud. Perhaps if Marsh looks hard enough he'll find someone in his immediate family who has absolutely no connection with paint. So far, however, his chronicle is smeared with it.

At the age of two young Marsh was brought to America, to Nutley, New Jersey, and at the age of two and a half he had drawn his first picture, prophetically enough, that of a locomotive. Son watched father messing about, but father gave son no instruction worth the name; indeed father discouraged the growing boy, saying, as almost every father says of his job, trade, or profession: "There ain't no money in it." The boy went on drawing and a devoted mother recorded on each the age at which it had been done. Reginald Marsh today is no less meticulous in the way in which he keeps his press books, photographs, records, etc.

"Reggy," as some still call him, received an exclusive and costly education, but it didn't prevent him from painting *veddy, veddy vulgah* subject matter. As an infant, he was buried up to his neck in the sands of Brittany to strengthen his little bones. As a boy he attended the Lawrenceville School, which costs, and, as a youth, Yale University, which gave him his A.B. in 1920. He drew pictures for The Yale Record which are still remembered in New Haven and which made Marsh dare to hope that he could make a living as an illustrator, if not as an artist. Thornton Wilder, a classmate, encouraged his rashest hopes by giving him ten dollars, his first money, for a portrait of which Mamma Wilder distinctly disapproved.

Despite Yale and Lawrenceville, it seemed that Marsh had to make his own way and he came to New York to make it, sparing

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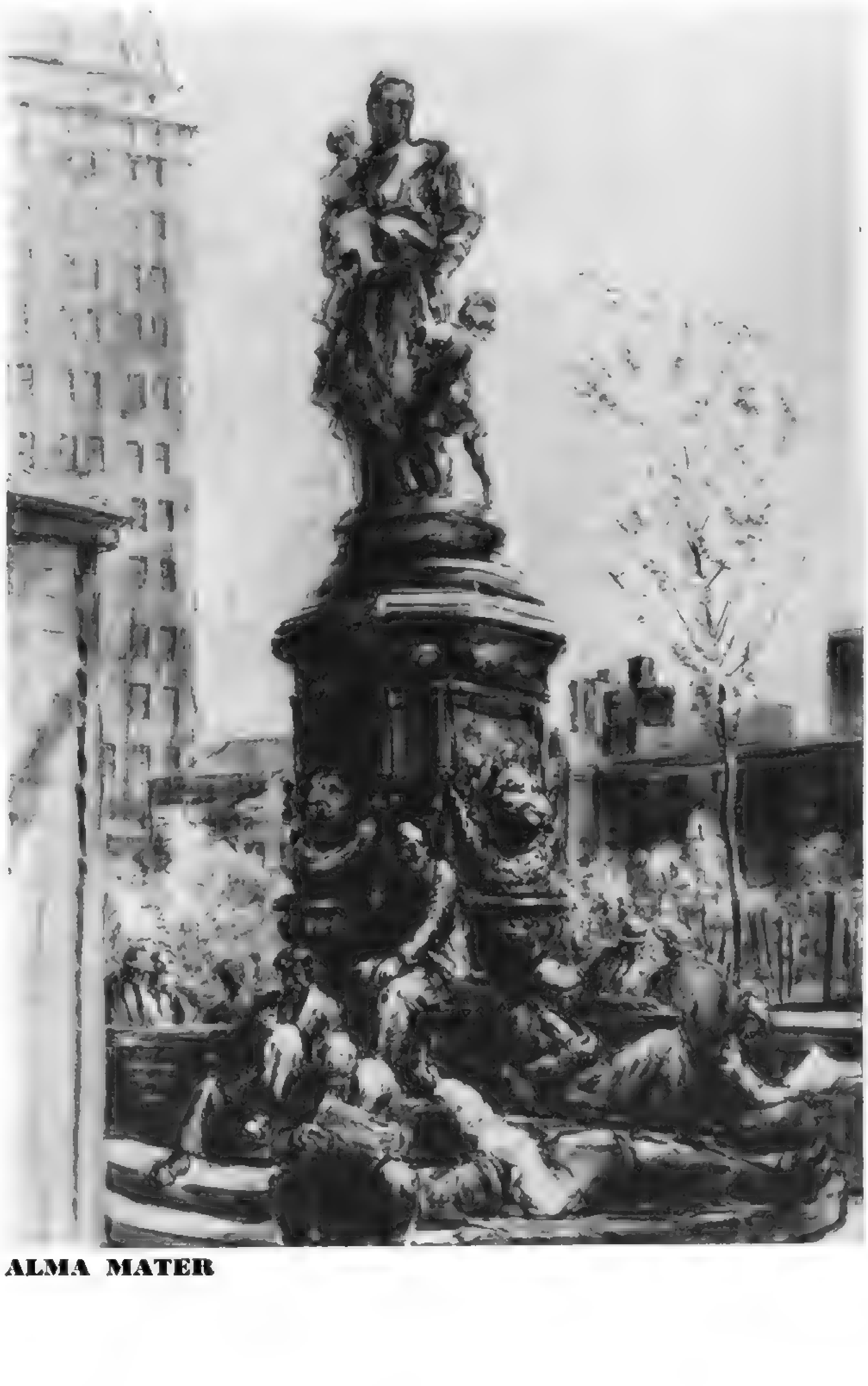


ALMA MATER

Men, Women and Marriage

Civilized ignorance, sexual competition, and romantic infantilism lead to divorce

by W. BÉRAN WOLFE, M. D.

• ARTICLE •

There is an almost universal belief that marriage is a kind of lottery in which a few fortunate individuals are rewarded with prizes in the form of ideal mates while the vast majority of participants draw consolation prizes of little or no value. The marriage lottery was formerly thought to be under divine management, and it is commonly believed that the lucky numbers were drawn in heaven. Young people who were contemplating matrimony were advised to prepare for marriage by "getting in right" with the heavenly *croupiers* by living moral lives and going to Sunday School regularly. They were told that when the appointed mate appeared they would experience a peculiar "hunch" popularly known as "falling in love," and that when this "hunch" occurred, the lucky moment was at hand. All that was necessary then was to obtain the consent of the parents, a marriage license, and a duly appointed member of the clergy to perform the marriage ceremony. No other preparation for marriage was necessary. Young people were regaled with delightful stories of the young prince who met the young princess at a ball, fell in love, married after the usual vicissitudes of courtship, and, as the old legends had it, "lived happily ever after."

In recent years, for reasons which remain ineluctable, men and women have become increasingly suspicious of the heavenly lottery. Certain impudent individuals made surveys five, ten, and even twenty years after the made-in-heaven marriages had been consummated, and prepared alarming statistics which demonstrated beyond all peradventure that the phrase "they lived happily ever after" was a gratuitous, unsubstantiated and unwarranted conclusion. It appeared that some of the men and women who had most literally and meticulously carried out the injunction to lead moral lives and to go regularly to Sunday School were the very ones who made the most egregious failures of their marriages. Further, it was shown that the divine hunch of falling in love, like many another gambler's hunch, failed to bewitch the lucky numbers. More and more people were getting divorces, more and more homes were being broken up by flagrant infidelities, more and more men and women were taking second and even third chances in the lottery, only to find that in most cases their luck did not change. Popular opinion, fanned by discouraged novelists and unhappy cinema scenarists, began to change. With the exception of a few perennial optimists who remained obdurate in the face of incontrovertible evidence, most people agreed that the lottery was not held in heaven, and some were vociferous in their belief that the marital lots were drawn in hell. This change of belief produced a certain stoic fatalism in many thinking men. Instead of waiting for divine hunches the more courageous attempted to force fate. The motto of these do-or-die matrimonial gamblers became: "Catch 'em young, treat 'em rough, and tell 'em nothing!"

I, also, believe that marriage is a lottery. There is no doubt that some marriages remain successful by virtue of a mysterious and inscrutable force which is neither amenable to scientific analysis nor to poetic description. This mysterious force, known in the higher physics as the Heisenberg principle, or the law of unpredictability, seems to govern a great many human institutions. On the golf links it is known as Beginner's Luck, in business it is known as The Breaks, and in politics it frequently masquerades as The Divine Right of Dictators. The same principle of unpredictability apparently governs some of those marriages which start out under the most favorable omens only to go on the rocks for reasons which the insurance companies euphemistically call "Acts of God and the Public Enemy." The unhappy individuals involved in such a marriage apparently can do nothing to alter its tragic course.

But let us look aside from these single instances of success and failure. Whether marriages are made in heaven or craftily arranged by Satan, it is reasonable to suppose that if we studied enough of them we would be in a position to calculate the odds in favor of the successes or failure of any single marriage within reasonable limits. Let me therefore propose the not unrevolutionary thesis that we take the institution of marriage into the laboratory and investigate it scientifically. Insurance companies will bet you on your longevity, sociologists will tell you just how many criminals may be expected in jail from a given slum district, astronomers can predict eclipses years in advance of their occurrence, statisticians will tell you approximately how many suicides there will be in Istanbul in 1945, while doctors can predict the years in which measles will be most prevalent. The intelligent layman accepts these predictions with some confidence and applies them to his daily life without further thought. There is no doubt that the scientific method would have been applied to marriage long ago were it not for the fact that the problem of marriage, unfortunately, has been so completely surrounded with sanctimonious mystification in the past that it is difficult, even today, to divorce it from the traditional social and emotional attitudes which have so long obscured its real nature. Granted that the problem is not an easy one to solve because of the complex variants that enter into its nature, it is, nevertheless, amenable to the same scientific methods of investigation which in the past solved such amazingly difficult problems as those presented by the airplane, the malaria plasmodium, or the radio.

Our method of taking marriage into the laboratory follows an excellent scientific tradition. We knew little about the normal functioning of the human body until we dissected the bodies of the dead and observed the bodies of the sick. Physiology, the science of the normal functioning of the body, was learned in the morgue, in the operating room, in the laboratory—not from the observation of healthy bodies. Our knowledge of the normal mind was not derived from the observation of normal happy people, but from studies of the mentally deranged made in nature's unhappy laboratory, the insane asylum and the psychiatric clinic.

I propose to follow the same method in this investigation of marriage. Let us take the marriages that have gone on the rocks, let us investigate the unhappy marriages, the shipwrecks of love and the tragedies of sex and see whether these will not give us some valuable insight into the laws of chance which are supposed to govern this much debated institution. If we can learn how the tragedies of marriage are caused, if we can chart the currents of sex and put up warning sirens at the spots where other matrimonial mariners have been shipwrecked, we can at least furnish the brave young explorers who set sail on these difficult waters in search of happiness, with a map of the reefs and shoals they will probably encounter in their matrimonial Odyssey. We can set up an impersonal matrimonial pari-mutuel, and give them the honest odds.

It is my experience that the breakdown of four out of five of the marriages that end in divorce, suicide, nervous breakdown, or permanent unhappiness could have been avoided had the contracting parties been better armed with wisdom and less befuddled by the urgencies of sex on the obscurantism of theology. It is my experience that most of the marital barks that founder break up on the hidden reefs of ignorance, the submerged shoals of sexual competition, and the uncharted rocks of romantic infantilism. The avoidance of these three danger points does not guarantee your safe arrival at the Elysian shores of matrimonial happiness, but it surely betters your chances. The odds are implacably set against you if you begin with one or more of these handicaps.

Let us take up the first of these dangerous corners of love and marriage in greater detail. The problem of love and mating is a simple one among mammals other than man. The male seeks the female in the mating season and only in the mating season. This occurs from once to six times a year, depending upon the nature and size of the animal. During the mating season the female is prepared for the approach of the male, and the complex phenomena of "rutting" unerringly guide the male to his mate. Throughout nature it seems to be the female who holds the upper hand. She remains simple and unadorned while the male must deck himself out in his gaudiest plumage in order to get the favors of his chosen mate. Male finds female, and female accepts male according to an unbending biological tradition. There is no such thing as a struggle between the sexes. Nature and instinct prepare everything in advance. The odds are overwhelmingly in favor of successful consummation. The process is so direct and foolproof that failure is practically out of the question.

But the case is quite different among human beings. In the first place the human female has no definite rutting period, and will accept her mate at any time. In the second place the object of mating, among human beings, is not always the fulfilment of a vague biological function. Procreation often results from human mating, but in our civilization it is surely not the *only* motive for sexual congress in the vast majority of instances. In the third place, the female is sociologically inferior in most communities, and usually must get her mate by means of artifice and sometimes by the use of downright fraud. In the fourth place, society interposes definite obstacles to normal mating instincts, and complicated rules and regulations, taboos, traditions, economic, religious and social sanctions must first be complied with before normal mating is permitted and approved.

Animals are guided by blind instinct to fulfill their sexual functions, but human beings having substituted civilization for instinct, apparently need science, understanding, and artistry to help them out of their difficulties. Instinct and good intentions no longer suffice. A responsible and civilized individual must know how to obviate the purely biological consequences of mating when sexual congress has as its real reason no other goal than the perfectly legitimate and desirable goal of mutual enjoyment and social at-one-ness of two lovers. The problem is further complicated by the existence, in Anglo-Saxon countries, not only of a Puritan tradition which has made the enjoyment of sexual relations a basic sin, but also of Puritan legislation, which still makes it a penitentiary offense to disseminate contraceptive information to those who need it most. With these handicaps comes the further handicap of the complete absence of any schools in which men and women can learn how to be good lovers.

The result of all this is that most women enter into marriage totally ignorant of the physiological, sociological, psychological and economic factors involved. If the women are sensible and break the taboo, the odds are that the most traditionally-minded men will not marry them because they are no longer "nice." If they remain within the bounds of social taboo and remain "nice girls," the biological odds are stacked against them. The result is usually in favor of the taboo, and the consequence is that most women have had no experience in the art of love, and only a few have any valid understanding of the principles of contraception.

Many men enter into the allegedly blissful state of matrimony with little more real knowledge than their virginal wives. If they have some experience in sexual relations, it has usually been gained in brothels or with experienced *demi mondain* women. Such experiences are usually more enlightening economically than psychologically and artistically. The experienced men approach their inexperienced wives with no notion of the psychological problems existing in their wives' minds. They know little or nothing of the comradely sexual cooperation which is the essence of love, and their marriages break up because the relationship is bungled and broken on the honeymoon.

No marriage can be happy unless both partners understand the physiology of sex, the psychology of the sexual relation, the art of making love, and the technique of contraception (provided such knowledge is not forbidden them by their religious beliefs). Of course there are isolated marriages which hold together despite the woeful ignorance of the partners. It is fortunate that some traces of natural instinct remain in robust young people despite the stultifying traditions under which they have been educated. If it were not for the fact that Nature helps those who are willing to listen to her, the number of people who would commit suicide in the first few months of marriage would become a national problem. The happiest marriages are those which are entered into with a full knowledge of the art of love and the technique of contraception, the marriages in which artistry and understanding are props to instinct, the marriages in which the natural joy and pagan playfulness of sex have been preserved despite the solemn conspiracies against sexual pleasure to which men and women are heir in this craziest of all possible civilizations.

The second great reef on which marriages are commonly shipwrecked

Continued on page 137

Spirit of Madrigal

A financier proves that he knows the way to a woman's heart better than any poet

by ROGER VERCEL

▪ SATIRE ▪

THAT night, I was a dinner guest of Madame de Tozanges. She was still a most charming lady. It is true that some gossip circulated concerning her, but neither more nor less than circulates about any divorced women who gives dinners for bachelors. The huge table in the spacious dining room, which appeared to sag under plate and silverware a trifle too massive, was surrounded by bachelors, including Vladimir Sanmof, born in Paris but claiming to be a Slav, and the banker, Puisan, an enormous man, a sort of Hercules with a red face and closely cropped hair, whose foggy, protruding eyes scanned people with annoying sharpness, as if he were constantly suspecting that he was being offered a bad check.

Madame de Tozanges was giving that dinner in honor of Sanmof, who had recently been awarded some vague poetry prize by some obscure poetry magazine, and the glorification of lyrical talent and delicate sentiments was in order. The laureate, seated on the right of the hostess, outlined with definite pride his theory of inspiration.

"To achieve the real poetry of love (and that is the supreme goal of poetry, is it not?) I believe that one must keep in one's heart the ecstatic respect of woman—"

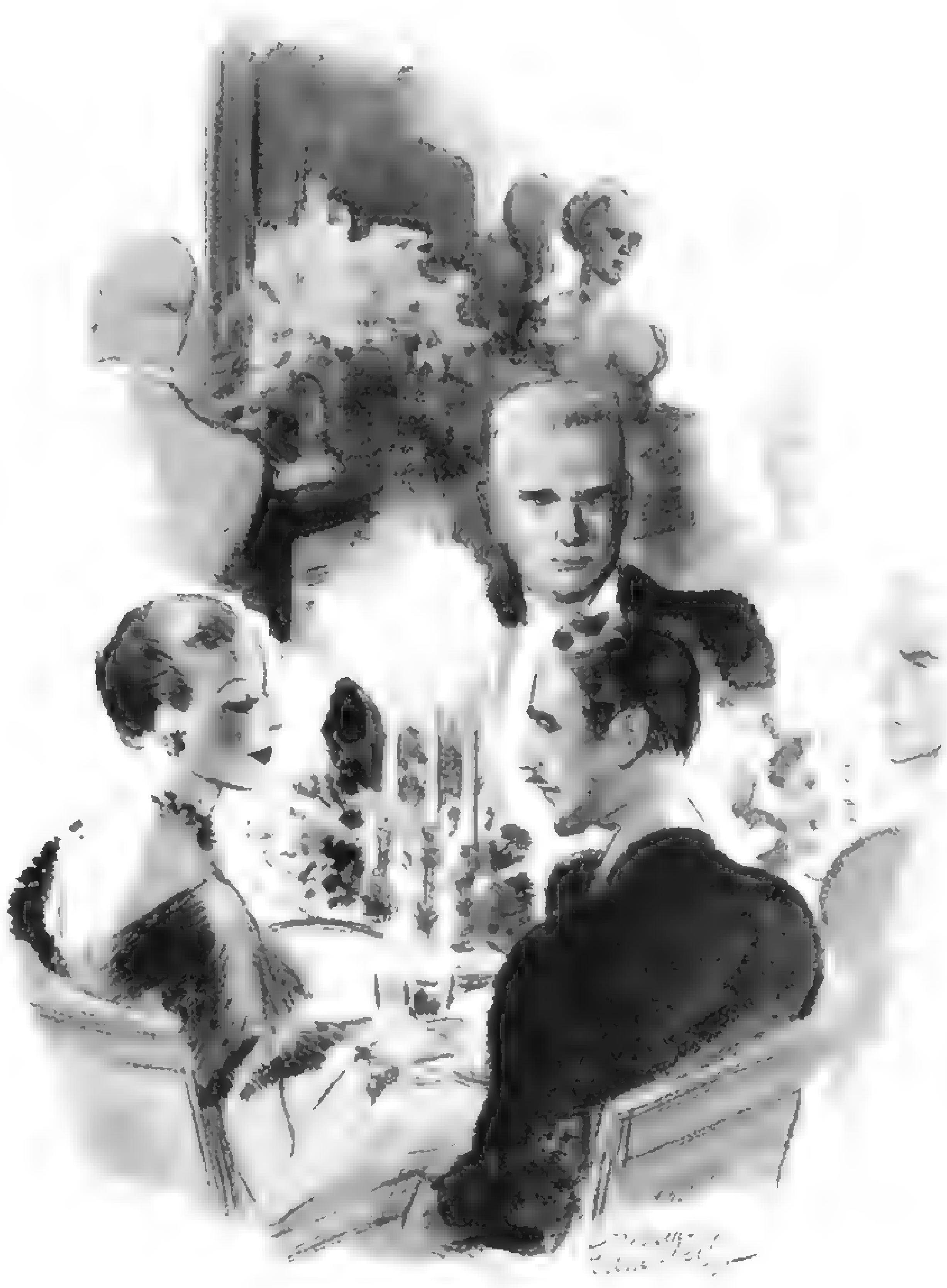
He continued in this mood for a long time, speaking of nimbus and halo, of fervent devotion to beauty. Madame de Tozanges listened to him as if she were drinking nectar. Her head bent near the shoulder, eyes half closed, she murmured from time to time: "Exquisite, exquisite!"

I was seated next to Puisan, and could hear him grumbling, his nose near to his plate: "Won't he ever shut up? I don't know what I'm eating—"

I was amused and looked at him. He really resembled a bull before a red cloth. His powerful neck was sunk between his shoulders, his massive lower jaw protruded and threatened, and his face was too red, even after the Burgundy he had imbibed. That anger, for it was genuine pent up anger, did not come, I was certain, from the nervousness of a boring speech, although it was true that Sanmof appeared to deliver a sermon. Still, the banal remarks he uttered could only cause a smile, and there was no reason why they should infuriate a man such as Puisan, who could, I had been told, lose half a million without blinking.

There was something else, I knew, and that something else could only be the charmed attention which Madame de Tozanges granted her poet. Like everybody, I knew that Puisan loved the young woman. When I say "loved," I mean "desired;" and "young" is a polite exaggeration. Nevertheless, that night, our hostess was most beautiful and the interest of the banker was justified.

His fury was explainable because of the indignant surprise he must have felt to find his path barred by such a rival, a talkative Bohemian, a dreamer, according to Puisan's standards the most despicable of men. Treacherously, to ascertain the truth of my conclusions, I whispered in his ear:



"But he really is dazzling, tonight, our great man!"

And Puisan suddenly burst into laughter. A noisy laughter, the laughter of a horse-trader or stable-hand, which he purposely made impudent and scornful. Sanmof stopped speaking. Everybody turned to the banker. The hostess looked at him with disapproval and asked sharply:

"What is going on?"

"It's the gentleman over there—" Puisan indicated me with a nod of his large head, "who told me the funniest joke . . ."

And he drained his glass quietly. I was annoyed and furious. Luckily, Madame de Tozanges dismissed the incident after a scornful glance, and leaning nearer the poet, resumed the conversation.

"You were saying *cher monsieur*, that Fontenelle—"

"Yes, Madame," Sanmof was off again: "Fontenelle, among so many others of his times, had been endowed with the gift of that supreme delicacy in the expression of love, of that love at one time so gallant, so light yet so deep and sincere, which our era crushes between the cogs of its machines—"

"How true that is!" Madame de Tozanges cried out, in admiration.

"I was relating that Fontenelle, on his way to the table, passed before Madame Helvetius, whom he had not noticed. 'You see,' she told him, 'the importance I should attach to your gracious compliments; you pass before me without looking at me!' 'Madame,' Fontenelle retorted, 'had I looked at you, I would not have gone past you.'"

A murmur of approval rose from the guests. Madame de Tozanges uttered little exclamations, cleverly modulated, in which admiration was mingling with new tenderness. I heard a snap beside me. Toying with his dessert knife, bending its blade on the table, Puisan had broken it in halves. Now, he laid the pieces side by side, neatly.

"The madrigal is dead," mourned Sanmof when the incident had passed.

"You blasphemer!" Madame de Tozanges cried warmly. "When one has written such a book as your *Garland for You*, one has no right to say such a thing!"

Sanmof bowed, as if overcome. Suddenly, the harsh, bitter voice of Puisan resounded, with utmost politeness: "What, exactly, do you call a madrigal?"

"A madrigal?" The poet consented to explain with a slightly ironical condescension: "A madrigal is a short poem expressing, with the greatest possible precision, a gallant thought meant to please a lady."

"If I understood correctly, *monsieur*," Puisan went on, "you wrote madrigals in your book?"

"I tried to, *monsieur*," Sanmof replied with a show of false humility.

"And he succeeded divinely!" Madame de Tozanges exclaimed, rising from her chair.

We had scarcely reached the smoking

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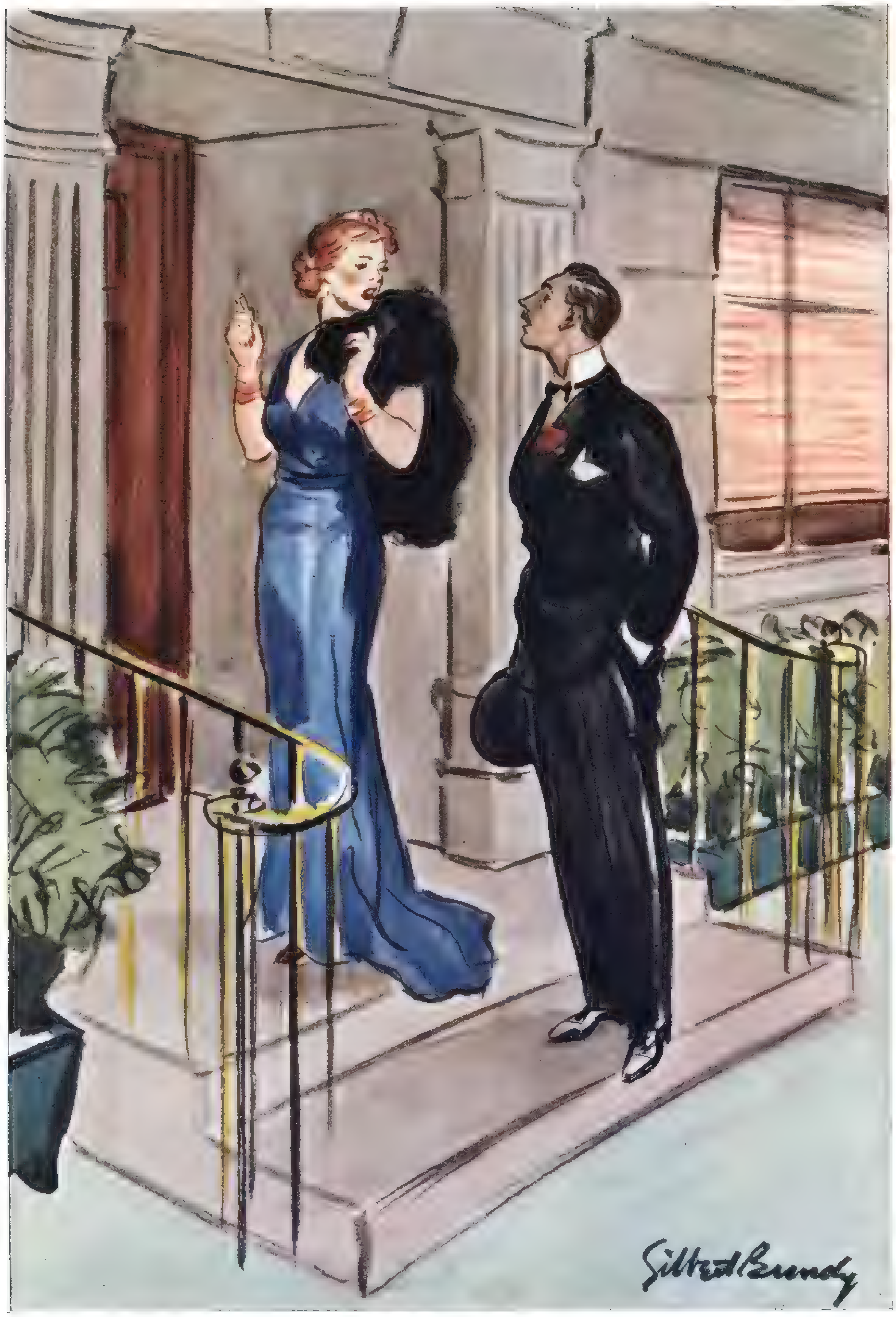
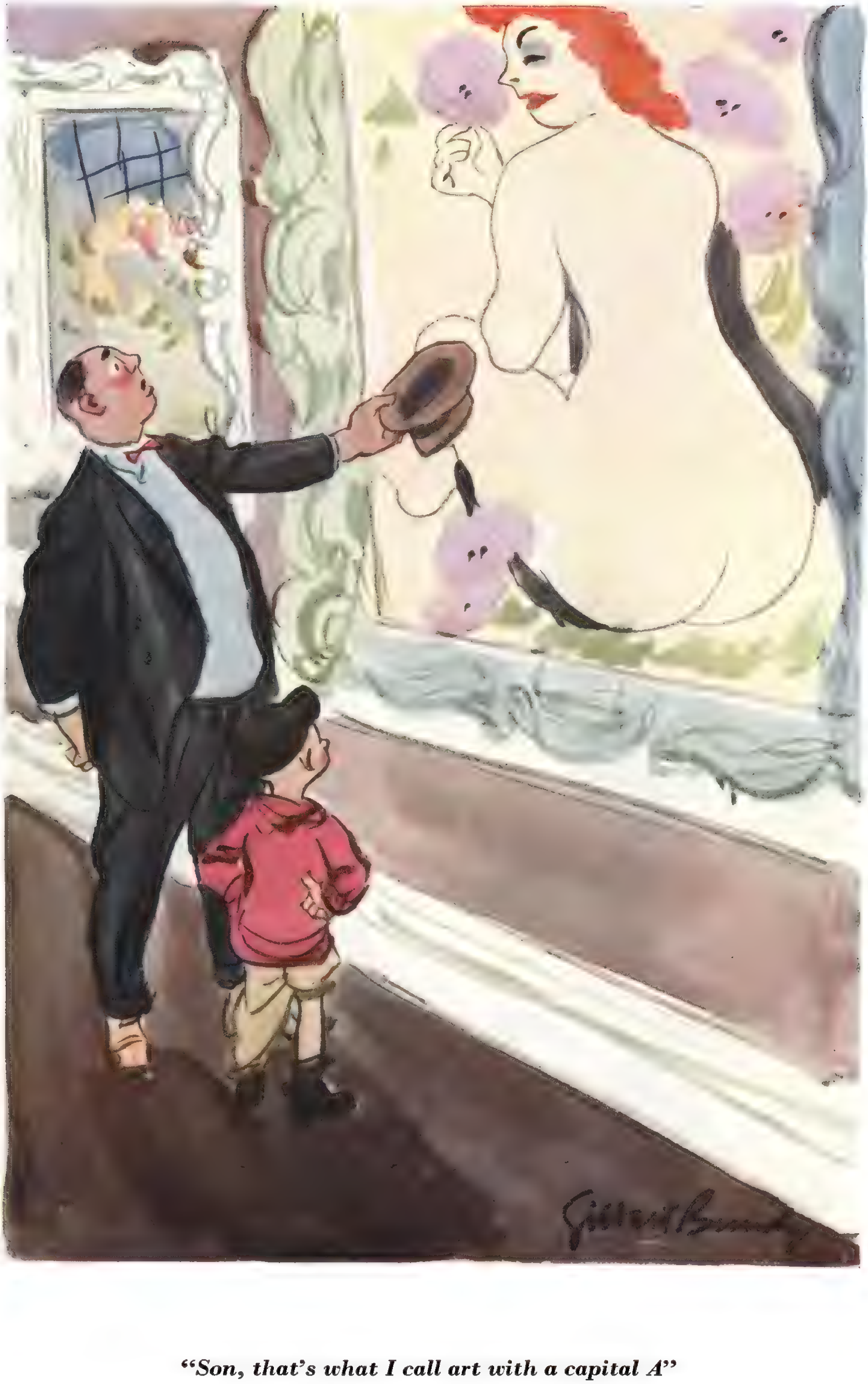


"I'd ask you in but my husband is such a grouch before breakfast"


Gilbert Bundy

"Son, that's what I call art with a capital A"

What's Good in Paris?

It's pretty difficult to find a place to lunch with only twelve favorite kitchens to pick from

by JOHN GUNTHER

▪ ARTICLE ▪

In this article I shall attempt the impossible and try to write fifteen or eighteen hundred words about the restaurants of Paris without mentioning—except this once—the hallowed names of Foyot, Larue, and Joseph. I want instead to discuss the bourgeois restaurants where a good meal is not necessarily a ritual and from which you may emerge without your pocketbook as empty as your stomach may be full. Everyone knows that Foyot, Larue, and Joseph are the three supreme restaurants of the world. Voisin and Montagné were in their sacred company, but two years ago they died. Not everyone knows the names of half a dozen other absolutely first-class French restaurants for which you do not need to go into training and in which you can dine for, say, two dollars or two and a half.

Many Americans, I think, are bored with subtle sauces and the severe and marmoreal quality attached to *haute cuisine.* In Paris they may like complicated specialties like *Quennelles de brochet, Sauce Marechal* (marvelous as these are), once in a while, but also they want to know where, as regular fare, to find honest pea soup and sirloin of beef.

I remember that when I lived in Paris my office was within five minutes by taxi of some half dozen of the finest restaurants in Europe, but I was miserable never knowing where to go to lunch. I did not want to spend two hours over lovely and expensive menus, tinted with rich wine, at Paillard or the Café de Paris. Nor, on the other hand, did I enjoy the misery of choosing between (a) a double ham sandwich at the nearby automat, (b) somewhat dilapidated sausages or bacon and eggs at Harry's New York Bar, or (c) the appalling rigors of a cheap *prix fixe* at some chain restaurant like Duval.

It happens that a good deal of fine French cooking is wasted on me because I have an unreasonable and probably neurotic distaste for the inner organs of beasts, and also because I do not very much like small birds, on account of the bones in them. So the majestic kidneys of Paris chefs, the impertinently spiced quails, the sweetbreads in multifarious and amusing forms and the hazel hens and snipe, are, unfortunately, beyond my palate. This further limited my search among Paris restaurants. Finally I reached a list of about a dozen restaurants which I tried over and over again, which never failed me, which I always go to when I return to Paris, and which I recommend with tremors of affection in my voice.

First, let us take the Restaurant Les Trianons, 5, Place de Rennes; it has a subtitle, like a book which promises much, *Les Plats Regionaux.* Although fairly expensive, it was (and is) the place where James Joyce, author of *Ulysees,* comes most regularly; although fairly well-known it is seldom crowded. The menu is prepared a month beforehand, and the head waiter will give you a little booklet telling what special province of France will be represented on the bill of fare each day. One by one, the great gastronomic regions of France rotate in the kitchen. Here are a few sample days:

Thursday, June 1
Carcassonne
Les Plats du Languedoc
Les Pigeons Carcasonnaise
Le Cassoulet
Le carre de veau aux Aubergines

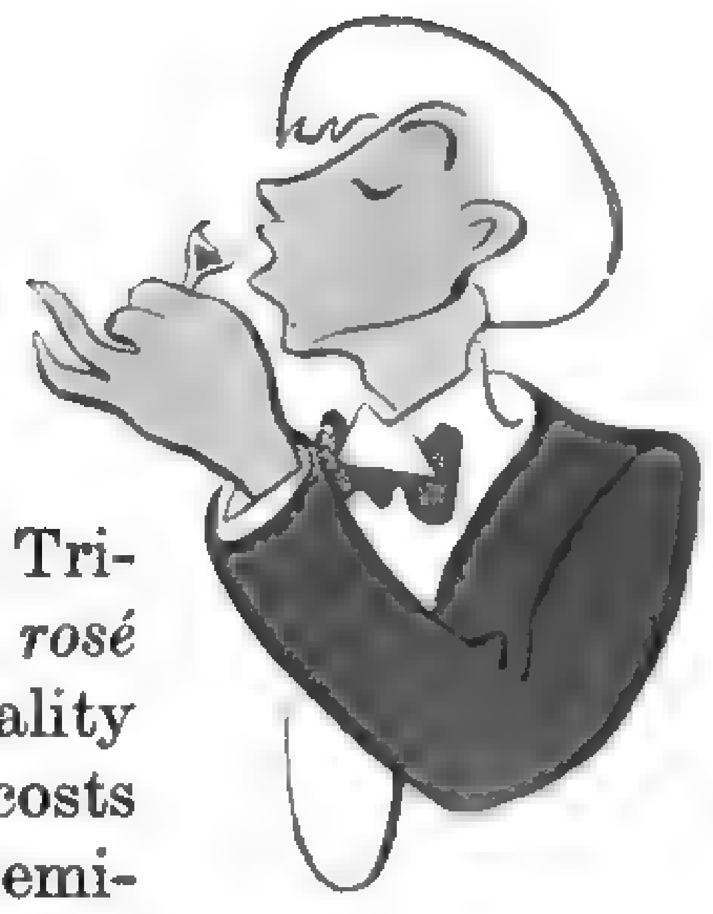
Sunday, June 4
Aix
Les Plats de Savoie
L'Omelette Savoyarde
Les Truites frites
La Poularde Aixoise
L'Agneau Rôti et le gratin savoyard

Thursday, June 8—Mont-de-Marsan
Les Plats de Gascogne
Le Filet de Boeuf aux Aubergines gratinées
La Poularde aux Cepes

Sunday, June 11—Beaune
Les Plats de Bourgogne
La Pauchouse
La Polarde en Meurette
Le Gigot aux pommes de vendange

Friday, June 16—Bayeux
Les Plats de Normandie
Les Pieds de mouton à la crême
Le Filet de Boeuf aux pommes Normandie

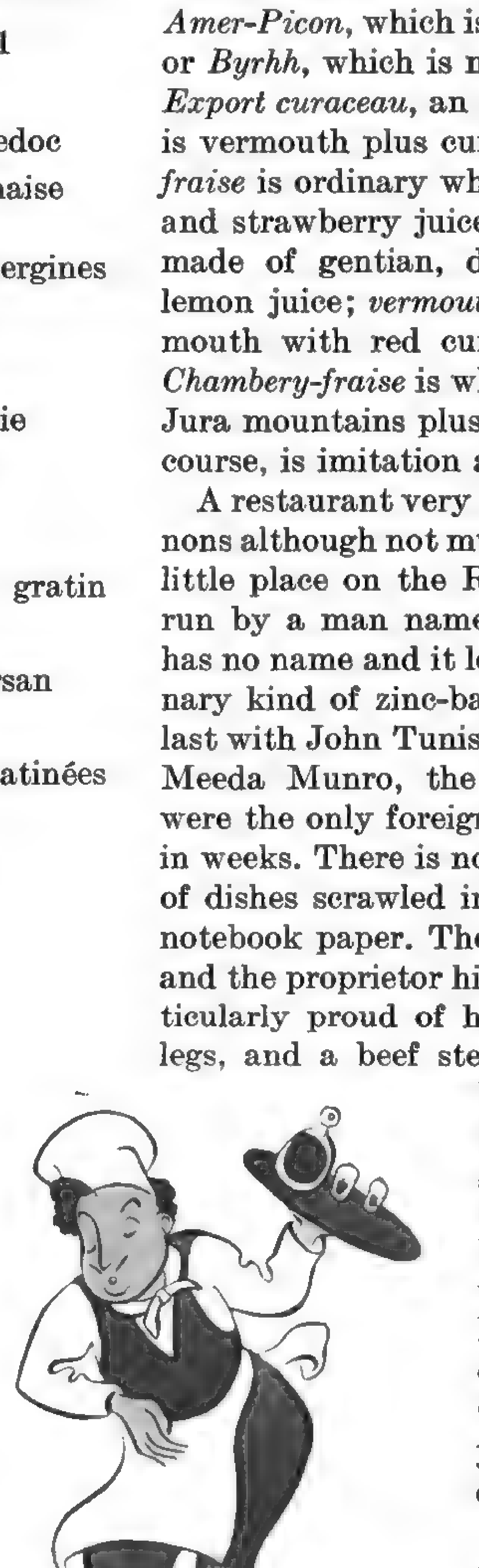
In addition the Trianons has standard dishes obtainable every night. One of the specialties is a hot sausage, served as hors d'oeuvres that I like almost better than any other single *plat* in Paris; another is *Omelette Canaille,* which is made of tomatoes, pimento, and absinthe; another is an ornate and massive beef tongue served with chicory and madeira sauce. The wine I like best at the Trianons is an open *vin rosé* of considerable quality (though light), and it costs no more than 65c a demi-carafe. A good meal at the Trianons will set you back about $2.00.



As to wines, both at the Trianons and elsewhere, let me interject a word. Until your palate is adjusted to the great wines, the classic vintages of Bordeaux and Burgundy, drink open wine served *en carafe.* In almost all sound French restaurants the table wine is plenty good enough for anyone but a specialist. It is cheaper; you can drink more; and many people, except connoisseurs, actually like it better.

Similarly, instead of cocktails, try out the ordinary French boulevard drinks, like *Amer-Picon,* which is distilled from oranges, or *Byrhh,* which is made of a quinine base. *Export curaceau,* an admirable light apertif, is vermouth plus curaceau syrup; *vin blanc fraise* is ordinary white wine, seltzer water, and strawberry juice; *Suze* is an odd drink made of gentian, drunk with water and lemon juice; *vermouth cassis* is French vermouth with red currant syrup and soda; *Chambery-fraise* is white vermouth from the Jura mountains plus strawberry; *pernod,* of course, is imitation absinthe.

A restaurant very different from the Trianons although not much cheaper is a strange little place on the Rue St. André des Arts run by a man named Vincent Candré. It has no name and it looks like the most ordinary kind of zinc-bar *bistro.* I dined there last with John Tunis, the tennis expert, and Meeda Munro, the fashion designer. We were the only foreigners the place had seen in weeks. There is no bill of fare, only a list of dishes scrawled in pen-and-ink on ruled notebook paper. There are only five tables and the proprietor himself cooks. He is particularly proud of his cold *paté,* his frog's legs, and a beef stew cooked *en casserole.* What I liked best was the selection of Norman goat cheeses, like *reblechon,* which resembles *pont d'evêque* but which is softer, and St. Nectaire, a white creamy cheese. Try Monsieur Candré some day when you are tired of orthodox Paris menus.



The third restaurant on my list is the Relais de la Belle Aurore, 6 Rue Gamboust, just around the corner from Brentano's. I had lunch

Continued in center of page 134

You're Wrong About Alaska

Enthusiasm of a skeptical and seasick amateur to prove you're wrong about Alaska

by FREEMAN GOSDEN

• ARTICLE •

To THE tired business man, who now begins to give a thought to this summer's vacation, I offer my experiences of four weeks in southeastern Alaska.

During the war I made certain that I had chronic seasickness, having spent two years in the American Navy, with less than half of that time on my feet.

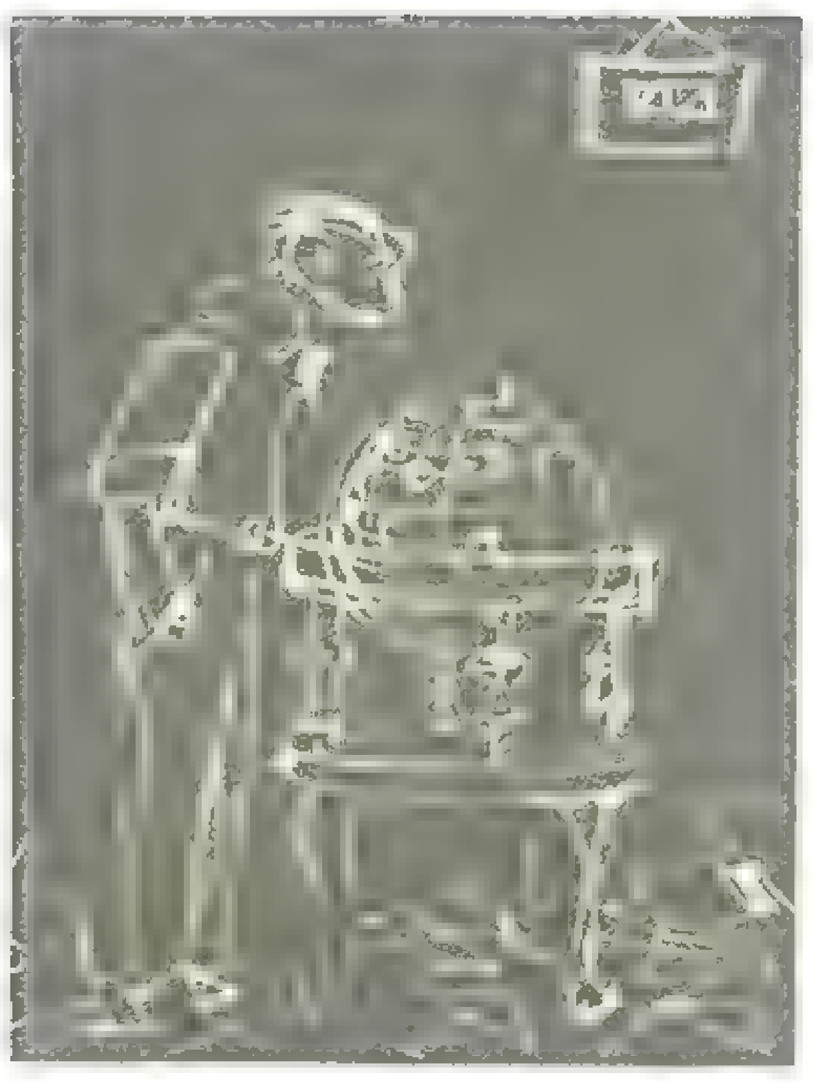
This fact quickly made me decide against a European trip for my first vacation. I have always liked any kind of fishing, but somehow the wind has been wrong, or we had the wrong bait, or something. In fact, I was even told by a professional guide on a well known lake near Chicago, that the lake was too calm today to work the bait. I still wanted to fish during my vacation, and I knew there must be some place on this side of the globe where I could get good fishing in calm waters—shooting them in the bathtub, so to speak.

Some one suggested Alaska. I thanked him and smiled, and quickly changed the subject. I felt sure that I'd never be able to get enough long underwear on this Southern body to be comfortable in Alaska. I couldn't picture myself going several weeks without fresh vegetables.

But Alaska kept popping into my mind. I started wondering how I could get along with Eskimos, and if they would understand my language and signs should I want to trade them a watch chain for something to eat. I made up my mind to forget about Alaska. But the next morning's mail got me. By noon the following day I had surrounded myself with maps, pictures, books and literature of every description about Alaska. For the first time in thirty-five years I learned exactly where Alaska is located. (Don't laugh unless you are sure you know.)

The letter that got me was from a professional Alaskan guide, who owns and operates several very complete fishing yachts. He told me about fishing and hunting in southeastern Alaska. It was too good to be true. It made me think of the time when a man walked into the office and tried to sell me a *big* tree in Mexico. I knew I was being regaled. However, within four days I was up to my waist in more maps, more pictures, more books and more literature about Alaska. In other words, I knew I was going to Alaska. The final long distance call assured me that I would experience nothing but calm waters and smooth sailing, that's all I needed. My party of four got started.

We left Chicago for Prince Rupert, B. C., stopping one day in Jasper Park for train legs. Arriving at Prince Rupert, we were met by the captain of the boat and the owner. Close to the little station in Prince Rupert we boarded our eighty-six foot yacht. Within one hour we were headed across the Dixon Entrance for Alaskan waters. Before I had time to thoroughly inspect the boat, I saw my first fish — a twenty-five foot black fish. That's all I wanted to know.



Before I tell you this fish story, remember that successful Alaskan fishing is contingent upon the guide. We had a peach.

En route to the choice fishing grounds, we stopped for a few trout at the mouth of a rushing stream. The fishing there was not excellent, but we later found out that the guide wanted us to get in condition so as to be able to lift our arms above our heads, and to accustom ourselves to that strange odor—fresh air.

On our first real fishing spot, cruising at sea level between enormous mountains, I kept peeking out of the corner of my eye for Eskimos dashing in and out of igloos. I knew they would spring up any minute now.

We left our yacht in outboard motor boats the following midnight (high tide) and went up stream a mile where we changed to canoes. These were paddled another mile in shallow water, and then we climbed awhile and found ourselves at the edge of a beautiful lake, approximately seven miles long and which we could not find charted on any government map.

Two additional canoes (catamaran with outboard motor) awaited us here. Within six hours, five of us had actually caught three hundred good-sized cut-throat trout. I personally had three triples, and more than a dozen doubles. On the edge of the lake, our guide led us to a camp consisting of three silk sleeping tents, each having an air mattress and eiderdown sleeping bags. (Roughing it de luxe, I calls it.)

I now had a yen for larger fish.

Back on the yacht en route to another fishing spot, we experienced our first "porpoi" call.

When anyone on board sights porpoise, they yell "porpoi" and that means everybody on deck for action. Paraphernalia is prepared ahead of time, which consists of the following: The paper disk is removed from a shot-gun shell, the lead discarded and the shell is corrugated above the powder-line by slitting it several times with a pocket knife.

A round wooden rod about thirty-six inches long is used with a small steel harpoon on the end. From this harpoon, two piano wires run to a swivel to which your line from rod and reel is also attached. (Hemingway could tell this much better.)

On the other end of the wooden rod is tacked the small disk, which was removed from the top of the shell. The corrugated shell is placed in the chamber of a single-barrel shotgun and the harpoon is pushed in the barrel until the disk enters the corrugated shell next to the powder. The corrugation tends to hold the harpoon in the barrel of the shotgun when it is pointed down. Enough line is let out so as to make a loop almost touching the water. You are now ready for action.

We found porpoise in schools of six, or eight. They play around the bow of the boat. To hit one of these two hundred pounders, you've really got to be quick—almost hasty. Your harpoon will carry only a few inches in water. The fish must be almost directly under you as you lean over the bow. Part of his back is out of water only a fraction of a second. His four or five-inch dorsal fin breaking water is your only warning that you have a shot. They are zig-zagging, and the majority of times come up in the wrong spot. I would say with six porpoise playing in front of the boat, your average wait for a good shot is five minutes. You aim for the dorsal fin—bang— (you're wrong, we hit him).

He starts out with your line for a quarter of a mile before he comes up. The yacht is stopped and an outboard motorboat is quickly lowered. And is he pulling! But you are right after him and it lasts for an hour.

Incidentally, porpoise steak has the texture of liver, with no fish taste. After removing the steak, fox farms are always grateful for the rest of the porpoise.

King Salmon—That's really high-class fishing!

Continued in center of page 132

A carpet not of snow, but of dogwood, covers the ground near Skagway, Alaska.

PHOTOGRAPH BY JOHN KABEL

Why People Play Chess

Depressions, revolutions, wars are merely silly interruptions to those who live in the game

by ALFRED KREYMBORG

• ARTICLE •

WHY is chess the most romantic of games? Why do its devotees remain so tenaciously faithful? Why do friendships over Caïssa's board survive every other relation? And why do the pangs of existence, and dullness itself, drop away the moment a man touches wood and a pawn moves forward and another combat opens? Because chess contains a world of its own apart from the world we live in.

How many men have tried an escape from life and escaped through chess alone? How many chess clubs, cafes, dives, holes, corners, are there throughout the world, old world or new? How old is the royal game? —where did it come from?—nobody knows exactly. And why do fellows in search of peace turn to a game where mental warfare is everlasting? Where not a thought is thought, not a scheme planned, not a move made, without the most intense concentration, the deepest thrill, terror and ecstasy? Ecstasy triumphant over your fierce opponent! He isn't fierce? Who says so? Someone who has never played chess.

Are you one of those people who stops beside a table, eyes the stony antagonists, sniffs at their stillness and says: How dull, how godawful? But the stillness is superficial. Down below, behind the pipe or stogie, purgatory churns. Heaven and hell join the combat: heaven to win, hell to lose. The game may go on for hours, even for days, in growing excitement, with never a word between the combatants. After the opening moves, when the books are left behind, masters and tyros have studied, mystery looms and adventure begins. Imagination is challenged, and the vision to find the best move, the courage to make it. Middle-game chess is so complicated that even the greatest masters lose their way in combinations whose end they cannot always foresee. In the midst of an inspiration comparable with the artist's or the scientist's, the master may overlook some insignificant move through which the enemy destroys him. Since no two games are ever alike, no matter how many are played, the master has to be careful, careful. He needs fighting passion, a vital temperament, the genius to create new passages; but he needs hateful prudence as well, circumspection. Everything he creates, move after move, must fathom his opponent's replies. He must see both armies at once, see far ahead and penetrate mazes to which there are very few clues out of his past experience. And all the time he's battling away and the enemy's battling, he must guard against exhaustion, mental and physical.

A hard game of chess is more exhausting than any other activity I know of. You may start a poem, a play or a novel and collapse for awhile. But then you lay off and return to the table refreshed. There is no such Gilead for the chess matador. Between himself and his opponent stands an inexorable time-clock with a tantalizing ticker: a double clock on a tiny seesaw. When it's my move, your clock is down and mine runs on; and vice versa. Many a marvelous game has been lost by a man who opens a winning combination whose study consumed too much time. Championships and international tournaments are usually conducted at the rate of fifteen moves an hour. If you spend fifty minutes on the first move of a combination the next fourteen moves have to be accurately made in ten minutes. Is this diabolical? Nay, it is necessary. In the old days, the pre-time-clock era, an expert with a lost position would sit by the hour and refuse to make his next move until his opponent was a nervous wreck. It was a case of buttocks against buttocks, unfair play. Since there's no luck in chess, not an iota, the game, after the invention of time-clocks, attained an absolute purity which truly crowns it the royal game. There's no code of honor as complete as the code which governs chess; and the code is universal. This is another of its fascinations. All temptations toward crookedness in the mundane sphere are debarred from the chess world. The game is its own law, and is still a game.

The philosopher Mendelssohn's dictum that chess is too much of a science to be a game and too much of a game to be a science is a platitude. Game or science or both or neither, its hold is simply unbreakable. It combines too many elements for any one man to master and so he pursues it to the grave. Its perpetual beauty, its profundity, brilliancy, novelty, its classicism, romanticism, its heartrending demands on passion and restraint, perfect timing, perfect form, tireless energy, courage, more and more courage, have held millions in thrall through hundreds and hundreds of years. Gods may rise or fall and men worship new idols—Caïssa goes on. I have forsworn her myself only to come slinking back for just one more game. Over twenty years ago, after playing hard chess from boyhood on and reaching the semi-professional stage, I vanished from the chess world.

For quite a long time I'd supported myself at chess in order to support the writing of poetry. Ye gods—a frail fellow sweating all day near the muse and sweating all night near Caïssa—the two wouldn't work together! The prostituted Caïssa gave him a few dollars a week to support her virtuous rival—what insanity! No man can serve two mistresses—not chess and poetry. Either one is enough to drain his energies. And the income of the average chess professional is almost as poor as the poet's. Outside of the leading masters, the world champion and those nearest him, no one earns more than a beggarly livelihood—not even abroad. Several great masters have lost their minds, notably Steinitz and our own Pillsbury, "the poet of chess." The heroic little Steinitz, after ruling the world for twenty-five years, went down before the youthful Lasker and then went down again, completely shattered. Pillsbury, the greatest blindfold player of all time, could rarely get club engagements unless he gave a blindfold exhibition, and I once saw him play twenty-four men, each at a different board! In the next room, where Pillsbury sat and the referee called off the moves, the pallid fellow engaged in a hand of bridge for diversion. The present champion, Alexander Alekhine, has stretched the number to thirty! But the Russian is a physical giant compared to the delicate American. When I was a kid of fifteen, I played three young friends blindfold and fainted away. Never again, sirs, never again.

Lasker, after ruling for twenty-five years, fell before the youthful Capablanca, much to the world's amazement. Lasker was more than twice the Cuban's age. But much more amazing, frankly incredible, was Capablanca's defeat at the hands of a man apparently his inferior and only a few years younger: the stodgy-looking Alekhine. How could this happen? Capa, the most invincible master in history, a fellow who never made an error year after year, who hadn't lost a

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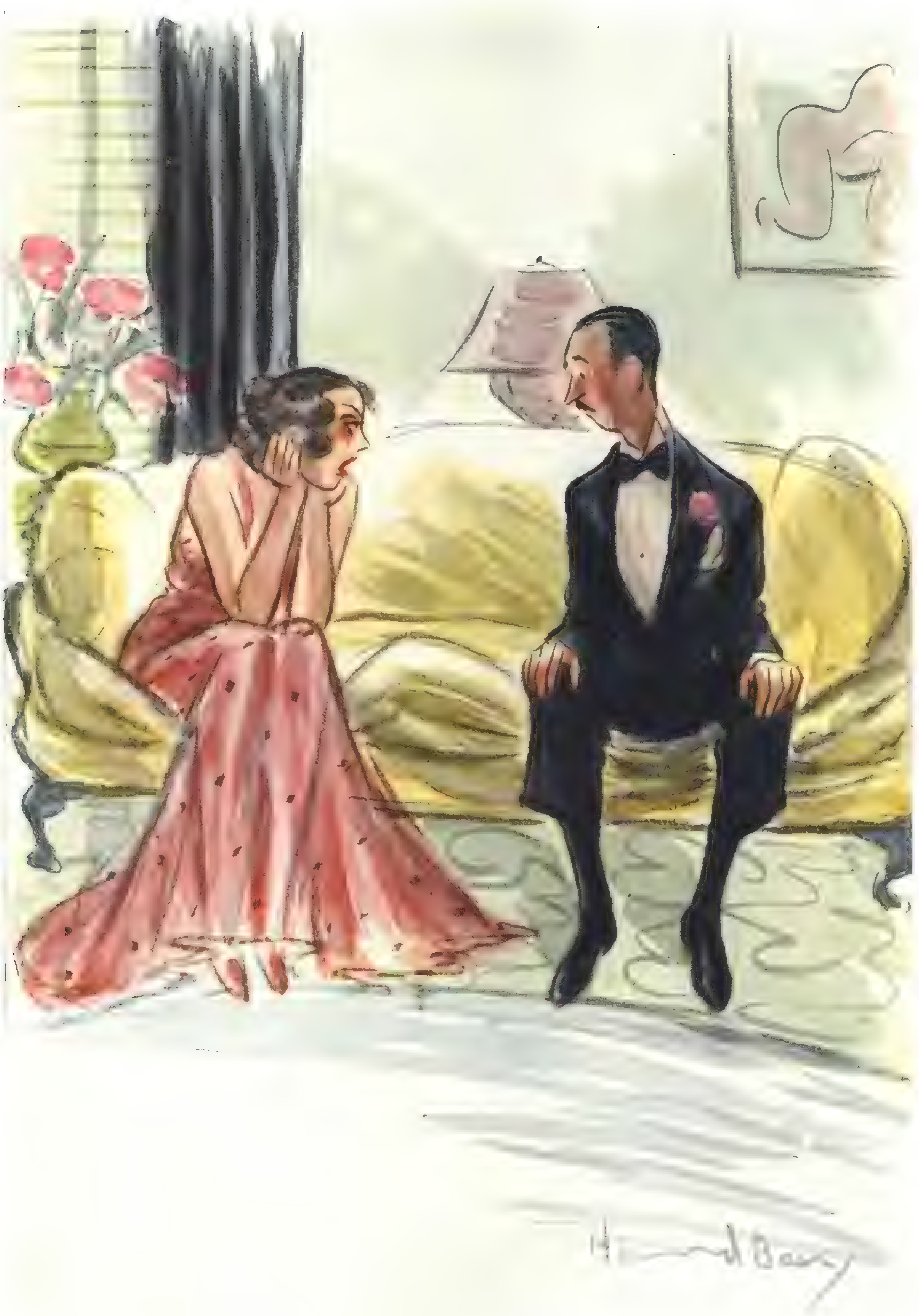
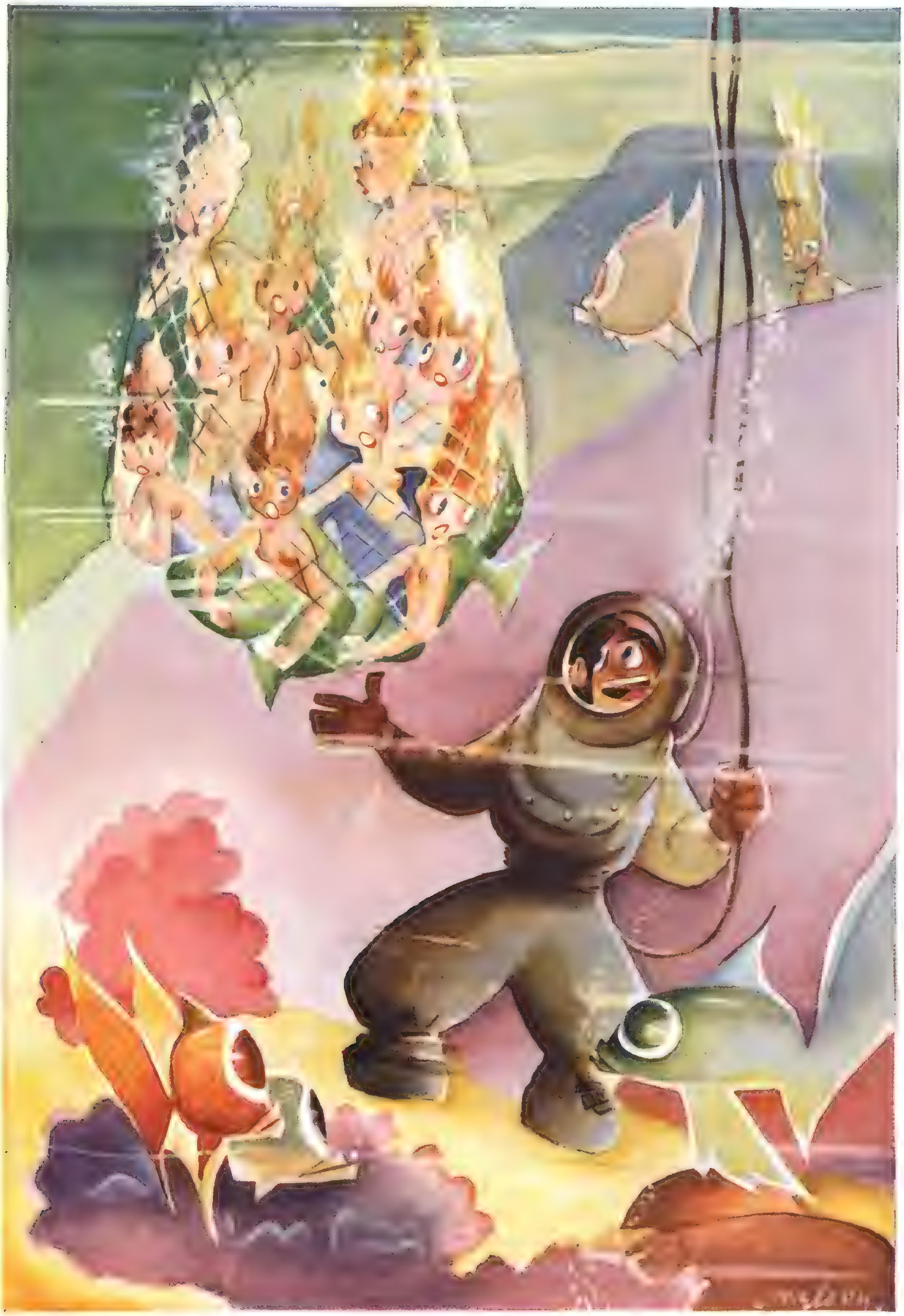


"Why?—what good would a kiss do you?"



"O. K. Charlie—pull 'er up!"

Old Dynamite

The epic of a bass that was the king of them all, and the history of his greatest fight

by HENRY LEE STAPLES

• FICTION •

A BASS lay motionless within an underwater kraal of logs and brush, beside the edge of a torrent that writhed its snake-like way down the gorge. Suddenly, he gave one flip of his broad tail that vaulted his glistening body clear of the water. It was as though he had been exploded into the air above by dynamite. Then, like a boomerang, he was back in his fish-blind calmly swallowing a fat, juicy grasshopper—waiting motionless for the next hapless bug or minnow to go caravanning by. Watching him lazily fanning the water with his pectoral fins, it seemed incredible that he could so suddenly galvanize into action. Not even the ravenous cobra de capello struck with more venomous fury or such blinding speed. Ben Hoskins, grizzled old mountaineer, who had hooked the big 'un more than once, heard the explosion as the fish broke water, and grinned. "That's Dynamite feedin' on hoppergrasses."

Meanwhile, in a classroom far away, a professor was saying, "The black bass is a spiny-rayed fish, belonging to the *Cantrarchidae* family—which also includes the crappie and the bream. His generic name, *micropterous* or small-finned, is, I may say, a misnomer, caused by the fact that the first specimen seen by M. Lacepede, its discoverer, had a mutilated dorsal. Only two families of this genus, *micropterous*, are extant—one the *dolomieu* or small-mouth, named for M. Dolomieu, the French scientist—the other the big-mouth, *micropterous salmoides*, from the Latin salmo or salmon and idem (the same), or, like a salmon. Not only have Jordan, Everman and Goode written at length about this game species, but, as long ago as 1802, Lacepede described them in his *Histoire Naturelle des Poissons*. Remember, there are but two kinds—the big-mouth and the small."

Could the pedantic professor have peered down into the pellucid pool at that precise moment, he would have observed that this marauding bass, busily huckleberrying grasshoppers, was, from snout to caudal peduncle, utterly unlike the two rarities he had so painstakingly described to the budding ichthyologists. True, like his near relations, he had sharp spines that bristled when he went berserk. But, along his back, from head to tail, was a beautiful pattern of markings not unlike those of a Diamond-back rattler; and below the lateral line, along his sides and belly, were stripes such as adorn the rockfish or striped bass of tidewater, or the trousers of meticulously clad hostelry managers in the purlieus of Park Avenue. None of the other related tribes are so beautifully costumed.

For many years, the progenitors of Dynamite had roamed the streams that empty into the Gulf of Mexico. Never did they fin their way down to tidewater, where the water is too warm, the current too lazy. The cold, clear streams that trout prefer were their favorite foregathering places, but they liked bigger bodies of it—open spaces with room to roam, to forage, to fight. The many Meccas of this finny tribe were where the cold, mountain runs broadened out and deepened into sizable creeks and rivers. Ambuscaded in deep holes, where brush and logs shielded them from enemies and prey alike, they would suddenly sprint out into white water that fumed by overhead—to pounce greedily upon whatever manner of food the God of the Current might bring.

Of all the needle-finned fighters in this family, Dynamite was not only the fastest, strongest swimmer and the bravest, but also the most sagacious, the most resourceful. By the trial and error method, he had learned the facts of life. Objects behind and in front are equally visible to fish, but Dynamite, unlike his kith and kin, was not near-sighted. He could spy a struggling mad-tom far off above him and reach it with the speed of a whippet, yet he never struck until, after close scrutiny, he had satisfied himself, beyond misgivings, that the sumptuous morsel was no doo-dab of wool, hair or feathers, armed with barbs that all too often had bitten painfully into his distended jaws.

The practical, physical result of his sight, speed and sagacity was that he feasted most of the time, and consequently was almost twice the size of any of his kind. His cohorts wisely kept at a respectful distance, giving Dynamite first chance at the provender that the plankton-laden waters provided. And yet, despite his fondness for food, he did not become sluggish or too large of girth. Fighting upstream through fast water, aided and abetted by death battles with needle-fanged pickerel, kept him fit. Those spines, sharp as porcupine quills, enabled Dynamite quickly to disembowel any soft-bellied pickerel. How could their puny teeth do as much damage as those long, serrated stilettos he carried in his dorsal fin, and that he used with the skill of a *maitre d'armes?*

While the gargantuan appetite of the bass is amazing, that of Dynamite was more so. It was unbelievable.

The larders of the Laurel and its tributaries were, in the main, well stocked with all the delicacies a fish desired. A profusion of aquatic plants flourished in the riffles, to satisfy his phytophagous cravings, and, at night, he often browsed upon them. Just as different foods from the soil come to mankind with each season, so did different water-borne delights appear at orderly intervals.

For instance, the early spring rains washed down armies of worms, night-crawlers and grubs, upon which he would satiate himself. From his hiding places he would spy schools of young perch rippling the surface above, and scoop them up in his shovel-like jaws. Perhaps, if there had been a Boniface of the river to take his order at meal-times, he would have requested mad-toms more frequently than anything else, for Dynamite could gorge upon the sumptuous little catfish until it seemed there must be some limit even to *his* gluttony. Should he ever tire of fish and plankton, there were, during the spring and summer, a succession of hors d'oeuvres in the guise of different larvae, nymphs and flies.

Succulent crayfish and helgramites could usually be found, after a brief period of scouting, and, upon occasion, he satisfied his omophagic longings by gobbling up little birds that tried to pick bugs off the water. In

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The Machine Age

Portrait of a black beggar who's gonna walk all over God's earth and ride all over God's heaven

by HERMANN B. DEUTSCH

• FICTION •

NOSSUH, thank you kindly, White Capm. De rain is no mo'n dreenin' down, I doesn' fear de damp neither de chill, an' I rather walk dan ride de automoble nohow. De true fack is I got a bounden reason to not ride in none 'em cyahs as long as de good Marster spare life.

Dis li'l dreen don' even sca'sely signify. I min' de time when I firs' come to Nyawlins an' work in de diggin' gang fo' de water comp'ny. Us use to stan' in de water up to yuh, an' think nothin' of it. Singin' de ol' music, White Capm, what us brung from Virginny some, an' some come from Afficky, an' some was Frenchified songs; singin' de ol' music while us work an' laff in de water up to yuh. Co'se, I was stout an' young an' full of de debbil. I di'n' have nare call 'em days to hitch me along wid a stick to lean on, but dat don' mean I got to fear a li'l damp ontell yet. So thank you kin'ly jes de same, White Capm. Dis ol' nigger gwy tell de good Marster in he pray's tonight how you be kind to 'em, even if he cain' ride in de cyah. I got a reason, suh, an' it won't be too long to wait. Not now it won't.

See da! De dreen do let up. Ol' cloud jes as well make he peace wid de good Marster too, account he time run out. Him an' me both black, an' all two of we got to face de Throne right soon, when de white light of heavm gwy po' down whe' we at.

'Scuse de ol' man fo' settin', White Capm. Now dat de rain go 'way, I stay a li'l longer yuh by de co'ner, an' see can I pick up a nickel mo'. De ol' mens do get tiahd easy, an' I is a ol' man, fo' a true fack. I couldn' say how ol', suh. My mammy tol' me, in de bygone time, but I never did keep no track of 'em as de years roll on to Jordan. She long daid now, an' no use to ask. But I was a man full growed when de war was fit an' Marse Joe Montgomery turn us loose an' say we all free.

Us di'n' want to leave him, nossuh, account he treatin' us fine. I was de garden slave, an' di'n' have to work in no fiel', jes keep de lawn nice, an' fotch 'em de hoss when e want to ride an' sech as dat. An' he never brutaled none de niggers, Capm. He never did let nobody whup none de mens but hese'f, an' Miz Montgomery never did let nobody on'y her whup none de womens.

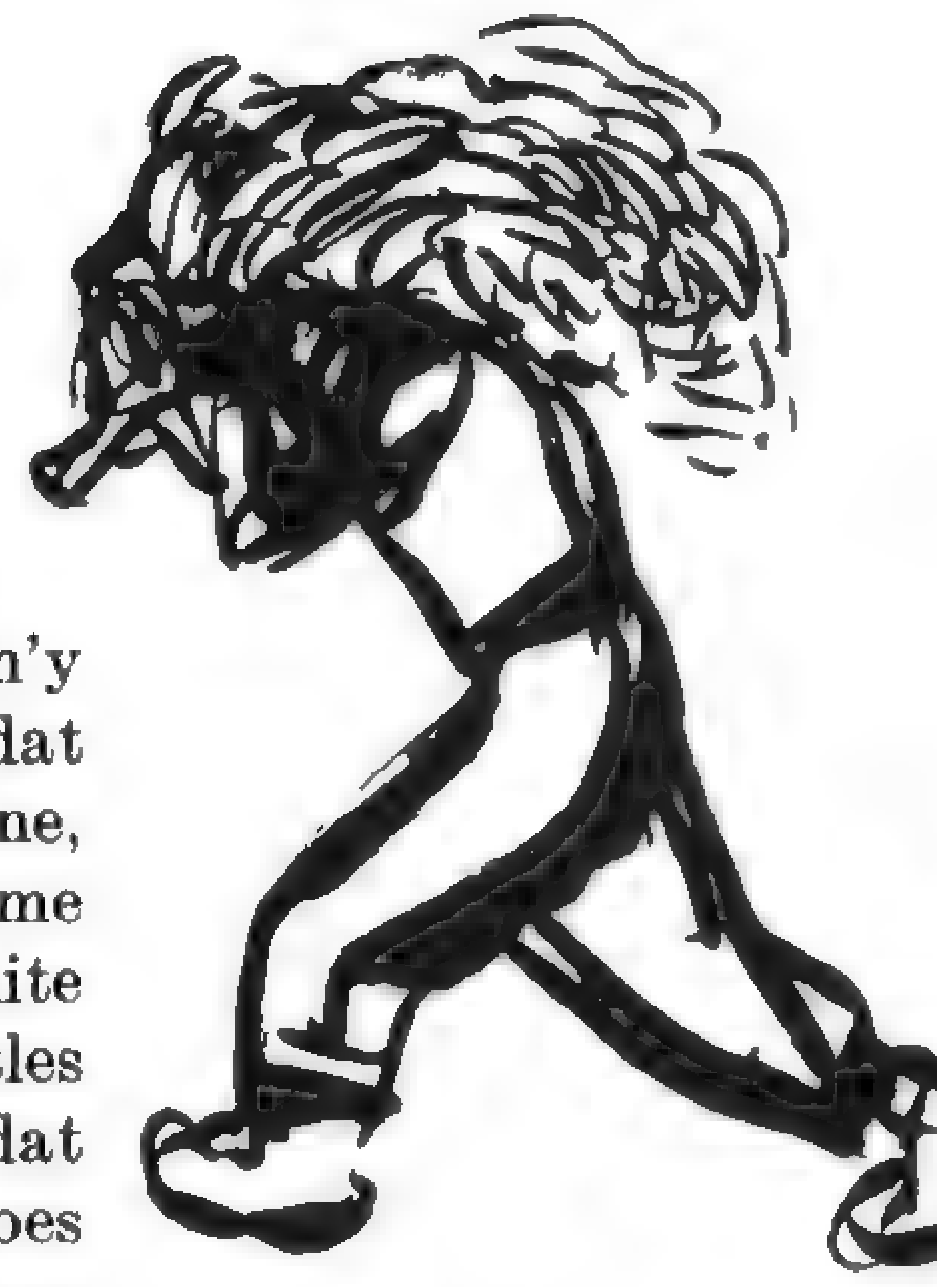
N'r neither he never run 'em through de swamp wid nigger-houn's, an' when he sell one of we he ever did put it in de contrack dat if de new marster couldn' rule 'em widout brutalin' 'em, jes de way he rule 'em, he buy de slave back. I hear it all de day he sell my uncle. Da's de onlies' one of my kinnery he sell, to my remember.

When de freedom come, none of we knowed what to do wid it. Marse Joe Montgomery say we don' belong to him no mo', an we jes as well get out account he cain' feed us'ns; cain' hardly feed de fambly, wid de times bein' po's a chicken snake. So us young mens go wid de wild ducks, like you might say, headin' South an' keepin' West to de valleys. Times us cotch a ride, mebbe; times us walk. Times us strike a river and works de boats. Times us sees nare livin' soul come day an' go day. Times us meets up wid folks of de color an' tarry a spell. You know de saying: Wild ducks dear loves pond water. De young gals laff wid us an' pleasure us. I done lef' some woods colts back yonnuh, to my reckon, travelin' de long road.

I say I's gwine to Nyawlins. Don' know why; it mus' be jes a idea I had, like a stout young buck get a notion in he haid he want to do one p'tickler thing and won' nothin' else satisfy em. De gal I stay wid when I make up my min' tell me I never gwy make it, wild as de country is, but I say: "Cain' be nothin' to a trial only a failure, an' I is got to move."

Things was a sight mo' settled by de time I got yuh, an' de white folks look me over an' say dey got plenty work fo' a back like dat. So I jines in de sewer gang, I dig de ditches singin', an' I cleans de ditches singin', an' Saddy nights on Rampa't street I pleasures myse'f like de young buck do. Does I get sick of de dig work, I go down to de docks an' tote bananas off de ships to de steam cyahs, an' does I crave to see new country I gets a job on de Bayou Ter'bonne packet boat, roustin', an' pass de big plantations.

Ey was a gal one night sweeter'n de cane of de fiel' whe' she meet me, an' she say she willin' to come back to Nyawlins wid me. Us had sevm chillens an' raise fo' of 'em. I livin' wid my daughter right now, but I don' take on'y my room from dat son-in-law of mine, account I got no time fo' 'em. De white folks totes me vittles to eat, an' when dat run too slow, I goes to de eatin' house wid money. I wouldn' be in de thank-you-suh class to dat son-in-law.



Yassuh, White Capm, I got a li'l money put by, fo' a true fack. She safe enough in a trunk 'at stan' in my room, account de trunk do' lock an' de key stay in my pocket. De white folks is sho good to me. I got clo'es to gi' away, suh. A lady sen' me all de clo'es her husban' don' want no mo'. I even got two overcoats fo' de winter.

Use to be, I had a co'ner way up de street by de church an' I done mighty good, account folks goin' to church drap me a li'l money. Dat was after I got so ol' I couldn' be watchman, not no mo', suh. I had de watchman job in de lumber ya'd fo'teen years; fo'teen years after my wife daid, account I never tuk up wid nobody else after I meet dat gal by de cane-fiel' in Ter'bonne parish an' she come to Nyawlins wid me. De boss-man say: "Ol' man, you gettin' too slow, you better let you' kinnery take care of you from dis out." I tol' him thank you, suh, an' lef' de place. I wouldn' be obliged to dat son-in-law, so I tuk up at de co'ner by de church, yassuh, an' I done good, but one day de Law come to me.

"Ol' man," he say, "de preacher tell me I got to arres' you. He claim de folks gi' you de nickels 'stead of put 'em in de plate."

I got scaid, White Capm, account I never did go to no jailhouse nowheres, wild as I was. I never got in no cuttin's n'r neither disturb of de peace n'r neither take a copper cent what belong to somebody else.

"I ain' mean to ha'm no livin' soul in 'is worl'," I say to de Law.

He was a big man wid a red face an' red haid, an' I knowed him good account he use to pass my co'ner when he walk de beat, an' he always grin at de ol' nigger an' stop to pass de time of day.

"Was I to not see you no mo'," he say to me, "like as if you was to get some other co'ner, it stan' to reason I cain' arrest you."

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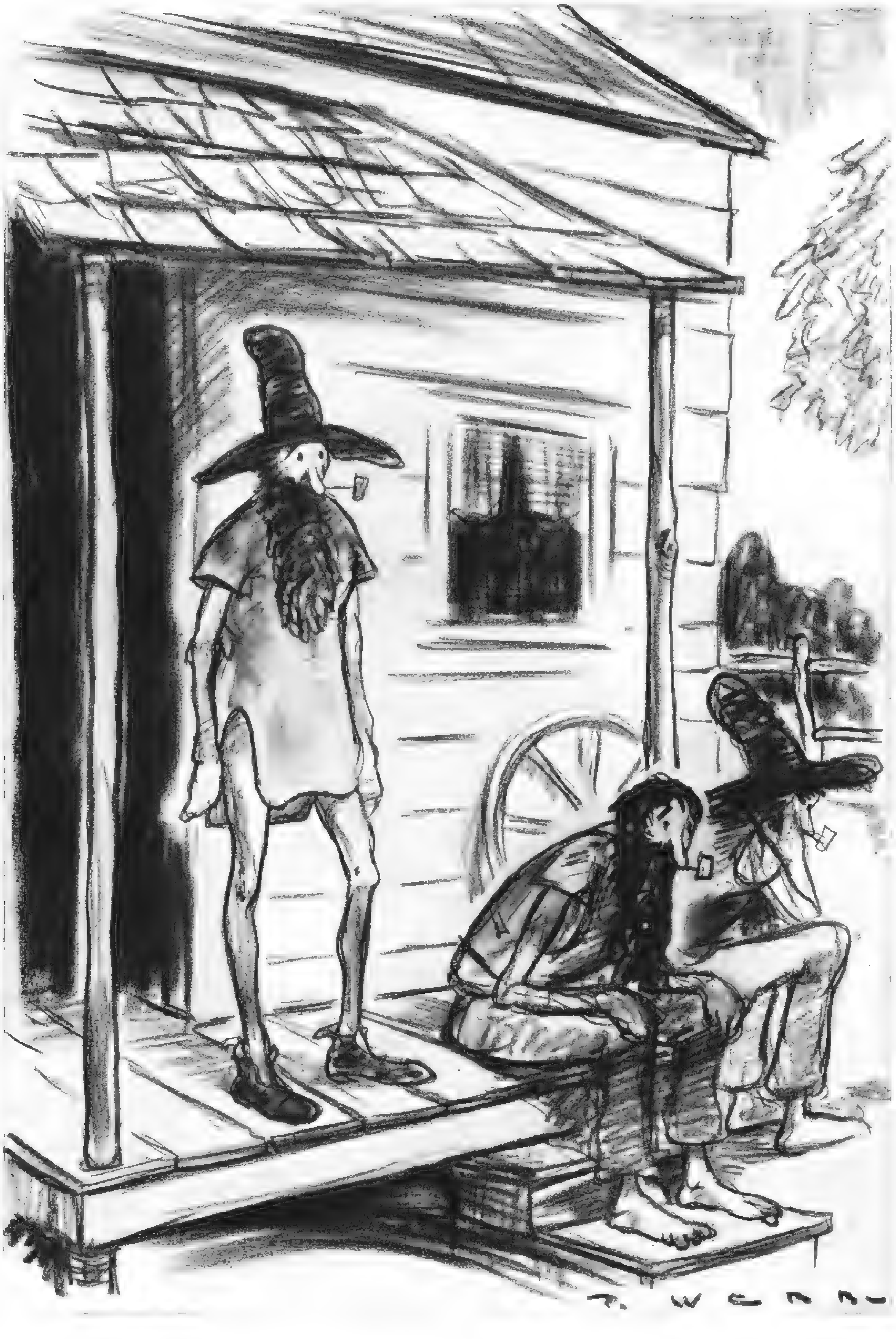


"Damn Paw—stealin' my pants—I was figurin' on goin' to school today, too"

Shutter Pushers

Proving how few of the millions who own cameras get one-quarter the fun they should out of them

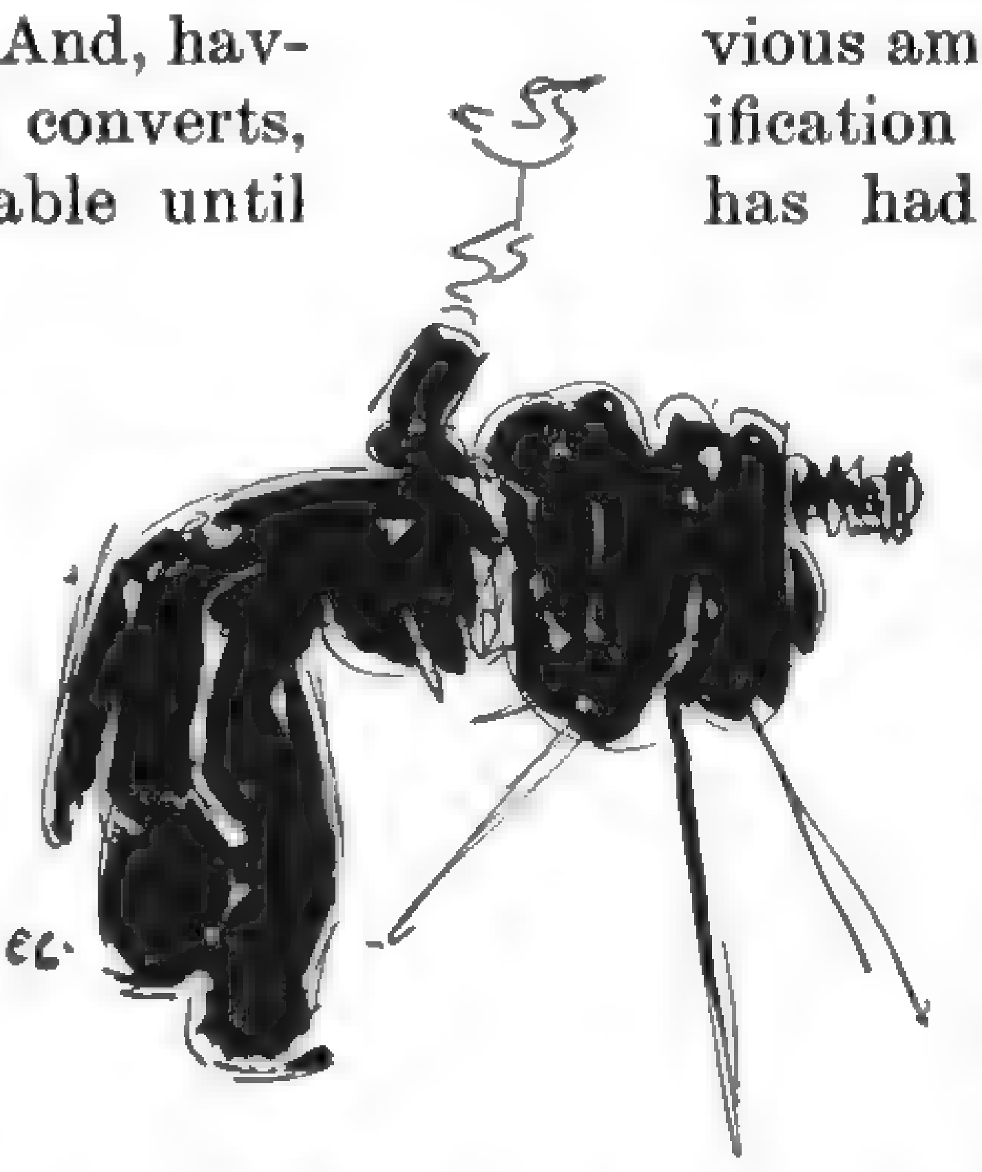
by PAUL W. KEARNEY

▪ ARTICLE ▪

There are approximately ten million amateur cameras in use in this country, turning out about a half-billion snapshots a year. On top of this there are a good five million others whose chief activity is the gathering of dust on five million closet shelves. So what?

So this: Lay the active and inactive shutter pushers end to end, and you'll arrive at the surprising conclusion that not one-quarter of them are so much as scratching the surface of the camera's amusement possibilities.

I speak feelingly as a sinner redeemed by an evangelist whose sole activity in life is picture taking. He was the money man behind a big printing organization which once made the error of hiring me, and I hadn't been exposed to Raymond Getches' pictures for a month before it got me. And, having been got, I must, like all converts, make everybody else miserable until they also come into the fold.



Not that I'm selling cameras: if you don't own one, pass on in peace, for God will forgive you on the grounds of ignorance. But if you are one of the five million backsliders or one of the haphazard week-end snapshooters, then pay attention. You've had the advantage of baptism in the true faith, and if now you are going rapidly to the hell of ennui, it's nobody's fault but yours. The whole point is that there is a world of fascinating things to be done with a camera beyond shooting the family group minus their heads or recording the old homestead at an angle which shames the Tower of Pisa.

Take W. N. Jennings, of Philadelphia, for instance. He was a railroad man when he acquired his first camera years ago, and as a beginner he did all of the things beginners do. But as those early triflings commenced to bore him, he looked for other fields to conquer and presently hit upon the subject of lightning. As a railroader he saw plenty of it throughout the country and, having a scientific bent, it always interested him. One of his theories was that artists were wrong in picturing a lightning flash as zig-zag, but this he could never prove, the human eye being what it is. Then suddenly it occurred to him that his camera might help, and he began experimenting forthwith.

After many failures he began to get results, and his first series of plates proved beyond doubt that while lightning is diverse, it is never zig-zag. Encouraged, he went on making lightning pictures whenever the occasion arose, and before long he was being besieged for prints by college professors, weather bureau men, technical papers, and the like. So impressed were they that they prevailed upon him to make lantern slides and give lectures before their scientific organizations; his pictures began to travel all over the country, then to London, Paris and elsewhere as one-man shows.

Today he has the most prolific collection of lightning photographs extant, including many unique types of flashes such as the rare "Rosary," the beautiful "Ribbon" discharge, and others. And so profound has been the work of this amateur photographer in a field rife with mystery that the Franklin Institute a few years ago awarded him its valued John Price Wetherill Medal.

There is no need to elaborate on the obvious amount of fun and personal gratification this particular shutter pusher has had from his camera—besides, there are many others whose achievements merit thought. Part-time achievements, I mean, of men busy with other things.

You've seen many pictures in the magazines, for example, of animals who photographed themselves at night. Well, credit for that goes to another amateur, George Shiras, 3rd, for he is the fellow who taught the animals how to do it. An ex-congressman and a busy lawyer, Mr. Shiras long ago established himself as a crack photographer. He is the father of trap flashlight work by which wild animals, nibbling at a set bait, set off the powder and leave their portraits on the negative. It's a fascinating game: if you can't dash off to the woods yourself to have a fling at it, try it some night on the mice in the kitchen. It's perfectly safe now that flash bulbs can be used instead of powder.

Lots of busy men have gone in for camera hunting in the wilds. Dr. S. R. Atkinson, of Pasadena, has developed some very ingenious devices of his own for this type of work. And Hobart V. Roberts, who has one of the finest collections of night nature pictures extant, is neither a naturalist nor a professional photographer. He is the busy head of a Utica department store with only about one month a year to give to picture taking. But during that month he is buried deep in the Adirondacks with his equipment, giving as much time now to boat jacking as to trap flashlights.

Zane Grey is another shutter pusher who takes his camera after game, albeit marine game rather than woodland. Everybody knows that the Purple Sage man is an enthusiastic fisherman, but not so many know that he made a trip to New Zealand waters for the sole purpose of photographing the famous giant Mako in action. Among his numerous shots is one showing a 400-pounder leaping twenty feet higher than the boat: the finest picture of this jumping shark ever made. Incidentally, the camera has become an almost indispensable addition to the fisherman's duffle. Gar Wood, Charles Kittering and Edgar Guest are three fishing pals of long standing, and the pictures they make on their trips, both stills and movies, are well worth anybody's inspection.

Already we've touched on three enormous fields of endeavor for the photographic backslider, and we've hardly begun. Down in Pennsylvania an amateur named George Breed specializes in the unique pastime of photographing landscapes with cameras attached to kites. And to consider another youthful interest which needn't be outgrown, Jacob A. Wagner, general manager of the Des Moines Union Railway Company, makes a hobby of photographing the circus. Much of his work has been done with the most ordinary of inexpensive cameras, yet that doesn't alter the fact that his collection of years has become priceless, packed with pictures of Jennie, the Lockhart elephant; old John L., the famous boxing elephant; Goliath, the giant walrus; Major, the riding seal; and scads of other noted performers, animal and human, some of them gone but not forgotten.

Clearly, amateur interests touch many diversified lines. Capt. G. Allen Hancock, prominent Los Angeles yachtsman, having already become famous for his marine pictures, is now immersed to his ears in the fascinating work of microscopic photography—a far cry, indeed, from elephants. And while he is getting as close as possible to the tiny things of life, Wayne F. Fisher, a *landsman* of his, hies to the other extreme by taking his amateur photography into the clouds in his plane. Mr. Fisher, who is at present foreman of the Grand Jury, goes in for camera work whole-heartedly. He has a veritable "stable" of home movie cameras, graflexes, portable plate cameras, aerial cameras, and what not—and he puts them to excellent use. Not long ago, for instance, he heard that the California Institute of Technology was pining for more data on earthquakes, specifically praying for a good aerial movie of the San Andreas Faultline all the way

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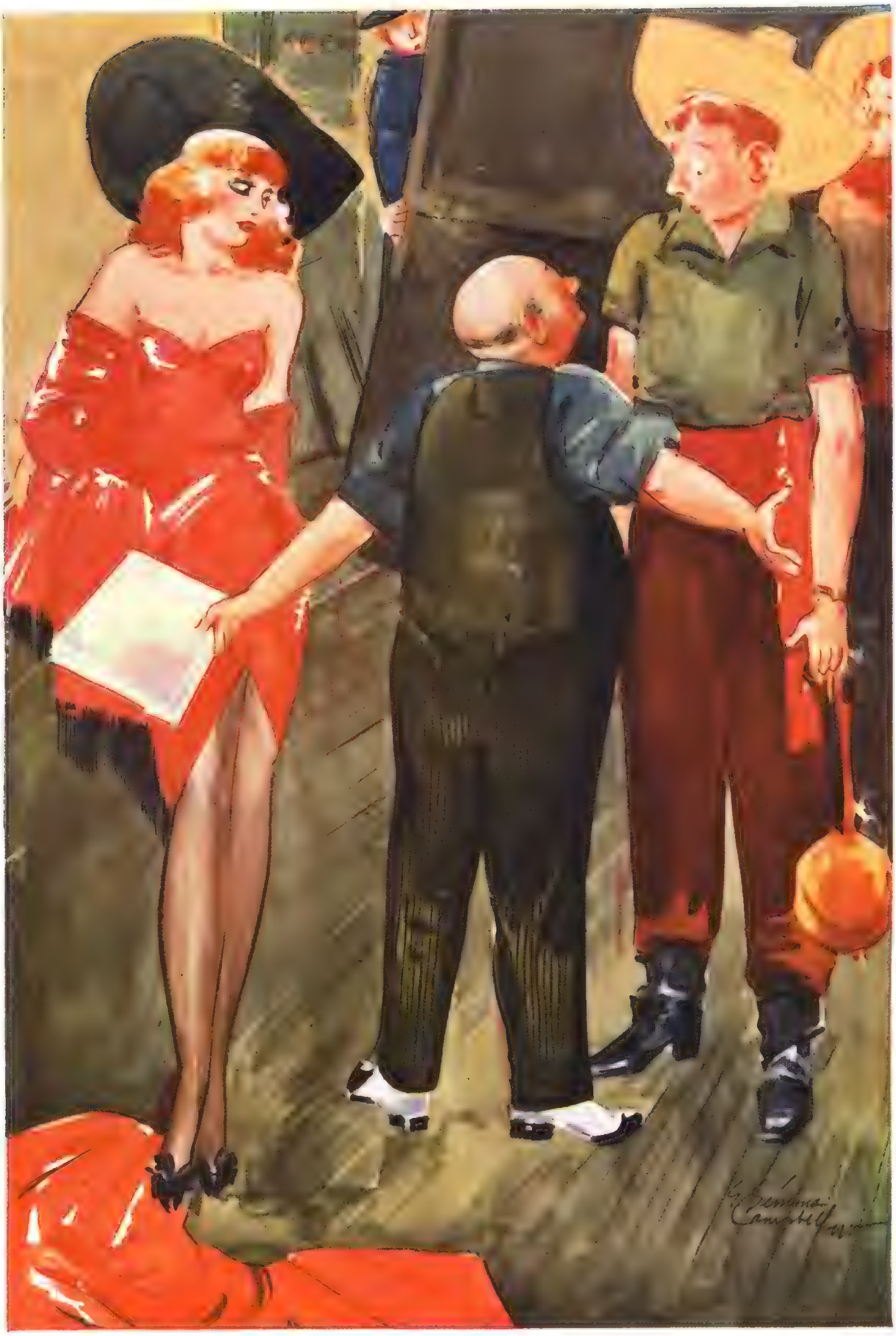
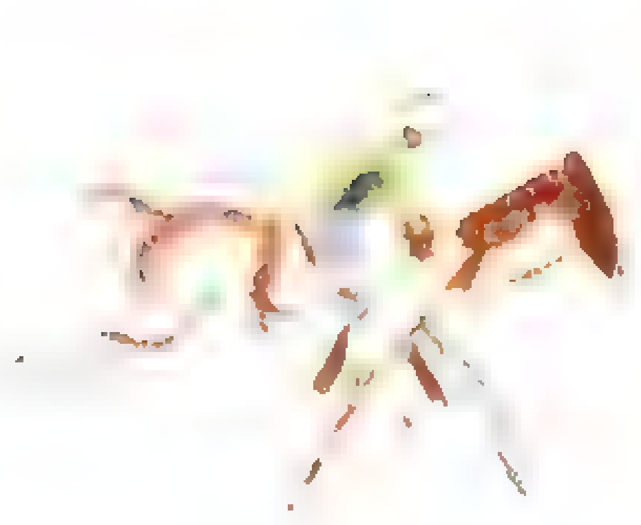
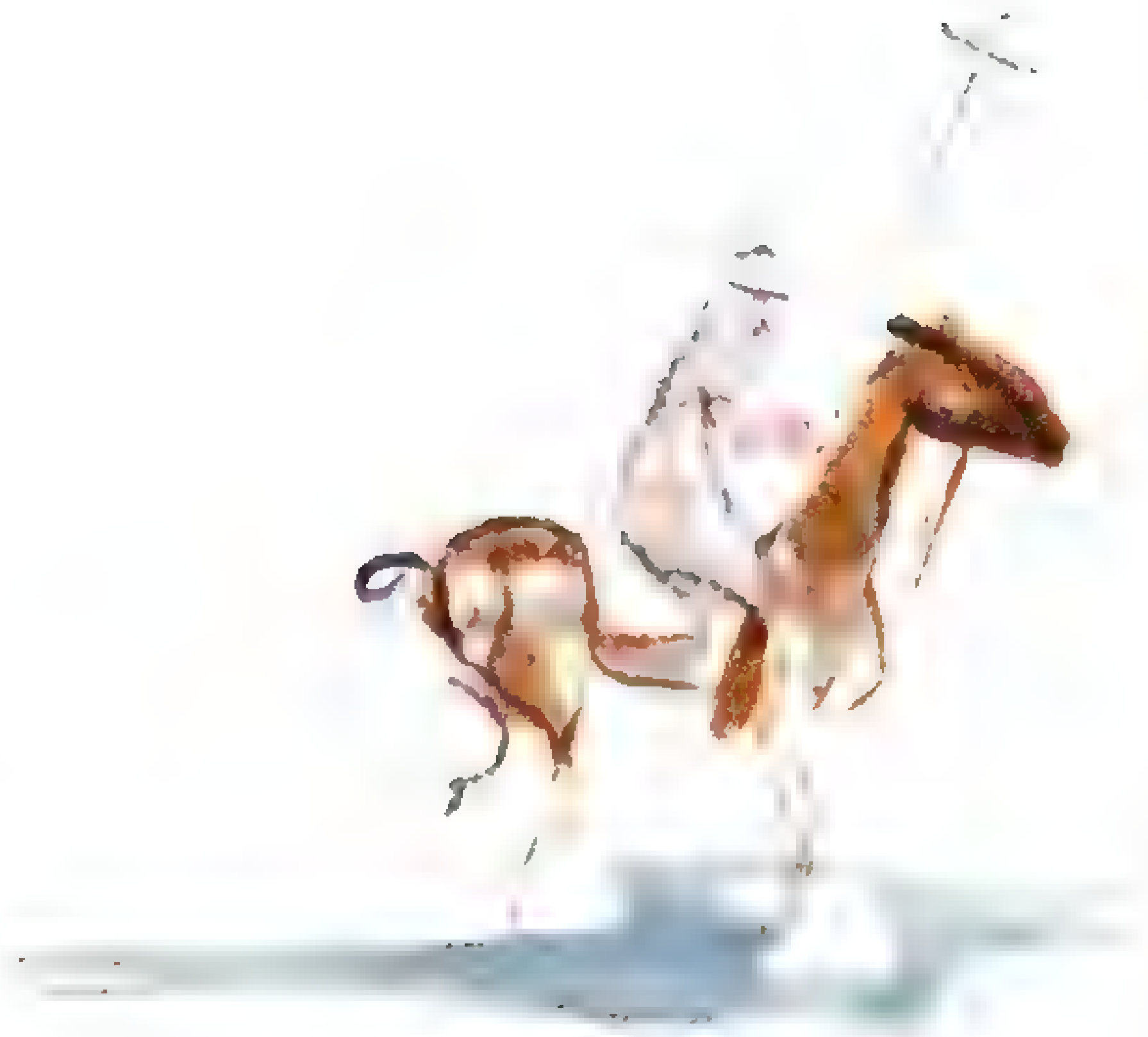
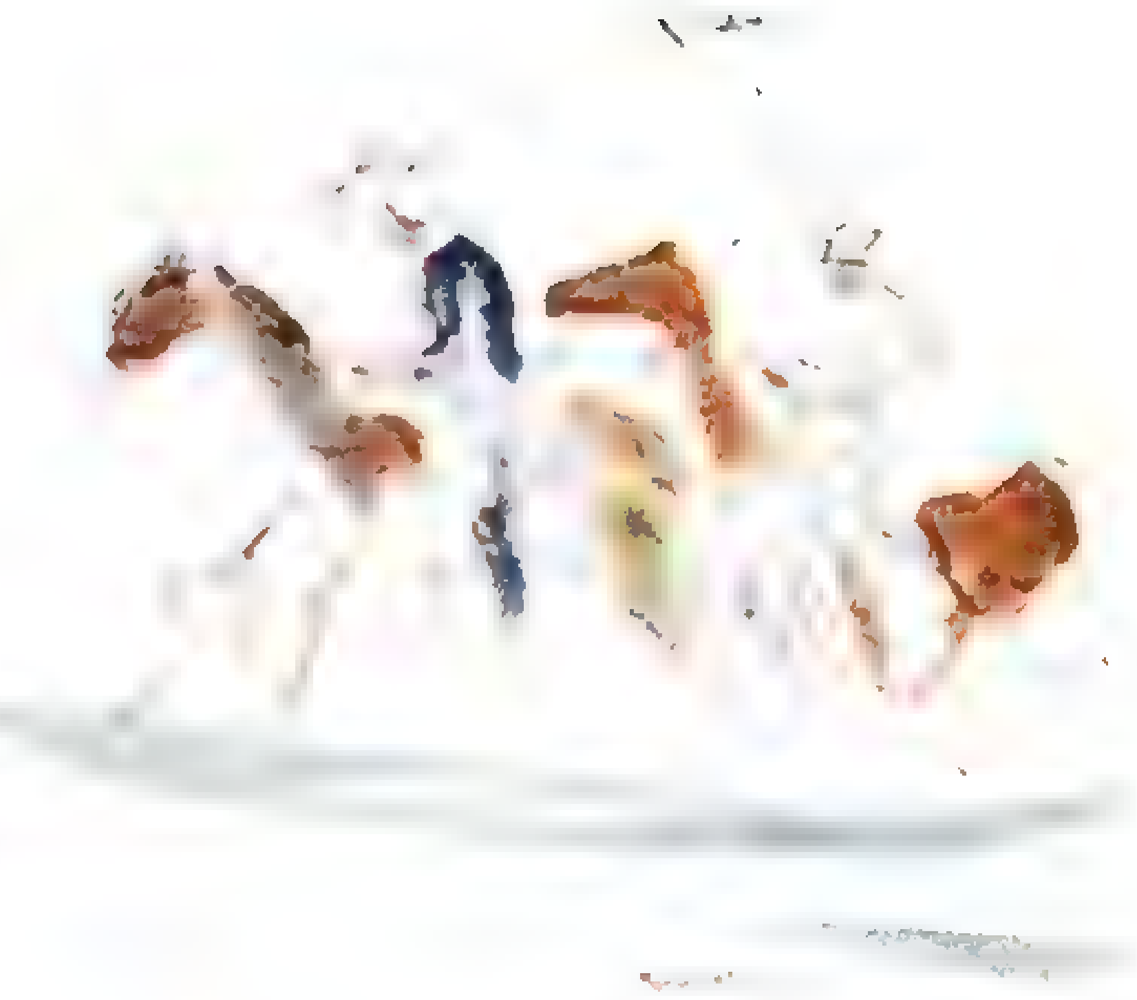
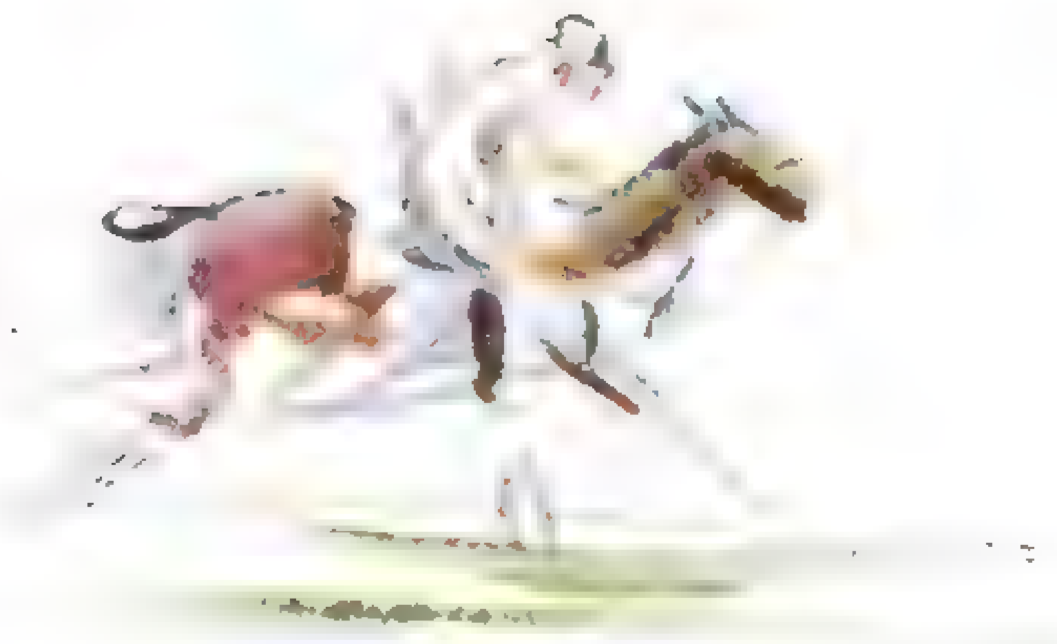

E. Simms Campbell

"When you call her a tramp, you don't have to convince me—it's the audience out there!"



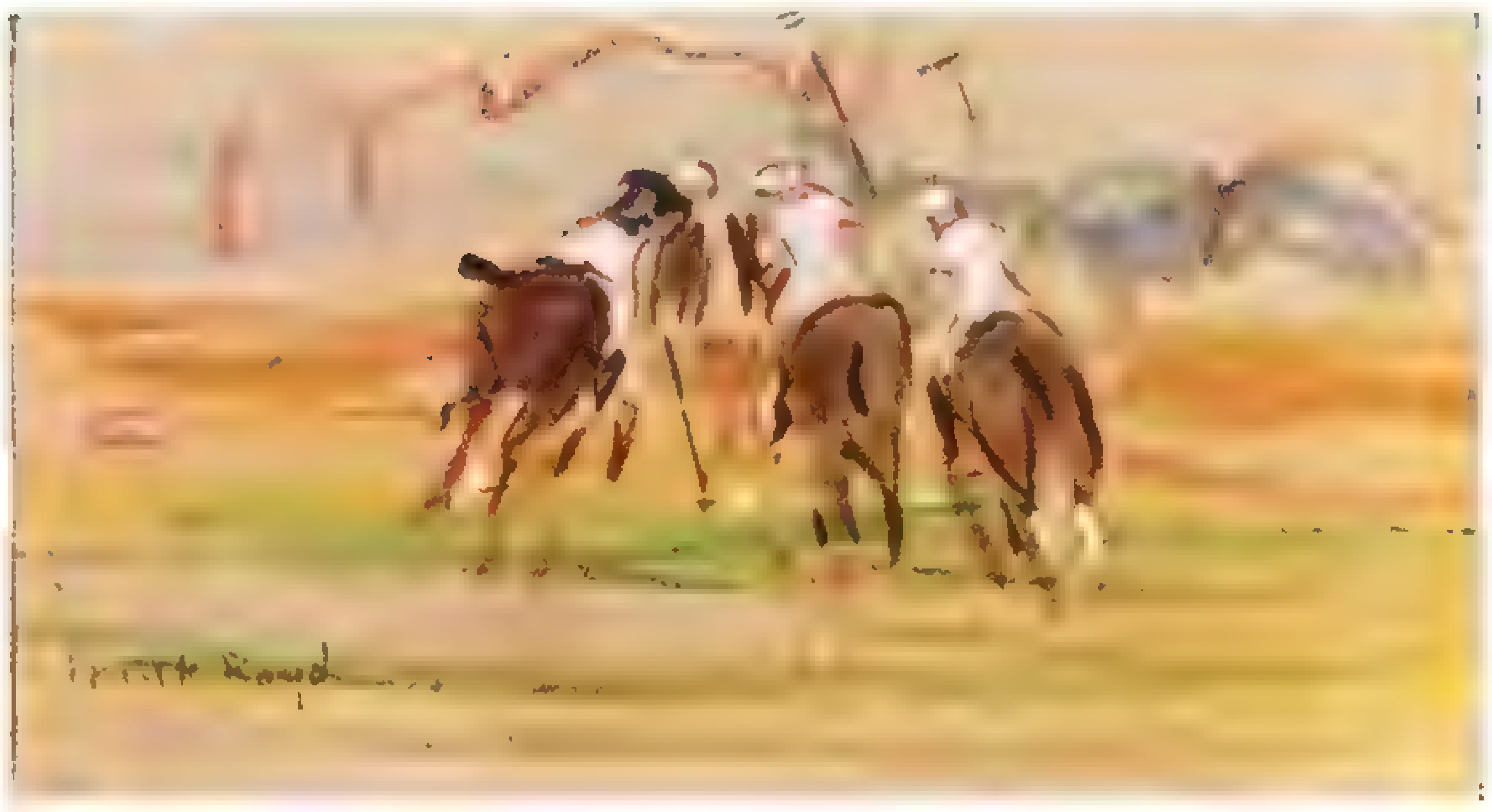


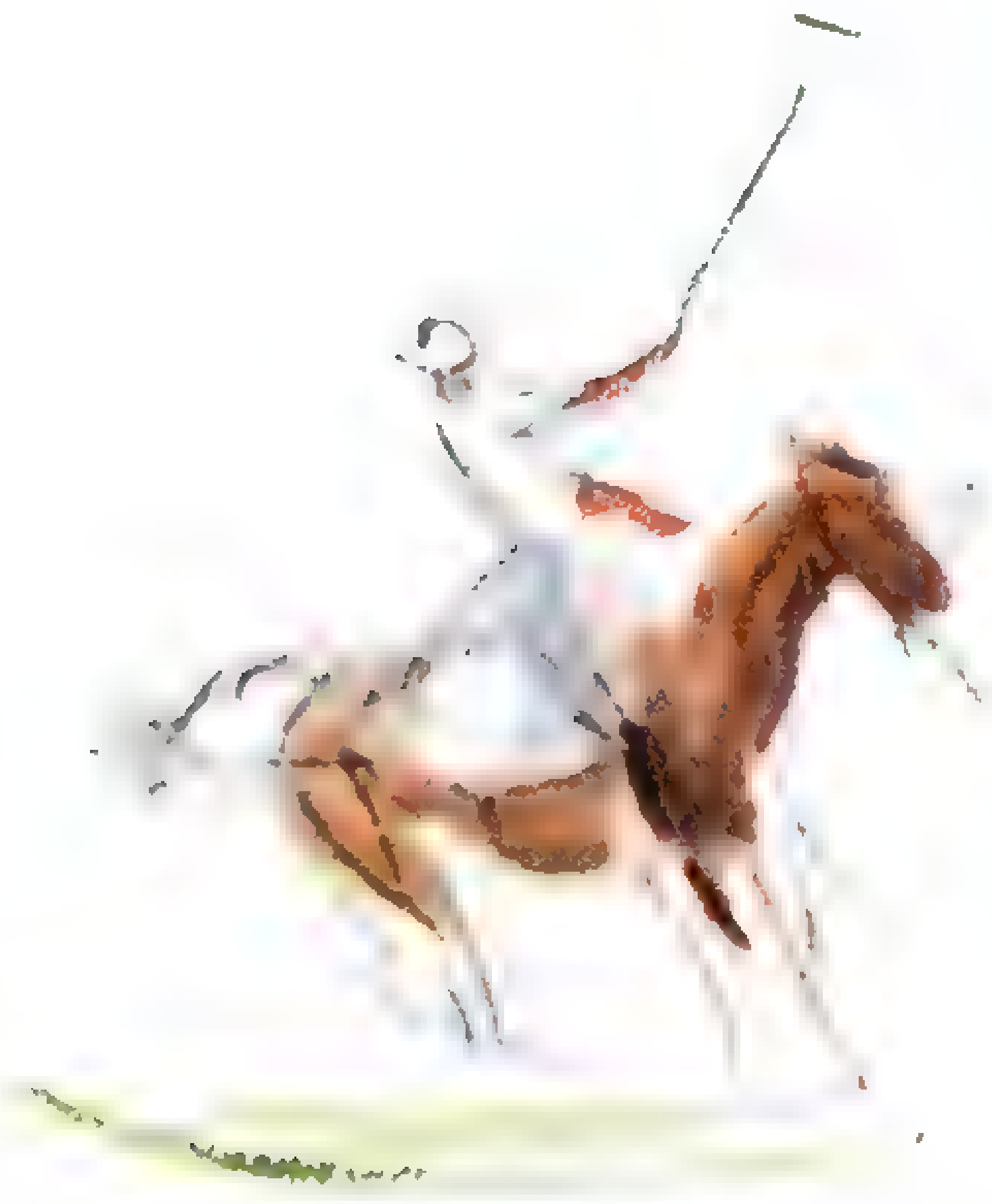


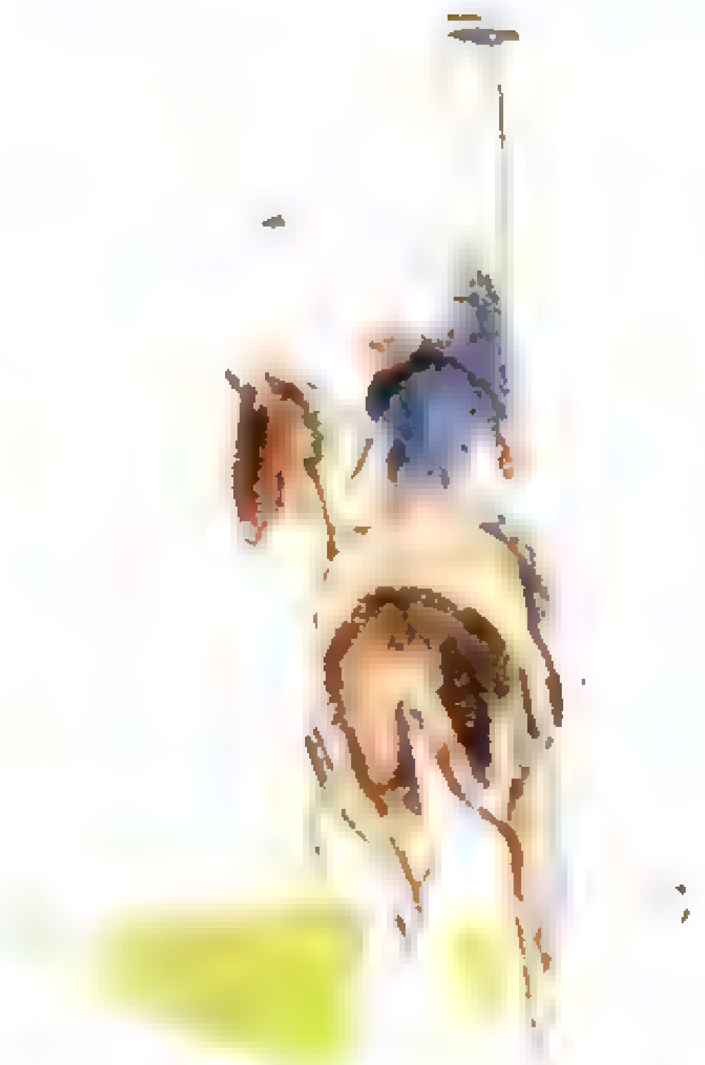


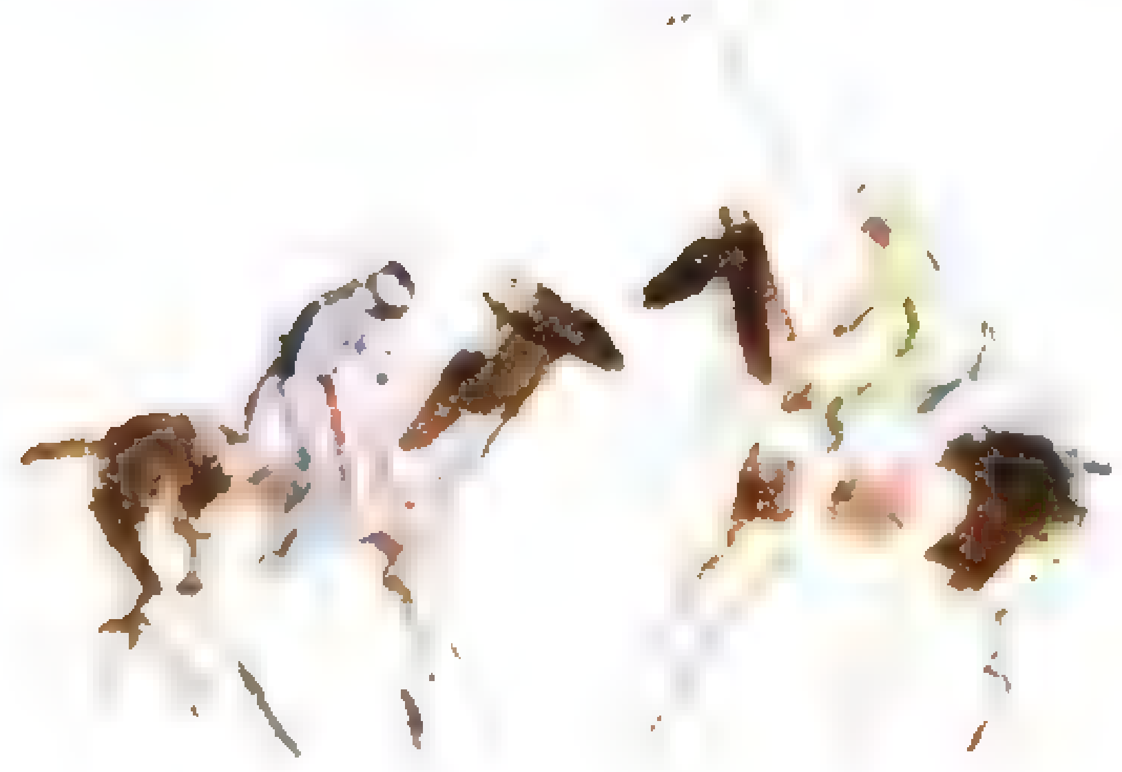
A Page of Polo Sketches

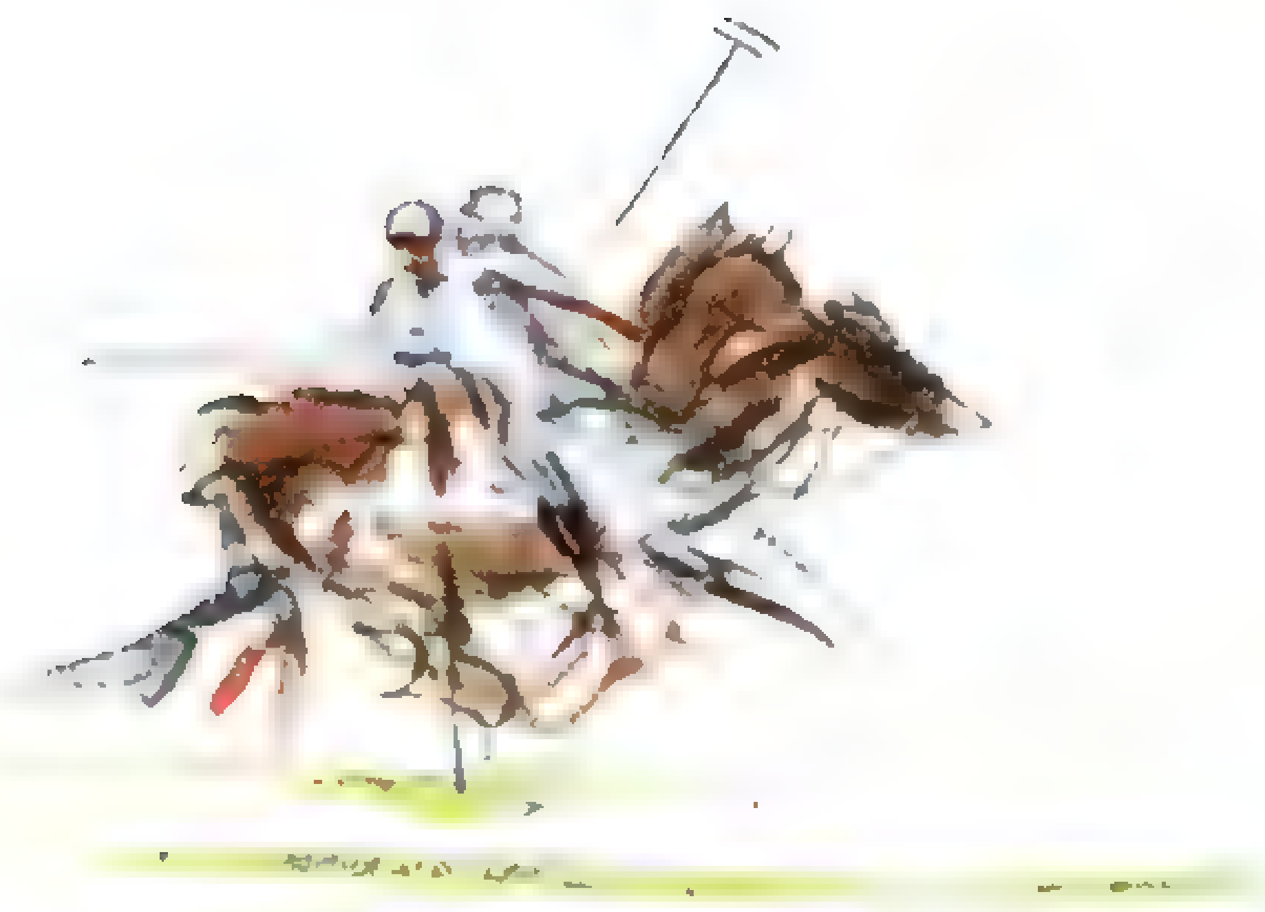
by FRANK BOYD

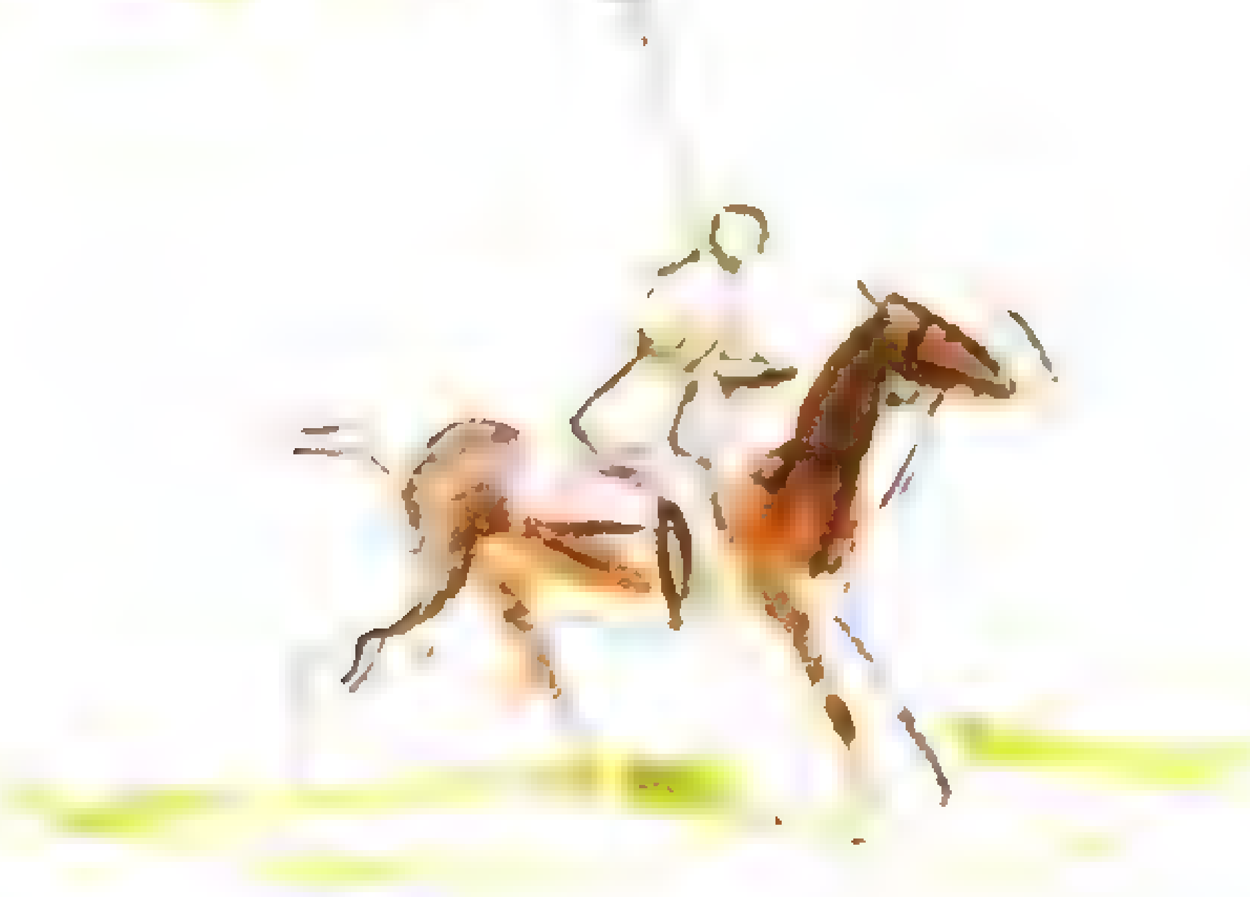


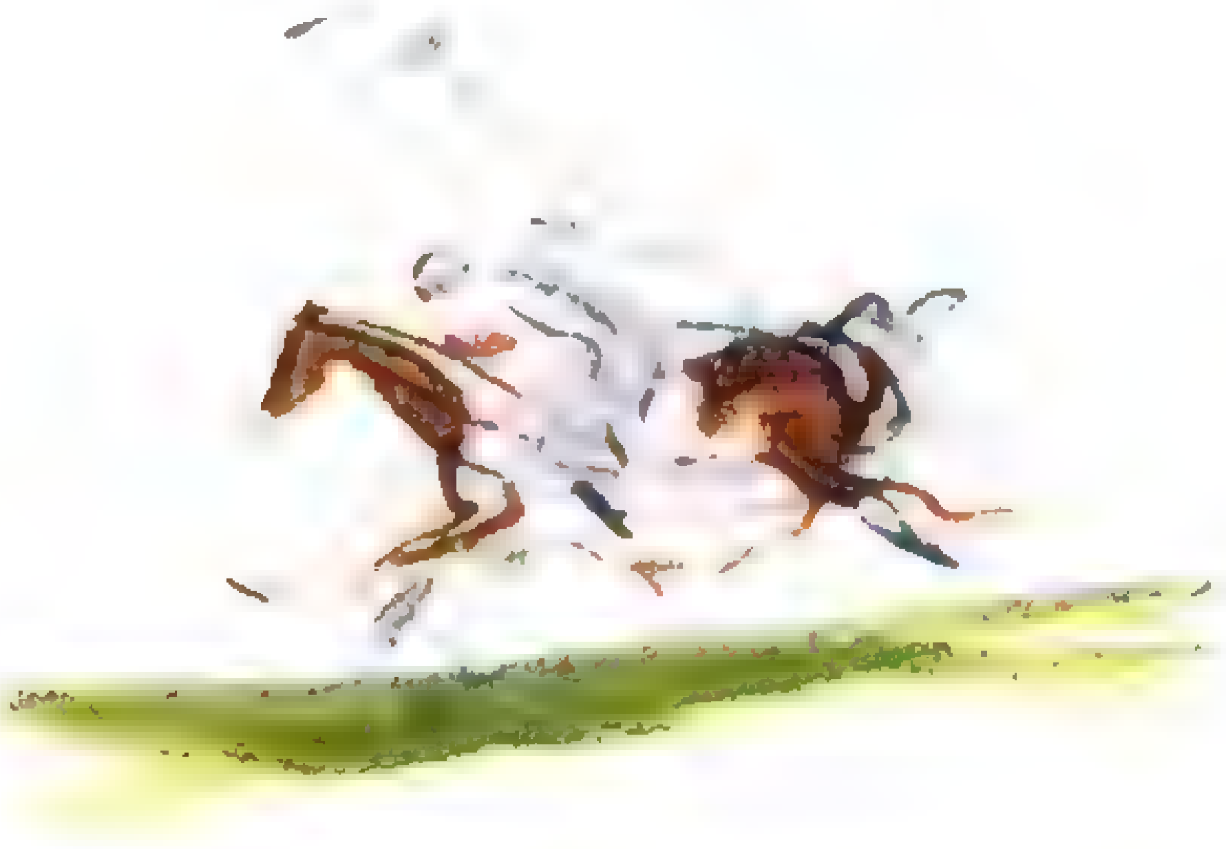


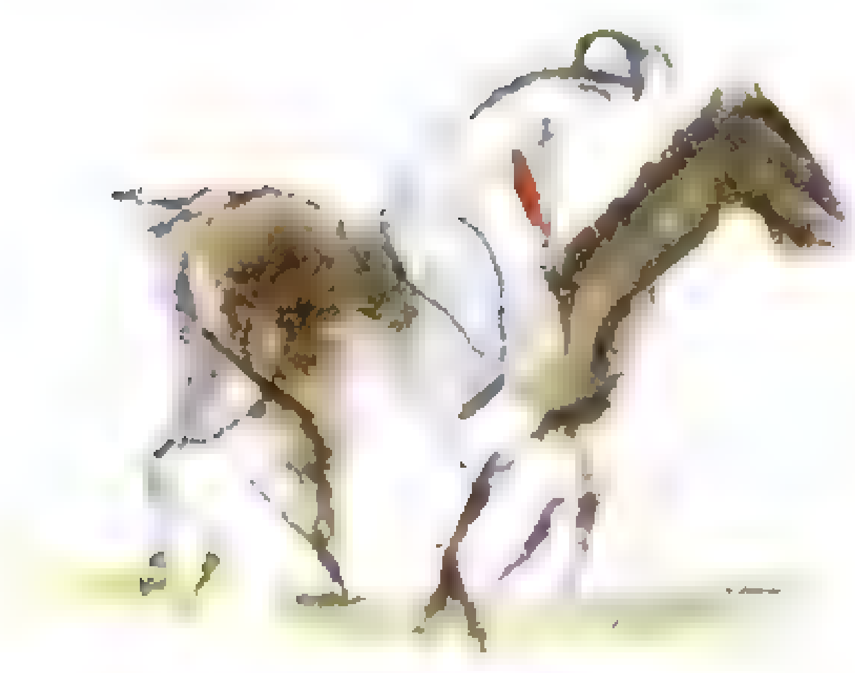


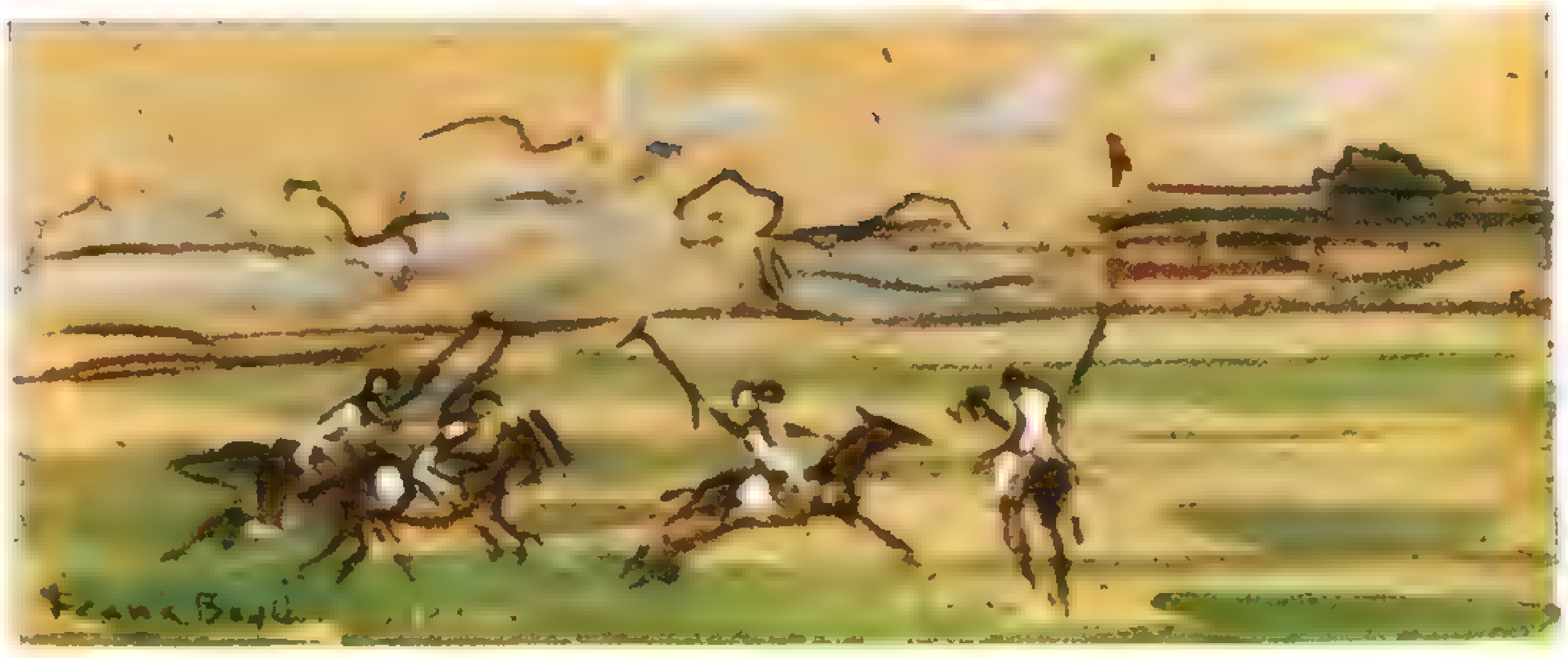












The Challenge of College Polo

Predicting that the galloping gladiators will ride football off the campus in coming years

by ROBERT O. FOOTE

▪ SPORTS ▪

POLO will be the next great college sport in America. A strong statement, but one supported by trends which cannot be denied. Many polo enthusiasts look for a transition of popularity from college football to college polo within five or ten years. The more conservative say twenty to twenty-five years and look back upon the way in which football eased baseball out of the campus picture as a basis for their estimates.

In the first place, there is the manner in which the horse is intruding into the sports of America. We are going as horse-crazy as the English; racing is flourishing everywhere; everyone is riding and polo as the acme of horsemanship is coming in for increasing attention. This interest, of course, must grow immensely for polo ever to challenge football, but supporters of the galloping game contend it needs only to be seen to make converts. The colleges of the land, aided and abetted by army influence, already are becoming show places for polo in localities where it has been but faintly heard of in the past.

Secondly, there is the encroachment of professional football upon the exclusiveness of the gridiron sport as a college game. Professional football has had a hard struggle but it has definitely arrived. It was when professional baseball became strongly entrenched, around the turn of the century, that interest in college baseball evaporated and the more pronouncedly university sport of American football usurped first position.

With football being taken over by a commercialized faction in a way that threatens soon to rival the amateur game in public esteem, there is a feeling, slight in some schools, more noticeable in others, that the colleges should turn again to something that will be more characteristically their own sport. Polo is the logical answer.

Here is a game that fits in with both trends; it probably will never be played professionally and it uses horses in the most thrilling manner imaginable. Polo and football have many points in common. Both are played by teams and both are human contact sports; both have the same object, to get a ball through a goal at one end or the other of a large field. Polo takes about as long for a game as football; it is much easier to understand than football, yet has its fine points to hold the attention of the expert; it has even more of the element of real danger that makes the hair stand up on the head; it can be witnessed by a larger number of people because the field is longer. The mounted sport calls for exceptional skill and aptitude, high courage and genuine sportsmanship. It has football beaten two ways from the Jack for the character-building about which gridiron coaches love to preach to luncheon clubs. And, developed by a college student, it becomes a life long sport if he can afford it; no four years and quit—or turn pro.

Moreover, polo already is a college sport to an extent which is seldom realized. It has had its own Intercollegiate Polo Association for more than ten years, with seven school members, and it is also played wherever the Reserve Officers Training Corps maintains mounts, at a score of schools scattered all over the country. It is made a special study at eight or ten preparatory schools. It is not confined to the wealthy—many a lad is playing polo, and fairly good polo, in agricultural schools from Michigan to Alabama, who never saw a game before he went to college and who perhaps waits on table for his living, between classes and games.

This summer there will be held, unless postponement becomes necessary in plans of the United States Polo Association, which sponsors the Intercollegiate Polo Association, a national college polo tournament which will be truly deserving of the name. So-called national tournaments have been held in the past, chiefly for Eastern schools, with occasional visitors, Arizona or Oklahoma. But 1935 is set to mark the starting of college polo on a nation-wide basis, with various circuit contests, the winners from which will meet at some central point to play for a genuine championship. The lines upon which this tournament will be conducted and its probable contestants will be:

Eastern: Princeton, Yale, Harvard, Pennsylvania Military College, Cornell and Norwich.

Central: Michigan State, Chicago, Illinois, Iowa State, Missouri and Ohio State.

Southwestern: Oklahoma and Texas.

Western: Arizona, Stanford, Oregon State and Utah.

Southern: Alabama Poly, Georgia and Florida.

The Intercollegiate Polo Association was formed in 1925 and a beautiful trophy put up by General Robert Lee Bullard, Yale finally obtaining permanent possession by its third victory in 1928. Then Gouverneur M. Carnochan, now president of the Association, offered another handsome trophy, which is still being competed for. However, intercollegiate polo proves it has broken away from sectional bias by decreeing that the former event shall hereafter be the Eastern Championship and that the more truly representative competition outlined above shall become known as the National Championship.

Because they have turned out so many fine polo players, the tendency in thinking of college polo is to call to mind Princeton and Yale and, perhaps to a lesser extent of recent years, Harvard, where it has been played since the 1880's.

Attention to what these schools mean in the polo world was strikingly attracted when a "kid team" out of college only for a few years, represented the East in defeating the more highly ranking Western team in the intersectional matches at Meadow Brook club on Long Island in the autumn of 1934.

That Eastern outfit consisted of James P. Mills and Michael Phipps, but lately out of Yale, and Billy Post, 2nd, and Winston Guest, polo prides of recent Princeton teams. They showed the college influence in being able to subordinate individual brilliancy to team endeavor and thereby put over the big sports surprise of the year.

In years past Yale gave to the polo world Louis E. Stoddard, now president of the United States Polo Association, and J. Watson Webb, to mention but a pair. Harvard is always remembered for its R. L. Agassiz and Devereux Millburn, top notch players of the past; for the noted

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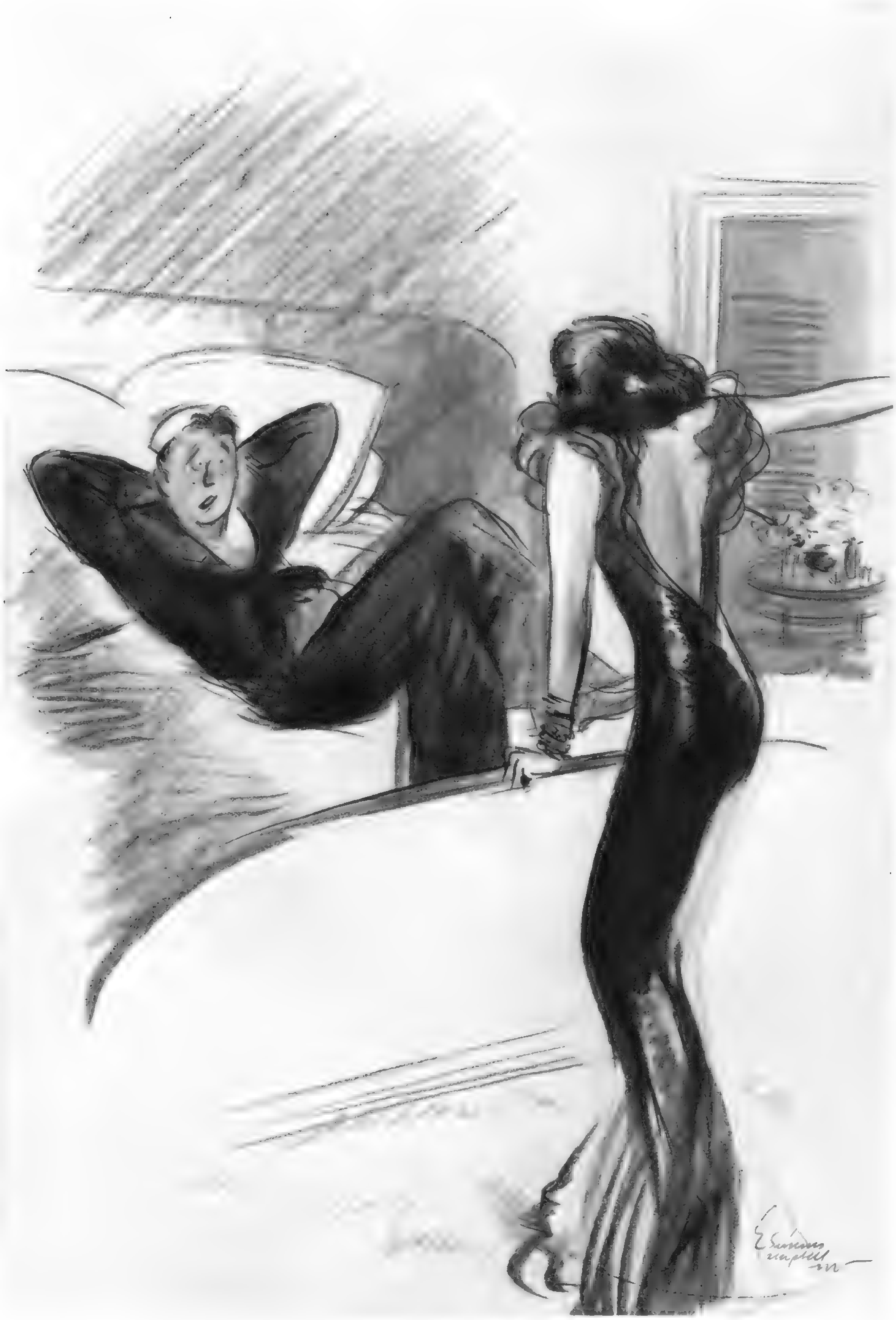


"Aw honey, gee whiz—yuh may never see me again"

The Man Who Read Sea Stories

Fulfillment for the little man who wanted to go voyaging on ships to Shanghai, to Zamboanga

by CHARLES RAWLINGS

FICTION

THE clerk in the port shipping office looked at the little man sitting on the edge of a chair. The clerk wore a heavy blue sweater with a roll collar and a derby hat pushed back on his head.

"What's on your mind, Jack?" he asked.

The little man had his hat off. There was a fringe of wispy hair over his ears. He had a round, bald head that was polished and thin like a bird's skull. His light gray suit was too big for him, especially the trousers. He came and stood beside the clerk's desk.

"I'd like to—ship," he said.

"What are you?" the clerk asked. He waited, then "Got any discharges? What do you do?"

The little man shook his head with his mouth open.

"I've never shipped before," he said. "I've never had a chance."

"What d'yu mean, 'never had a chance'?"

"Well you see—" the little man looked about the empty room. "I—I always wanted to go to sea—ever since I was a boy." He gained confidence as the clerk nodded up at him and he talked faster. "You know how things happen. I didn't go. Then I—married—Molly. Then I couldn't go. But I'm all alone now. Since six months ago. I've even lost,'' he said it almost brightly, "my job. So you see there's nothing in my way."

"Yeah," the clerk said, "I see."

The little man clenched his fist and shook it in front of his stomach with sudden little nervous jerks.

"I'm sure about it," he said. "I'm not joking. I've always wanted to go. I've always read—about the sea. You haven't a ship going through the Canal and then across the Pacific on the Great Circle route up by the—the—the Aleutian Islands and then into Shanghai and Yokohama and—and Zamboanga?"

"No," the clerk said, "we're all out of those."

He scratched just under his right eye as he looked up at the little man.

"How's your dough—your money?" he asked.

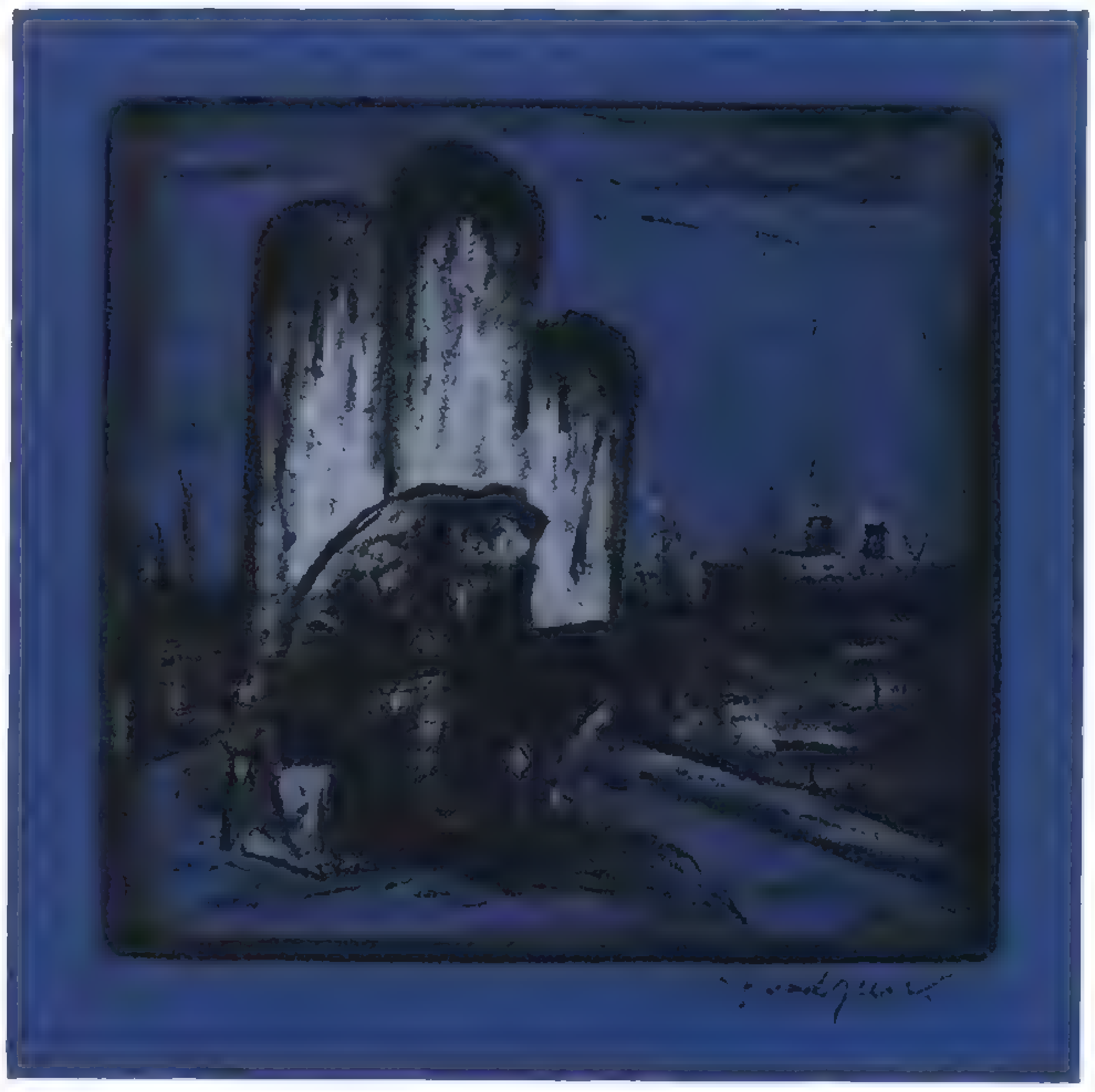
"Enough—enough for another week anyway. If you could get me right out I'd—I'd give it to you."

"No!" the clerk shook his head. "No! What'd you do, read that in a book, too? No, Jack, listen! Times are tough. These freight skippers want big men. No better than you, understand, but big and heavy. You want to hit the passenger lines. The steward's end or the poiser's. And listen, Jack, don't go talkin' about wantin' to go ever since you was a boy and readin' books. Go in—hit the Hall Line down where they're buildin' that new liner—and say, 'I want an examination and me name on the list for thoid assistant poiser.' Just like that."

He watched the little man walk across the room and close the door.

"Shanghai! Zamboanga! Sea stories!" he said to the empty room.

"Geez! Ain't this job gettin' to be somethin'."



"No! No-o-o!" the doctor said. He took the stethoscope from his ears and sat back in his chair. "Nothing to it. You couldn't pass for the shore end of a gangplank. You must know it. You've had that heart for years. It sounds like an old winch working on chain cable."

"I've got to go. It doesn't matter," the little man said.

"What doesn't matter?"

"If I die. There's no one! There's nothing—"

"It matters to us. No! Don't be ridiculous. I couldn't pass you for anything."

The little man walked slowly down the yard alongside the new liner. It was black aloft where the new plates had not had time to rust, red below. He found a dock head and settled himself with his back against a spile. The black harbor water swirled away before him on the ebb tide. He sat motionless while the afternoon waned and the black water slowed down and stopped and then began its return on the flood. Only once, when two vessels blew for passing out in the stream, did he lift his head. He watched the outward bounder, a single funneled passenger boat with white banks of cabins, until it was a black speck against the sunset sky.

The moon was shining and the dockhead wet with dew when he stood up. He walked without any attempt at concealment, aimlessly, up the yard. The side of the new liner in the moonlight loomed like a basalt cliff. A plank walk, grimy with rust and soot and sand from the workmen's feet, led him and he slowly entered the great, quiet hull. A ladder stood before him and he climbed it without a backward glance. He moved along the floor of a hold and then up another ladder, then aimlessly forward again. Fantastic shadows and drifts of moonlight seemed to beckon him. He climbed again, and then again. Finally his head slowly protruded up into the night.

Before him were the tapering lines of the great vessel's forward sections, closing in to make the knifelike cutwater. He stepped out on the forecastle head. Astern the deck had been finished but forward were gaunt, naked beams. The chain locker and the watertight compartment in the nose of her were still to be decked. Plates to cover them were piled ready for the riveters in the morning. He walked along a plank way. At its end he found he could go no further. He was, he realized, over the very bows of the ship

Cautiously he sat down on the beam under his feet, took off his hat and sagged his head. A little defeated, consumed atom of a man he was, no bigger than an ant atop the great hull. Life was surely going to gobble him up, but the sudden knowledge of that fact had only bewildered him. He was not frightened yet. He was simply lost, like a child. He wanted to go home the way he always had, to his bed, but he knew it could not be any good any more.

It had always been the happiest place, his bed. He would prop the pillows, snap on the light at the headboard, stretch out luxuriously. The magazine, a square of lurid color on the white counterpane, waited for him impatiently as he lit his pipe. And then—and then the world would fall away and—

> "Bimi smiled up at him with love and admiration in her dusky eyes. He brought the schooner about and stood in toward the palm-fringed atoll. At last he had found it! The Pearl shell was his!"

Continued at top of page 120

A Discouraging Word

Why lunching Rotarians love to sing only the songs of long long ago and of far far away

by GILBERT SELDES

▪ THE LIVELY ARTS ▪

I HAVE been considerably worried lately by the gentleman who wishes to go home—home on the range, to be specific. I assume that the gentleman has been visiting in the East, and somehow his shrinking and sensitive soul has been offended. Maybe a snooty Chicagoan or Akronite tried to pull a fast one on him, saying "table d'hote" instead of "the regular boiled New England dinner." Maybe somebody in the neighborhood of Cleveland ran into five syllables on him. Finally, although it seems impossible, someone might have used two such excellent Anglo-Saxon monosyllables as "Go home."

My impression of the men from the range is not checked by wide experience, but I had always assumed that they were a fairly tough lot, roping and branding and singing and cursing and eating cannibal sandwiches. Definitely, I do like this touch of effeminacy. It is all very well for the East to get the jitters and to be profoundly discouraged by such words as *devaluation*, *Section 7a*, and *diplomatic conference*. But the West has no business to wilt—not even if the entire dictionary is thrown upon its head.

I have been traveling about, and at moments lifting my voice in song with business men who have a mistaken idea that after singing they could calmly listen to me address them on unimportant subjects. Fortunately in each case a little folder of songs is provided, and, putting these folders together, I have a fairly clear idea of the forty songs which good business men like to sing. They sing them fairly well too, with divided choirs, and their voices troll out merrily when the leader cries, "Number eleven, This little pig went to market," or "Number twenty, Sweet Adeline." Of course there is number thirty-one, which is a medley beginning with "East Side, West Side," and "A Bicycle built for two"—proving once for all that these are not the same song, and continuing with Annie Rooney and Rosie O'Grady and a few other Irish gals, down to the Good Old Summer Time. These songs have all the attractiveness of thumping good tunes and artificial memories. The young business men sing them because their fathers heard them from song and dance men on their last legs. You have to have these songs and the romances from war time—the Long, Long Trail and Smiles. But apparently our masters of commerce deliberately choose to sing the University of Maine song, and When the Moon Comes Over the Mountain.

I am a little oppressed by the longing and the melancholy of these chosen songs. Charmed to see a right good tune with cheerful words—Easter Parade—in the list, I hunted around and found that only the old-timers had much zip to them. I can quite see why the gentlemen who sit in swivel chairs are enchanted with the freer motion of "The Man on the Flying Trapeze," but "The Dew on the Rose" and "The Thrush Calling His Sleepy Mate" strike me as rather remote and romantic for our present purposes. (I am not quoting from Restoration Poets but from The World is Waiting for the Sunrise.) The best songs are, of course, the songs we heard in our childhood, or which correspond in some way to those presumably happy times. But the childhood of our great grandparents in Sweden or Bessarabia calls for a too great jump of the imagination. I know that the young woman who occurs in the dream spun by The Old Spinning Wheel pretends to play "Old Black Joe," but the old-fashioned garden which occurs in that dream, and the spinning wheel and the organ themselves, are not the correct properties for 1900 in the United States of America.

If I worry about the tender-skinned Westerner, my hair will grow grey over the business men of the East who sing "Marching Along Together" ("to chase the jinx") and are so depressed that they encourage each other to Smile, Darn Ya, Smile, in the key of B flat. I even worry about the extent of their commercial information, when I find that the Gloaming in which they wish to roam takes place on the Bonnie Banks of Clyde. If this is the Clydeside that I have seen, our business men are, in Noel Coward's words, "definitely, dangerously, nuts." However, what can you expect from gentlemen who, at least once in their lives, wore a big red rose?

Looking over my forty favorite songs, I note that comparatively few are recent, and hardly any are the work of our most popular composers. A good song ringing clear seems to be generated by ways unknown to the ordinary plugger. Perhaps the songs of recent years are a little too difficult to sing, a little too much written for the dance music. In my list, there is the Berlin song which I have already mentioned, but I can identify no Gershwin and no Kern. We run to ballads, perhaps because we all fancy ourselves John McCormack. For another thing, our recent songs are a little bit free on certain mortal points. Mr. Kern may find perfectly good answers to his own question, "Why do I love you?" But a considerable number of songs have implied that this is nothing more than a biological accident, not to be taken seriously, and certainly not to be depended upon for longer than a week-end. This may express a good male point of view, but the canny male has decided that it had better be expressed by young men and women singing for hire, and not by himself singing for fun. On these latter occasions, he prefers a girl like the one who married his dear old dad, and "for ever" is hardly long enough to express the duration of his devotion.

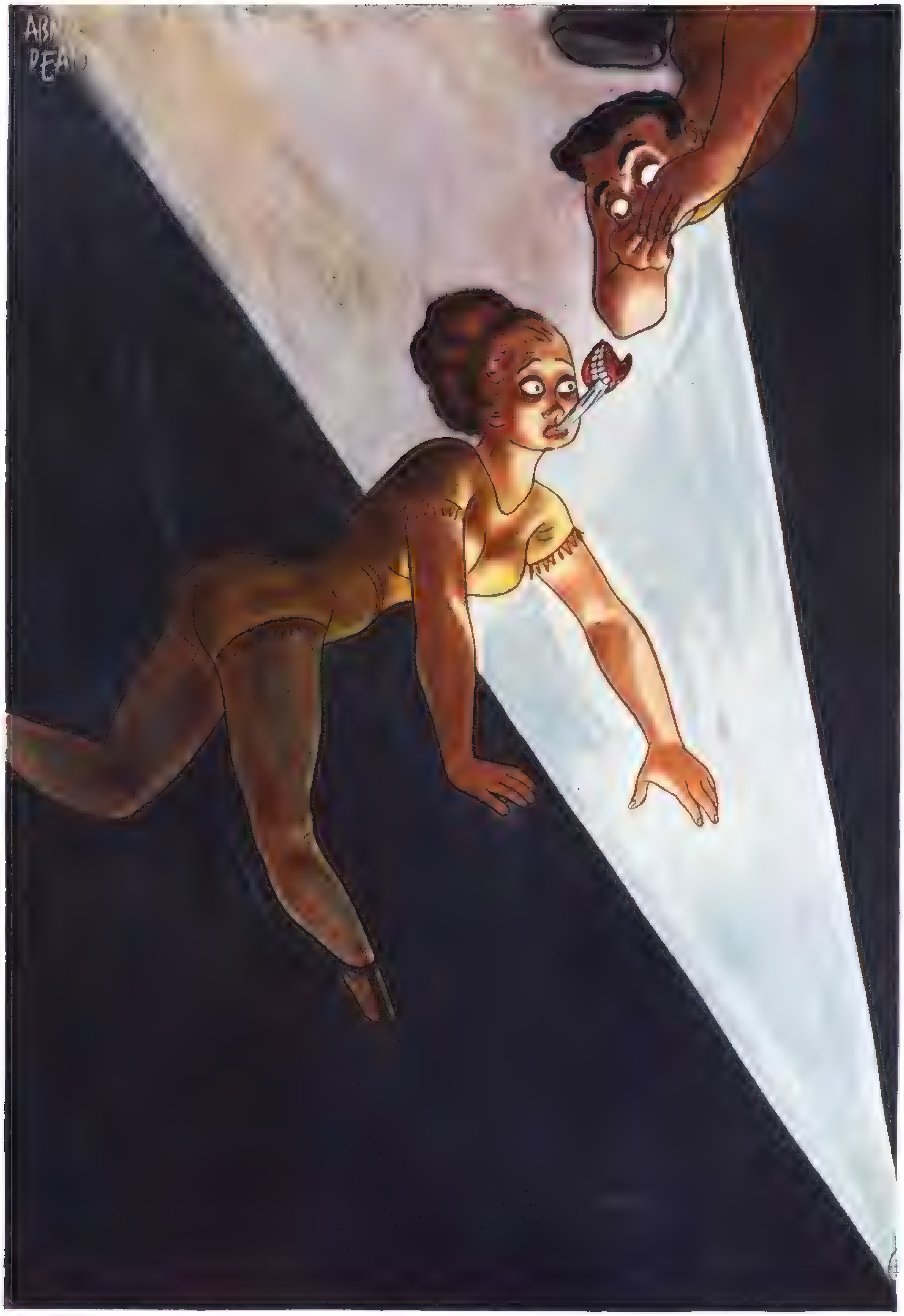
I ought to confess that all of this really constitutes an aside to the main question which is not what songs our business men sing, but why they sing at all. It used to be an old complaint against our mechanical civilization that we had destroyed the habit of gathering together and making music. And if that habit has been restored, credit must go to the Rotary. As an honored guest—honored before I spoke—I could observe my singing friends, and found that after the first song their self consciousness fell away. I suspect that years ago they felt like fools, and had to be dragooned and shamed into lifting their voices. Now they can hardly get enough. Five or six songs in forty-five minutes mixed with fruit cup and one entree and two side dishes, is a common ration, and they hate to stop. My impression is that these songs are taking the place of college yells. I am informed that the singing contributes to health, individual cheer, and general sociability. I sincerely believe that this is true.

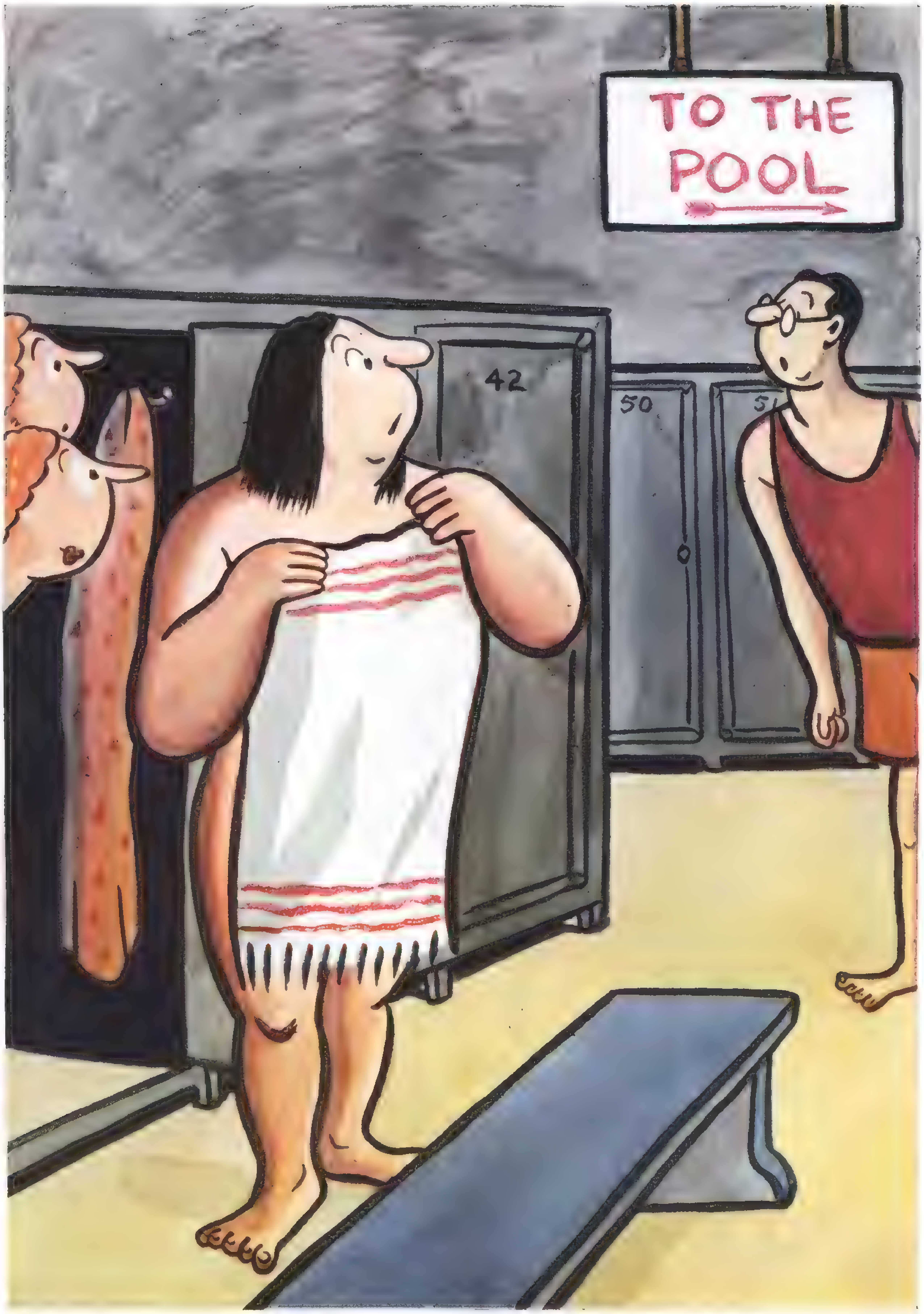
But I hope that somebody will explain to me what they mean when they sing the last lines of "My Wild Irish Rose":

"And some day, for my sake, she may
let me take
The bloom from my wild Irish Rose."

(Quoted by permission of M. Witmark & Sons.)

Have our censors of morals heard about this? #




TO THE POOL
42
50
51

"I'm looking for the handball courts"

The Roughest, Toughest Sport

Including gouging, biting, slugging, drowning, all in the spirit of good clean fun

by JAMES W. POLING

• SPORTS •

THE English newspapers of July 14, 1876, were only mildly curious about the event. The fullest account of the game said merely that, on the previous afternoon, the two teams of the Bournemouth Premier Rowing Club had engaged in "an aquatic football match;" and told in conclusion how, "upon a given signal both teams leaped with commendable agility from their galleys and struck out for the ball of contention. Unfortunately, after a severe struggle, the ball burst; but the players, nothing daunted, and properly habited, continued to display their aquatic accomplishments for some time."

Those gentlemen of Bournemouth who on that afternoon in 1876 displayed such "commendable agility" were the first known individuals to compete in an organized game of a sport that has since come to be known as the roughest sport of them all: a sport requiring more strength, courage and better physical condition of its players than any other competitive event. And a sport that has, in less than sixty years, achieved international popularity, and which is played today wherever a suitable swimming pool can be found—Water Polo.

The game requires but few physical properties. All that is necessary is a pool or tank "not greater than 75 feet nor less than 60"; a white rubber ball not less than 7 nor more than 8 inches in diameter which "should be inflated seven-eighths full... so that a good grip may be had on it with one hand"; and two four-foot goal boards to be hung just above the water at each end of the tank.

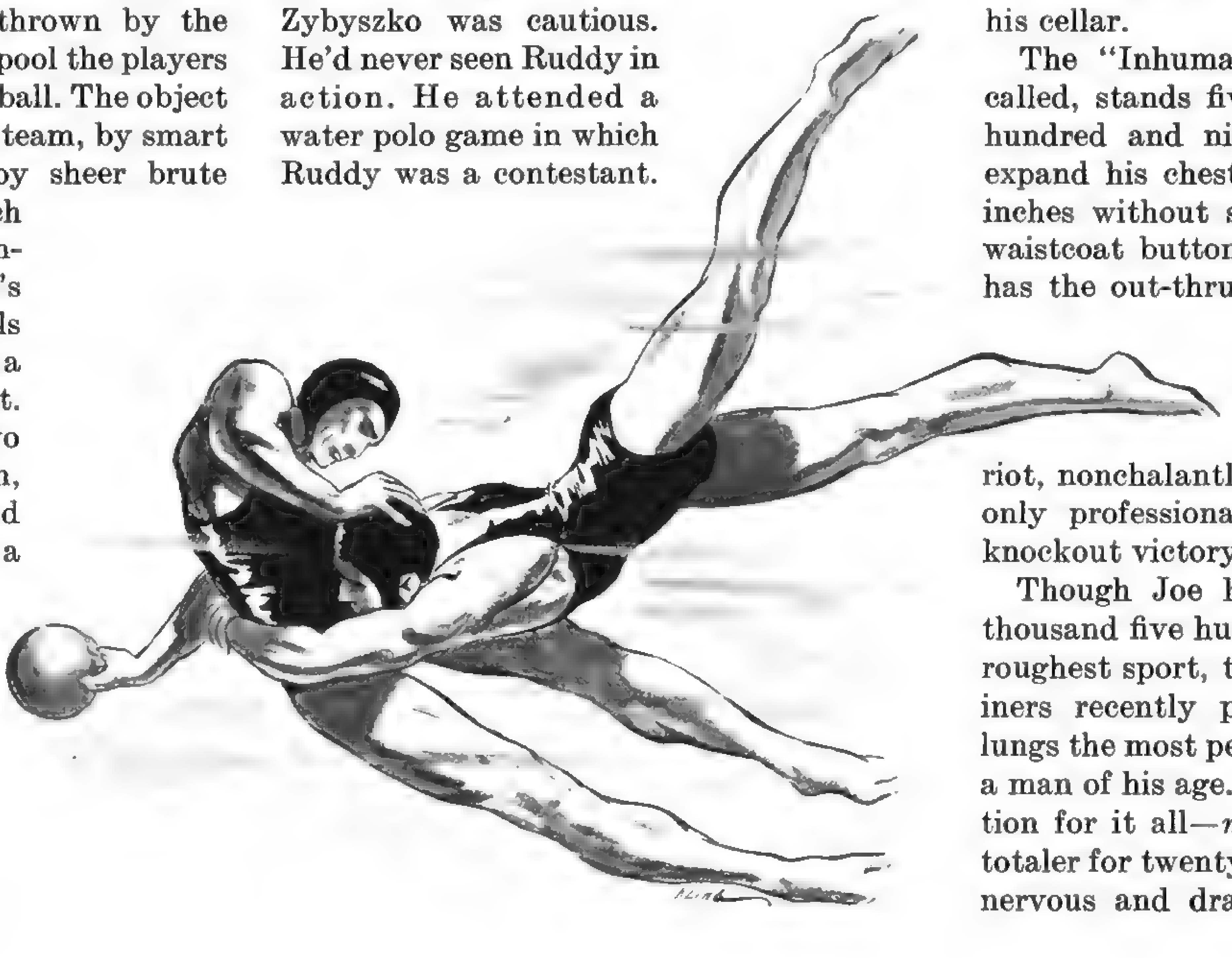
The two teams of six men each stand at their respective ends of the tank: two Forwards, two Backs, a Center and a Goalkeeper. When the ball is thrown by the referee into the center of the pool the players dive in and strike out for the ball. The object of the game is simple. Each team, by smart and scientific passing, or by sheer brute strength, endeavors to touch or throw the "ball of contention" against the opponent's goal board. A touch goal equals 3 points, a thrown goal 2 and a free throw after a foul 1 point. The game is divided into two halves of eight minutes each, with a five-minute rest period between halves. In case of a tie as many extra periods of three minutes each are played as is necessary to break the tie. And, though the game is a combination of mayhem, wrestling, football and water-rioting, only four substitutions a game are permitted.

The rules governing the play of the game are stark in their simplicity. Gouging, biting and, occasionally, slugging are regarded as rather extreme measures. Everything else goes.

Tries for thrown foul goals are awarded on a purely technical basis, such as tackling a player who is not within four feet of the ball, use of abusive language, or engaging in gladiatorial combat while holding on to the side of the pool. The gentle spirit of the game is perhaps best illustrated by the rule which, while awarding a foul for holding under water more than ten seconds any player within four feet of the ball, makes the following exception, "A player who has possession of the ball may be held under *as long as* he retains possession of the ball." An innocent appearing rule, except that any player who would release a ball to avoid drowning would thereafter be shunned by his teammates as a craven and a man unworthy of the society of his fellow beings.

Dr. John Breen, a well known medical expert and sports enthusiast, once said, "Football and fighting, bah! Parlor sports compared to water polo. It's the roughest sport in the world. If Joe Ruddy could get Dempsey into a tank for five minutes to meet him water polo style they'd still be counting over Jack when they took him home in a cab."

The statement isn't as extreme as it may sound. As the result of an argument that came up in the lounge of the New York Athletic Club Wladek Zybyszko, then the world's heavyweight wrestling champion, was invited to meet Joe Ruddy in the N. Y. A. C.'s tank. Zybyszko was cautious. He'd never seen Ruddy in action. He attended a water polo game in which Ruddy was a contestant. The proposed match never came off.



Dr. Breen used Joe Ruddy's name advisedly. For to talk of water polo is to talk of Joe Ruddy, the Father of the American game. The game was brought to this country by Fred Wells in 1885. In 1895 Joe Ruddy began playing the game; in 1898 he was a member of the team which won the national championship and today he feels badly because last year, forty-three years after he started playing water polo, he played only part of the match in which his New York Athletic Club team won the national championship.

At fifty-six years of age, with forty-three years of competition in twenty-six different sports behind him, Joe Ruddy is still the star of the N. Y. A. C.'s national championship water polo team.

A century and a half ago Joe McGarth stood beside a stone quarry at Newry, Ireland, and in the seventeenth round of a bare knuckle battle knocked Buck Markey to the turf, thus winning the heavyweight championship of that land of natural fighters. And Joe Ruddy claims that no great grandson of the old ring champion, who died at the age of one hundred and eight, can be through at fifty-six.

Though for years he has been recognized as the greatest water polo player of all time his athletic abilities haven't been limited to that sport. Years ago he held practically every American swimming record worth putting on the books. During his years of competition Joe has won over one thousand prizes, including thirty-six sets of championship medals, two Olympic victories, and five or six barrels of silver cups now cluttering up his cellar.

The "Inhuman Fish," as he has been called, stands five-feet-ten and weighs one hundred and ninety-five pounds and can expand his chest twelve and three-quarter inches without straining anything but his waistcoat buttons. He is totally bald and has the out-thrust chin and the thin compressed lips of a born fighter—as is to be expected in a man who once, in an after-the-game riot, nonchalantly pounded to the floor the only professional fighter ever to score a knockout victory over Jack Johnson.

Though Joe has played well over two thousand five hundred games of the world's roughest sport, three expert medical examiners recently pronounced his heart and lungs the most perfect they had ever seen on a man of his age. Joe has a simple explanation for it all—*moderation*. He was a teetotaler for twenty-five years until one night, nervous and drawn from a long grind of

Continued on page 86

Master of Repartee

The professor may know a lot of words, but the kid is right there with a snappy comeback

by CAPTAIN WM. OUTERSON

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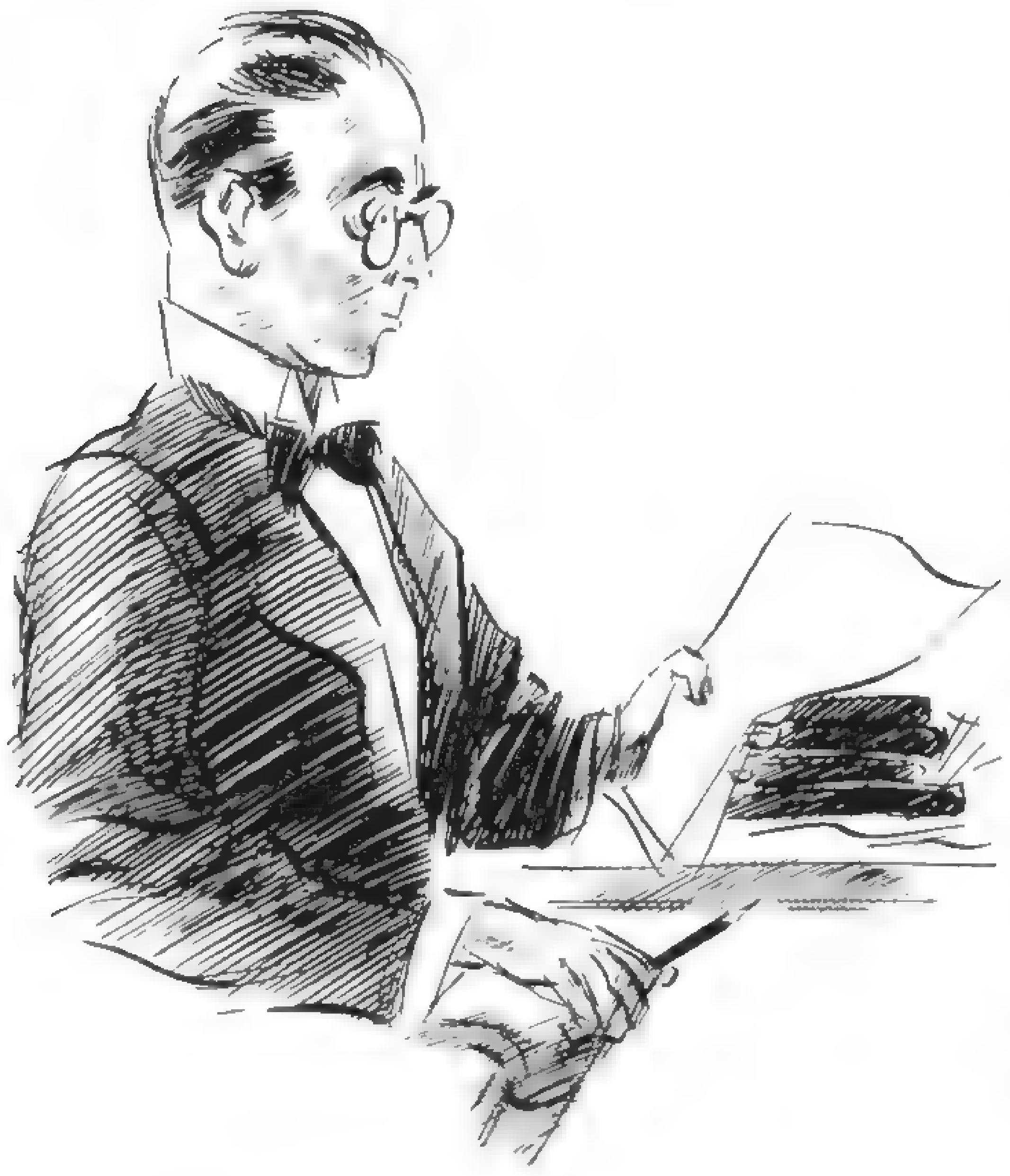
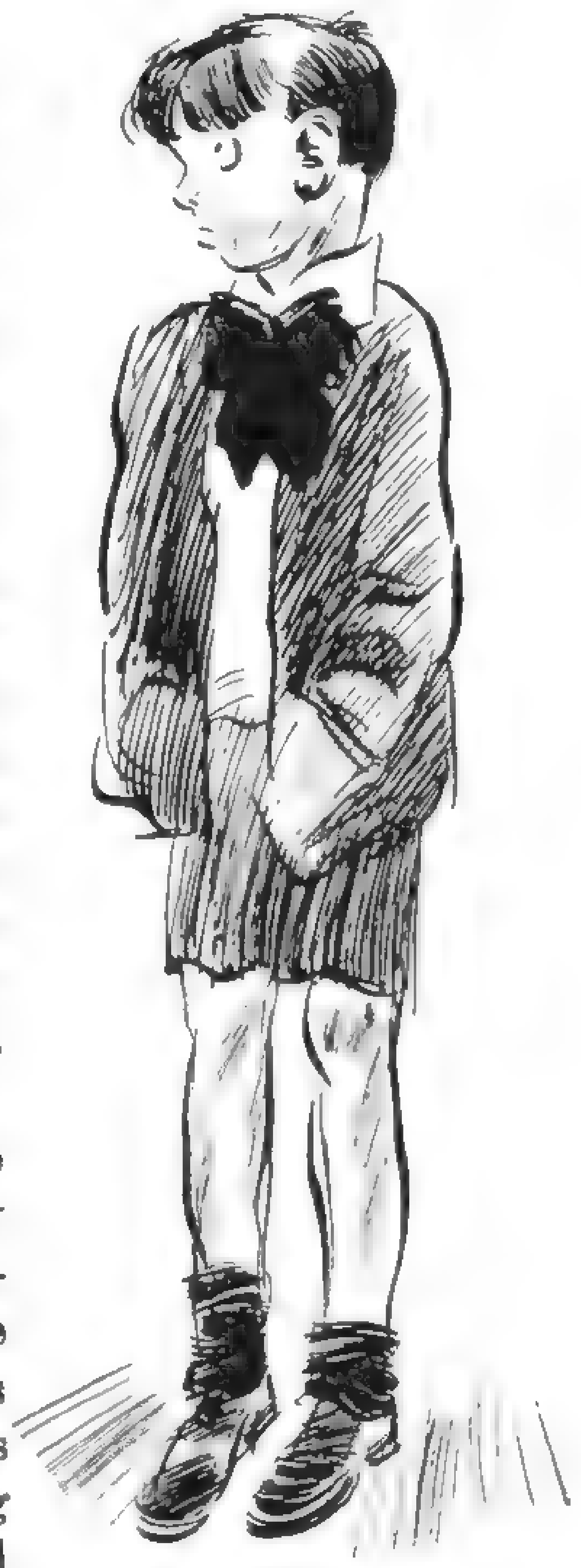


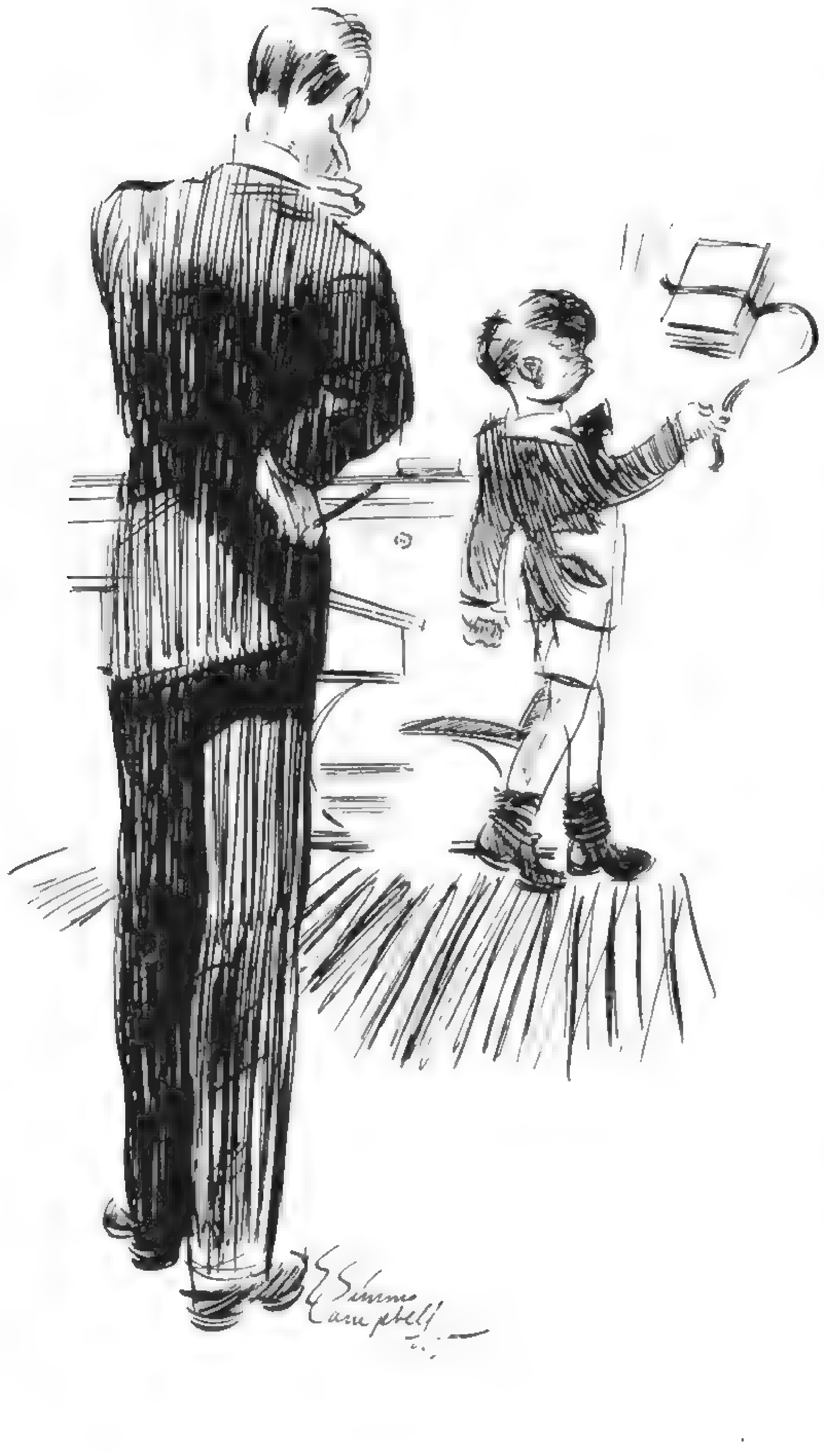
THE professor surveyed the boy with a puzzled frown. He was a large youth physically, but apparently his brain weighed less than the average, and he gazed at the master frankly and pleasantly, with marked but good-natured condescension, as if he knew it was part of a headmaster's job to call a fellow into his office and jabber at him for half an hour, and forgave him for it.

"We've tried to be sympathetic and helpful," said the professor, "but you have now been three months in school and your arithmetic is deplorable. The teacher in that department tells me your attitude toward him is one of gentle commiseration, as if he were a harmless imbecile deserving kind and patient treatment. You look at him as you are looking at me now, and when he asks you how many two and two make, you answer that it depends on who is doing the counting. If you are adding up candies or cigarettes to give to a boy smaller than yourself you say that two and two make three, but if he is bigger than you are, two and two make four for sure, maybe five, or even six.

"In subtraction you are just as bad, or worse. When you subtract two from four in class your remainder is sometimes one, seldom two, frequently three, and when the teacher rebukes you for such stupendous ignorance you retort that subtraction is a science schoolteachers don't understand. The answer depends, you always say,on circumstances, and you explain that if you owe a boy two dollars and give him a five-dollar bill, he subtracts two from five and hands you back two if he can lick you, but if you can lick him he returns you four, or three and a half.



"In the English class your efforts have been distinguished by an almost miraculous stupidity, which annoys and disturbs the professor to such an extent that he is constantly swallowing bone dust from grinding his teeth. If he asks you to conjugate the simplest form of the verb 'to be,' you stand up and recite: 'I am, You ain't, He ain't, We are, You ain't, They ain't,' and that's all he can get out of you. Called upon to state the difference between the imperative and subjunctive moods you explain that when speaking to a stray dog you use the imperative, but if you happen to be questioned by a cop you always employ the subjunctive.



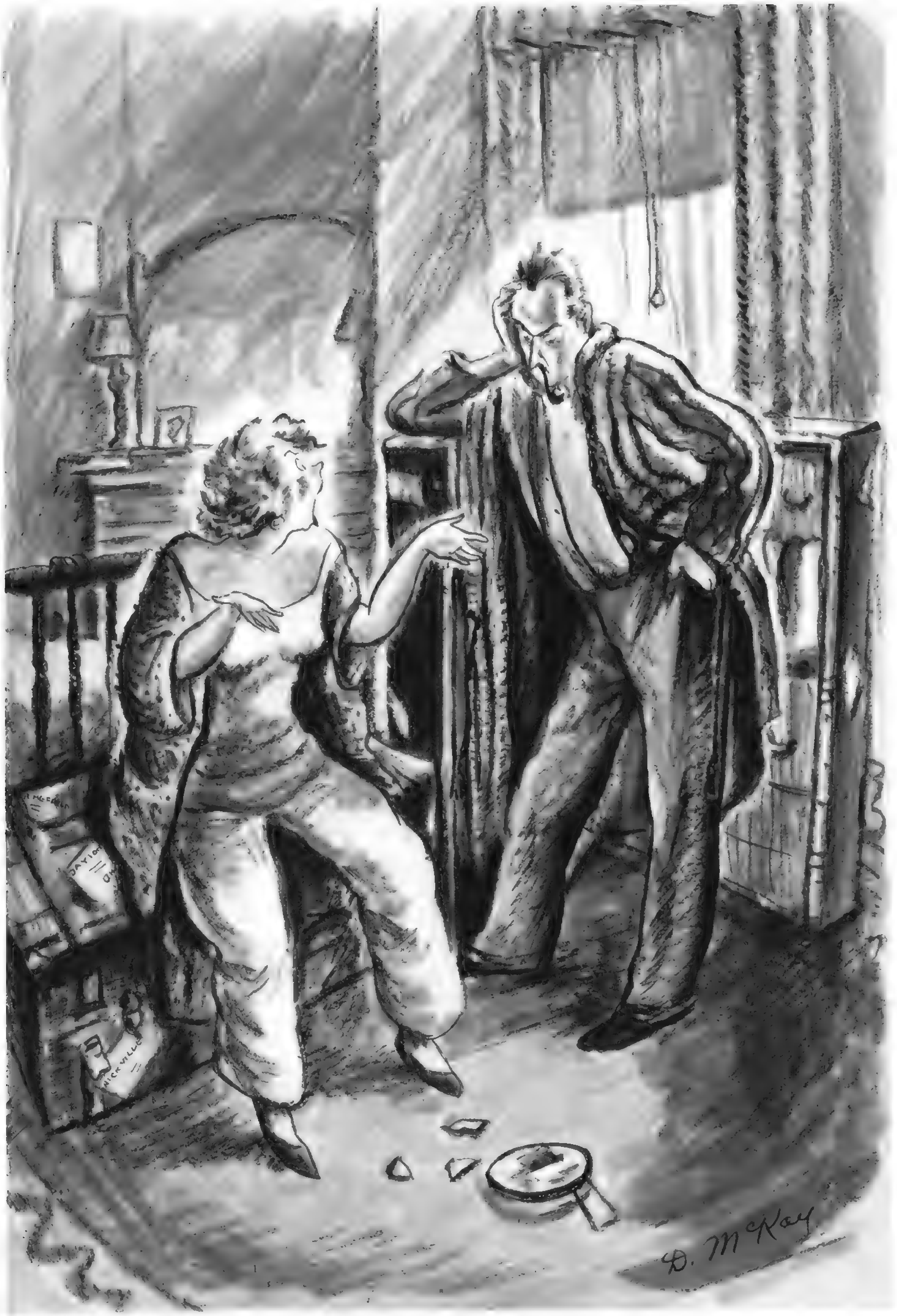
"Your work in composition is a mess that would bring tears to the eyes of a Bengal tiger, and your spelling touches a peak of absurdity loathsome to describe and hideous to contemplate. It gives the impression that the letters have been tossed onto the pages from the roof of the Woolworth Building on a windy day. Some of the words are unknown compounds invented by yourself, others don't possess a single clue to their identification. All the letters in them belong somewhere else, and the poor professor sits tearing his hair and rending the air with his groans.

"In the athletic field you have one good quality. You are hefty, but your brawn is used entirely for your own glory, and you regard any sort of team-work with scorn and contempt. They say you have the strength of a gorilla, the cunning of a blue-faced baboon and the agility of a flea, but you hold aloof from your schoolfellows with the same lofty contempt you show toward your teachers.

"That attitude I blame for most of your other shortcomings. Failing to realize that closer relations between us would result in great benefit to yourself, you stand at a distance from the rest of the world, as if you were a king, marvelously disguised, moving among meaner creatures, which is proof positive to me that you possess the mental capacity of the Java man. You could not be more remote from us if you were sitting on the topmost bough of a giant redwood, scratching yourself, and we were on the ground far below. The question is: how can we bring you to our level? What more can we offer you?"

The boy surveyed the professor with cynical tolerance.

"Aw—Nuts!" said he.



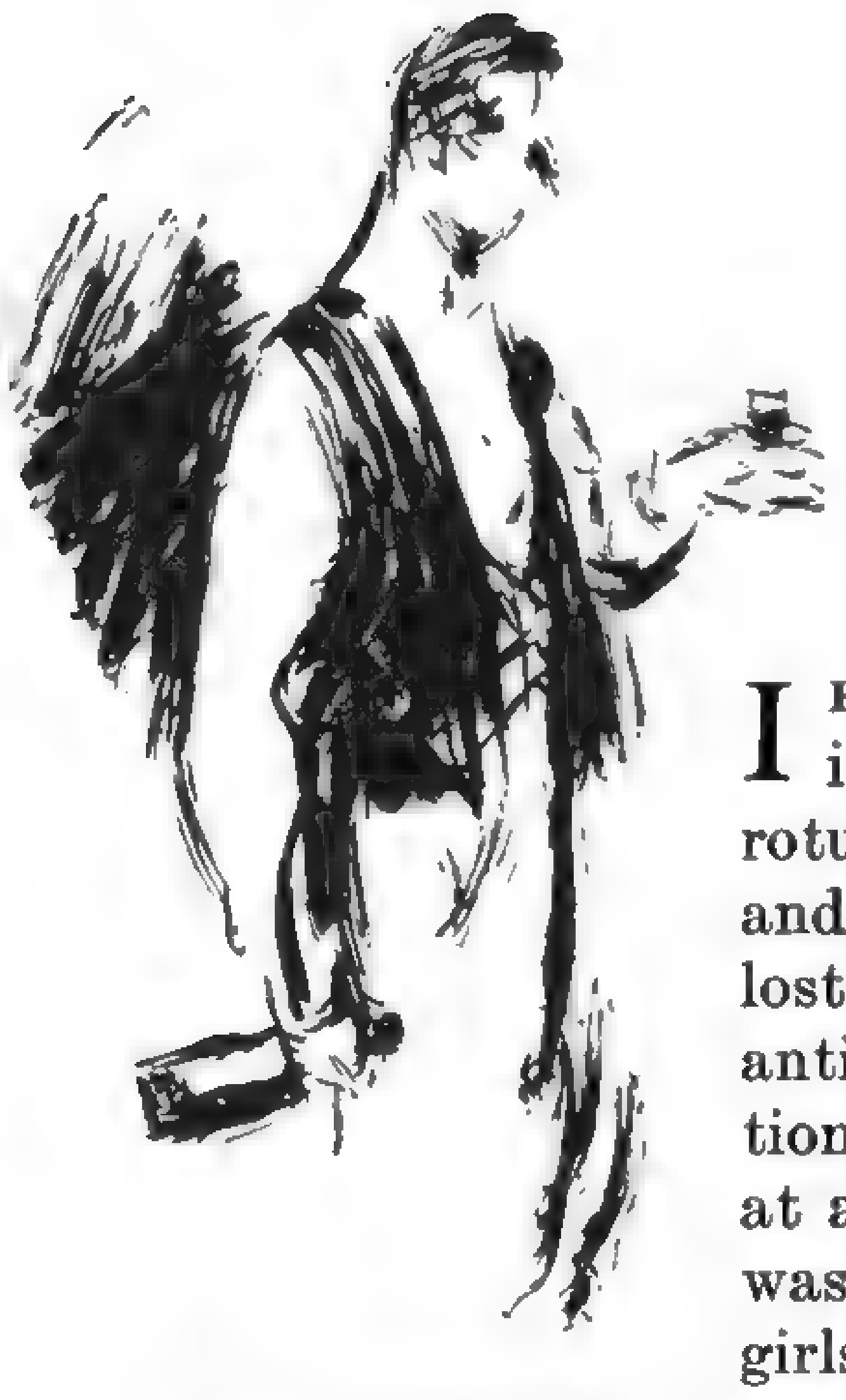
"What'll we do now? We've just had seven years bad luck!"

Queen in the Parlour Car

The perfect adventure is going along swell when suddenly the woman turns real and man pauses

by JOSEPH E. McDOUGALL

• FICTION •



I first saw her going through the rotunda of the hotel and immediately I lost all interest in the antics of the convention. It was obvious at a glance that she was not one of the girls the local men had brought down to entertain us. I watched her cross the rotunda like a queen, a very young beautiful queen all holiday, happy and golden, and I do not believe I have ever before been smitten quite the way I was then.

I am not a sophomore and I've been around, but this girl glowed, and I glowed too as I watched her pass.

She swept down to the end of the rotunda all shining, and a young man, very dark and latin and handsome, met her there. He looked serious, I thought, and he hardly spoke to her as he led her into the dining room.

The orchestra inside was playing *Song of Songs*, I remember that clearly. I remember the words of Solomon's song running through my head as I went up to the convention floor in the elevator:

"Behold thou art fair, my love, behold thou art fair . . ."

I did not drink very much at the dinner, or afterwards. Somehow I didn't feel like it.

When I got on the evening train I went into the parlour car right away. I had a bottle of rye in my overcoat and I hung it up carefully so that the top of the bottle would not show. As I did so I observed that the car was almost empty. The seat next to me was occupied, and she was in it. When the train pulled out she was still alone.

She was looking out of the window, though it was too dark to see anything, and as I looked at her cautiously it seemed to me that her face had become a mask, a Benda mask perhaps, beautiful but set. I was glad I had remained sober and I wondered if I dared to speak with her. If I said nothing I could look at her all the way to Buffalo; if I spoke to her and she refused to talk with me I would have to go into the smoker or sit there the whole three hours feeling uncomfortable, an intruder.

In a little while I called the porter for a pillow. As he was placing it behind my head he asked her if she would like one too and I offered her mine. She accepted it gracefully and we resumed our former silence. At length I could stand it no longer. I decided to be as direct as possible.

"Would you care for a drink?" I asked.

She looked at me steadily and searchingly for a minute and then, quite seriously she replied, "Yes, thank you, I would."

I had the porter set up a table and ordered soda.

We had that one and shortly afterward another. There was nothing flirtatious about her manner. She talked easily in a deep resonant voice that was a delight, about impersonal, commonplace things. She acknowledged my attempts at witticism without laughter and yet she succeeded in letting me know that she appreciated my efforts to be agreeable. All the time I seemed to feel her studying me, so that I was afraid to look too closely at her. I observed, however, that she was wearing a finely tailored suit of light blue. The soft ruching of her blouse at her throat imparted to her a flower-like quality. Her white, slender hand held her glass lightly. She wore no rings.

"I hope we're not late," she said, "I have to go across town to make connections when we get to Buffalo."

"So have I," I lied. I was spending the next day in Buffalo. "We can get a taxi together."

"That will be fine," she agreed. She looked at me searchingly again and smiled. She drained her glass and said quietly,

"May I have another?"

I poured her one, a good one, and was about to ring for the porter, when she stopped me.

"I'll take this one neat, I think," she said.

I took one neat too.

We sat there for a moment without speaking so I began to tell her about the convention.

"You get fed up with them," I told her, "one convention is just like another. You never accomplish anything. They're just an excuse for getting tight. I like to play, I suppose, as much as anyone but sometimes I begin to wonder what it's all about. I wasn't always a salesman and maybe that's why I get tired of them. I used to be on a newspaper and occasionally I sold a story or two to a magazine. I didn't make as much money then but I know I was happier."

So I told her about myself, about the novel I would finish some day, about the girl who started me writing it long ago and how much she reminded me of her. That last, I suppose, was not literally true, but as I talked and looked at her it seemed to become more and more so. She listened sympathetically.

"When I saw you tonight in the hotel, it seemed to bring all that back to me," I said.

She suddenly looked very tired.

"You saw me tonight in the hotel?" she asked.

"Yes," I said. "You walked through the rotunda and met a man at the entrance to the dining room. A tall, dark, good-looking chap."

"Yes, I know," she said quickly. Then, "Do you think we could have another drink?"

I pretended not to be surprised. As a matter of fact I was delighted. She apparently had confidence in me, and, for my part, the whiskey I had poured myself had served to enhance her desirability. Nevertheless, I was a little puzzled. She did not look like a girl who drank much and yet the rye she had taken seemed to be having no effect upon her at all.

As soon as I had attended to our glasses she raised hers.

"To a pleasant journey," she proposed.

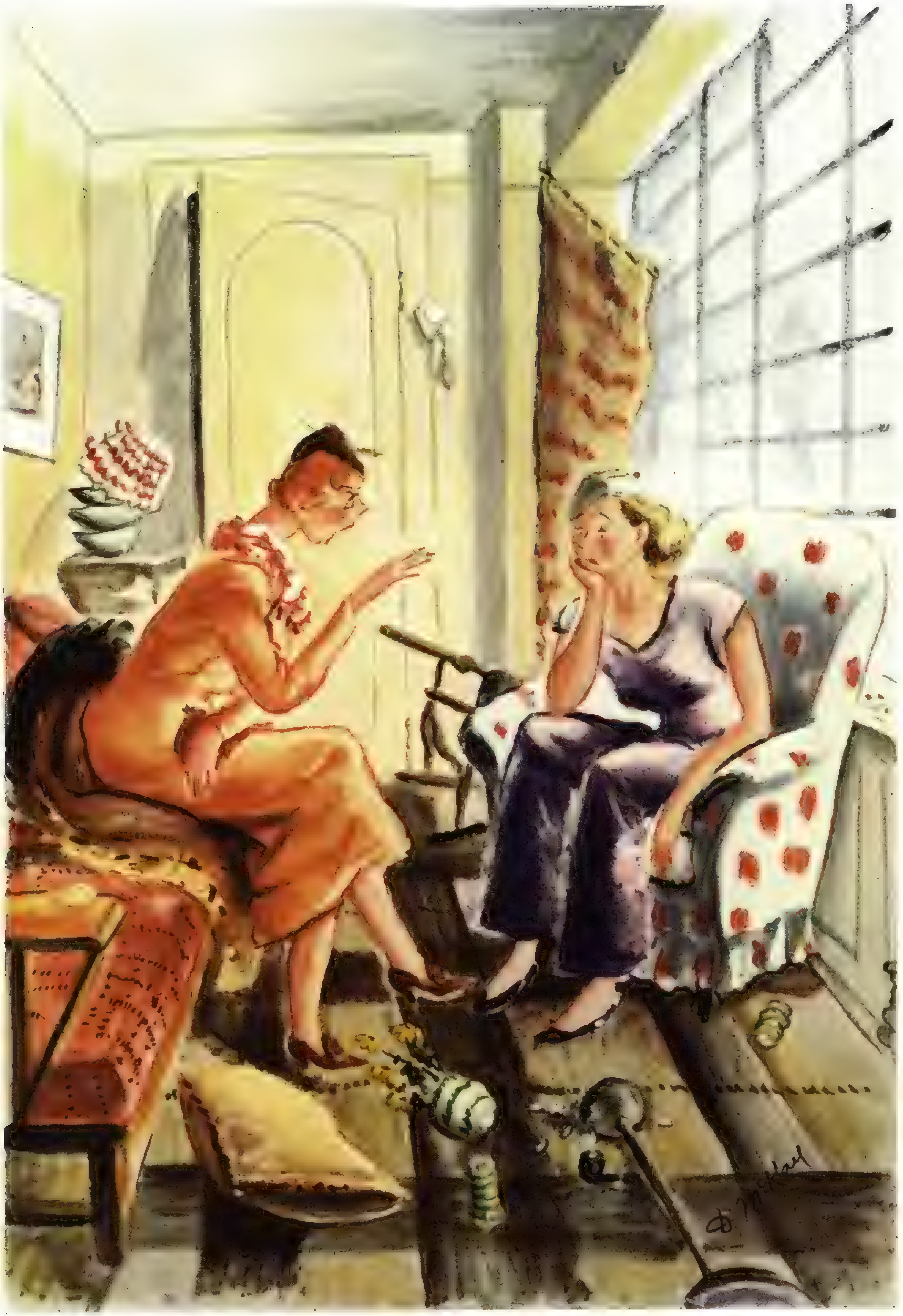
We clicked glasses and I am sure it was accidentally that our fingers touched. I was nettled that the electric effect of that contact seemed to leave her unmoved.

"I have known quite a few writers," she said, "one of them was a poet; he was a very dear friend of mine."

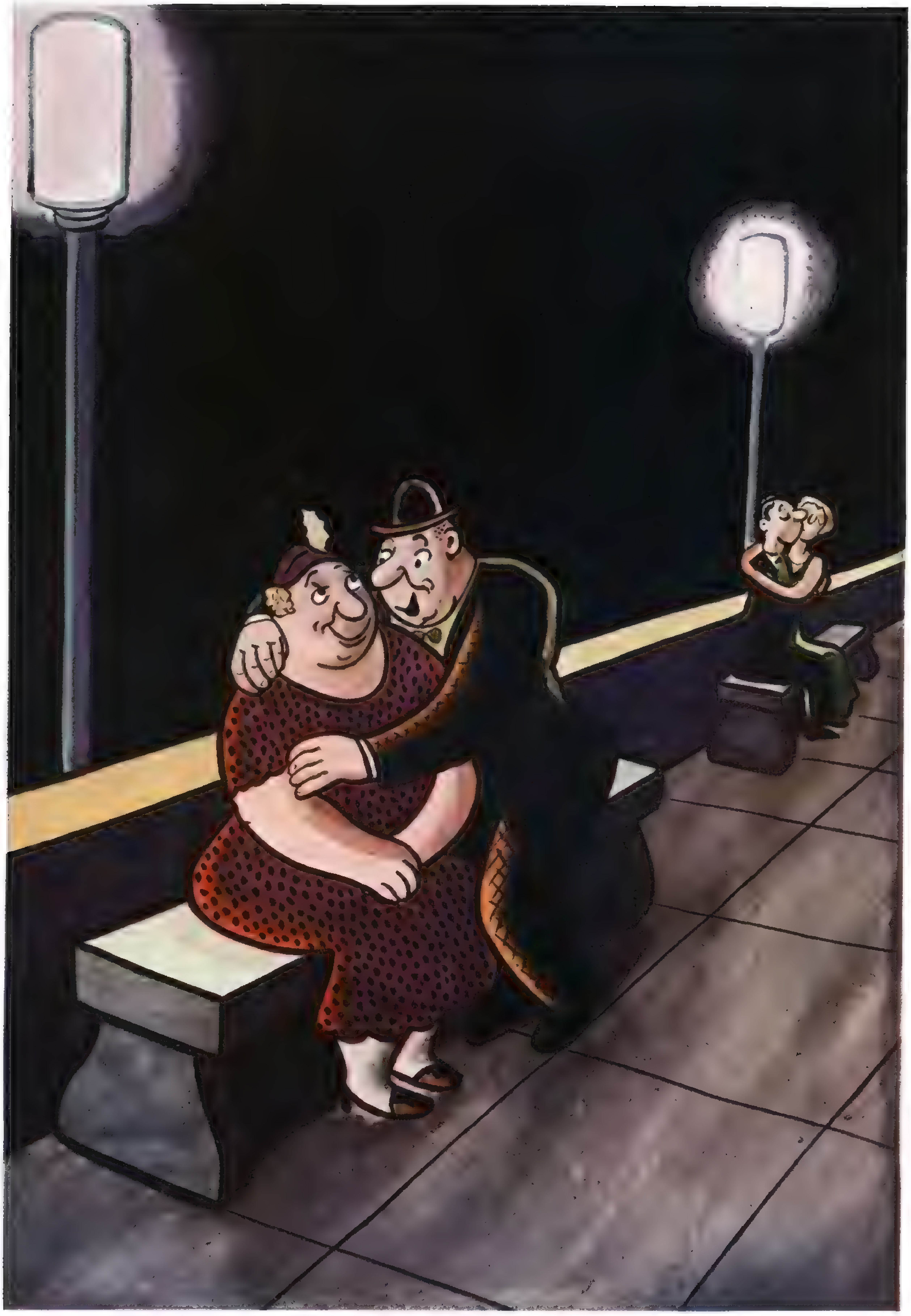
"I have written a little poetry too," I said. "There was a thing I wrote last year; I can't remember it, but there were three lines in it you might like."

I quoted them. She did not enthuse, though in her steady gaze I felt a disturbing understanding. This was not what I wanted. I realized that I was tricking myself into allowing a gay little adventure to turn

Continued on page 106



"It's better to be married—at least you get police protection"



"Darling! It's spring and I'm young again!"

What'll You Have or Gin?

Chemistry and the nose guide the creation of this silent spirit whose home is in the Dutch

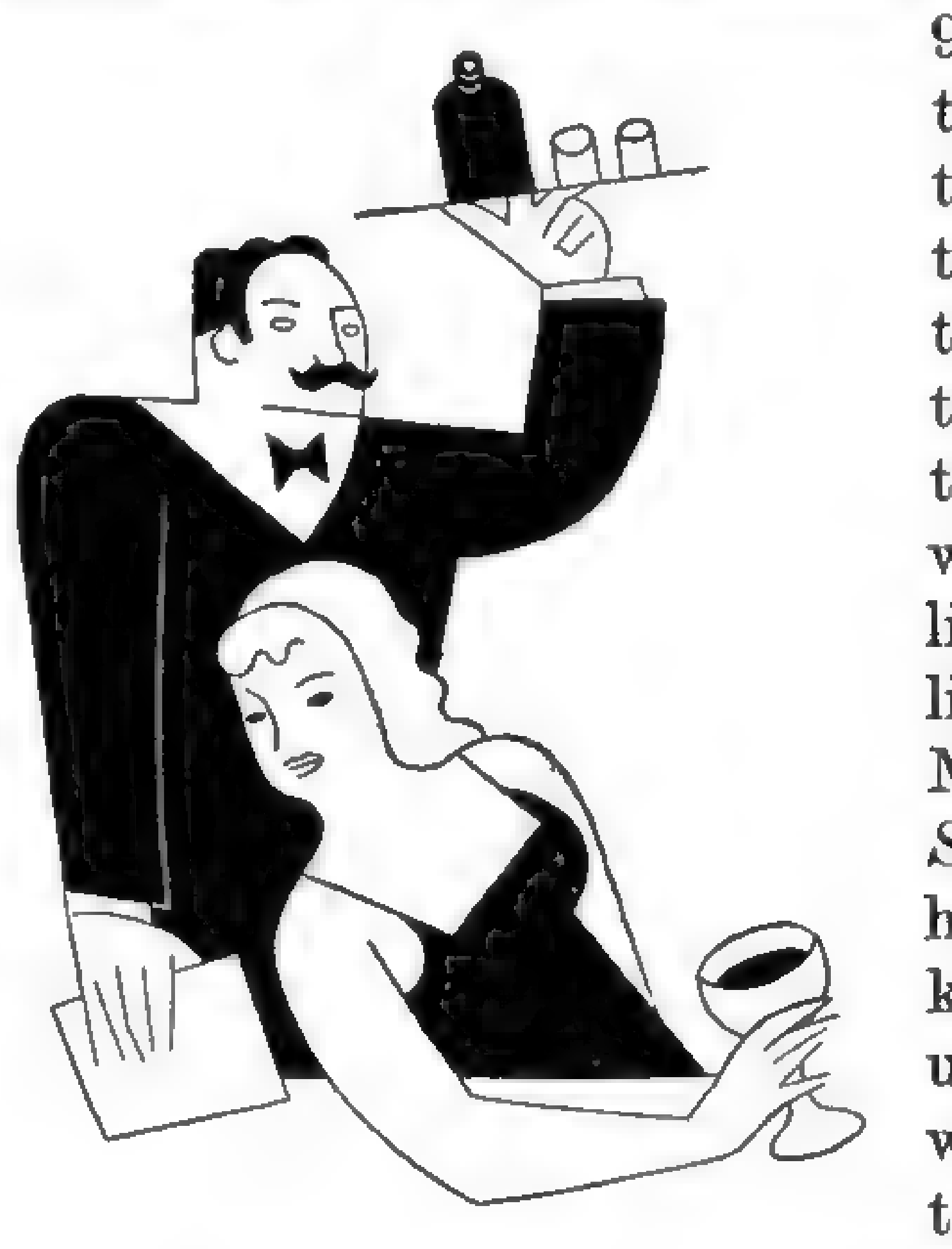
by LAWTON MACKALL

▪ ARTICLE ▪

The Chinese emperor Wu Ti introduced the cultivation of a plant called coriander in days slightly B. C., but it wasn't until late in the sixteenth century that anybody had the sagacity to combine the seed of this plant with juniper berries and angelica root and distill them, with alcohol, into the internal weather-stripper known as gin. If man has been comparatively late in getting round to it, he has at least done his best to make up for lost time.

In Holland, particularly, people insist on having their herbs. Daily. Two fifths of the country is below sea-level; the rest, a ducks' paradise of canals, is sloshed with the Dutch-cleansing zeal of buxom *vrouwen* and *meisjes*, who douse even the iron fences, scour even the pigs; and 250 days in the year it rains or snows—totaling a superabundance of water which the human system must needs be diked against. Hence, as I say, gin.

Accordingly there grew up at Schiedam a row of distilleries along the bank of the Maas (a foyer of the Rhine), just next to the spot where in 1620 a boat-load of Pilgrim Fathers set sail for the New World. These Pilgrim Fathers struck tough going with their little forty-tonner, the *Speedwell*, and such as remained undaunted were obliged to change to the *Mayflower* at Southampton, in order to reach Plymouth Rock. But the distilleries they left behind them prospered right from the start, and, in enlarged condition, may be viewed today from the port rail of your liner as, overlording the flat countryside, it eases and squeezes up the re-channeled Maas from the Hook of Holland past the source of Holland's hookers, on its way into the maritime traffic jam of Rotterdam, three miles beyond. Thrice I've been up that revised river, and each time my tongue has been hanging out, so that I've had to rush to the smoking room and put in a requisition for schnapps.



The Dutch, being a people with a craze for order, drink their gin neat and methodically. At the pulpit-sized bar of an inn in North Holland which I happen to be fond of, the village policeman used to drop in every evening for a "tiny" of it which old Vrouw Bult would pour for him, exactly up to the brim and never a drop shy or spilled. You could even get it for nothing by scoring a "seven shot" at Dutch billiards (similar to French, but with corner pockets)—that is to say, by pocketing both the white object-ball and the red ball in one piece of luck. Even so, this being approximately the equivalent of a hole-in-one in golf, the occasion is apt to require further celebrating, and it is done by all persons present.

Besides, gin drinking can't be left to such rare strokes of fortune; it is a matter of habit: Holland's toiling husbands are too thoughtful of their wives to come straight home from the office with brows still furrowed with the cares of the day. That would be churlish. Instead, they stop in at a club or café for a *borrel*—the technical term for gin-partaking. It is done sociably at a long table, and one round lays what proves to be an excellent foundation for the next, till finally Sir Spouse is ripe for domesticity, arriving home with the happy news, "Wifie dear, I think I have *een beetje to veel geborreld*"—meaning "I'm just a wee bit barreled."

Although a mere stranger in the country, I was able to notice that at once the fields of tulips, hyacinths, and narcissi (difficult to pronounce, sometimes) seemed remarkably colorful after I had duly primed myself for viewing them at their best.

In the Dutch East Indies the custom of borreling, or "Shall we join the liquors?" has an interesting variation. Young Hollanders supervising plantations out there in Java and Sumatra have to be on the job at 6 a. m., because of the climate. By about 9:30 a. m. they are ready to indulge in a pause, and they repair to the country club. Here, awaiting them, is a special round table which has a hole in the middle, beneath which hides a native boy, like a frog in the well, or like John the Baptist in Mr. Oscar Wilde's *Salomé*. All that a drinker has to do is to rap his knuckles on the table and up pops the boy, who, with one expert, circuitous motion, refills all glasses.

Never any ice or seltzer (or "spout water" as the Dutch call it). This seems foreign indeed to our notions of the art of man-cooling. But there is method in their straightness. Ardent liquor induces perspiration, the safety valve for body heat; and it functions in the same manner that a fiery curry does, or a Mexican hot chili, only more so.

And the stuff itself is highly aromatic—intensive in its herb-personality. Afire with flavor. The base from which it is re-distilled is a combination of grains—malt, corn, and other cereals—mashed up together, according to the recipe of the particular establishment in Schiedam where it is produced; and since Schiedam has more than a hundred such institutions, the technique of the trade takes in a lot of variations. Some 20,000 pigs get the residue, while the spirit itself is transferred to small, old-fashioned pot-stills in which it meets the juniper, coriander, et cetera, as per closely guarded formulas. This re-distilling—generally a few gallons at a time—effects a gradual building up of flavor and character, resulting in a highly concentrated "Old Schiedam"—fruitiest of the fruity yet dry. Ordinary "Genever," as the run-of-the-bar type of Dutch gin is called (so named from the French *genièvre*, meaning "juniper") is made by stretching this *Oude Schiedam* with cheaper spirits; it is "harder," less refined, less subtle.

The aging is done in glass-lined chambers called *grond vaten* ("ground vats") located below the level of the Maas. I confess that I was shocked at the idea of not giving liquor the benefit of wooden casks. But that was just ignorance on my part. It was explained to me—tactfully, not witheringly—that whiskey color, such as wood gives, wouldn't be exactly the thing for gin, which must remain pellucid as pump water; nor must it have the *gout du bois* ("taste of the wood") prized by Cognac makers.

Incidentally, there is produced at Schiedam, as a side line or by-product of the industry, a species of *brandewijn*, which, I am assured, never came from grapes. Its only connection with them is when they, in the shrivelled form of raisins, are steeped in it to become that favorite Dutch eating-drink, *Boeren Jongen*—"Farmer Lads." Armed with a tiny spoon, not much bigger than a salt spoon, you attack a stem-glassful of them and dip them out one by one, sucking and munching. By a fine distinction in terminology, the soused raisins, if seedless, are called *Boeren Meisjes*—"Lassies" instead of "Lads."

This business of combining liquor and plant life goes back to the dawn of distilling. In primitive days, alcoholic drinks were so brutal and belchful, that anything—bark, berry, or root—was grabbed at to take the curse off it. Ginger proved helpful, presaging ginger beer, and even pepper was resorted

Continued on page 116

The Dictator

A nice simple way to rid the world of bores, saps, dopes, and all superfluous people

by YEFIM SOSULIA

• FICTION •

1. THE UNEXPECTED

It seemed a day like any other. The city looked the same as usual. Streets and houses had their ordinary appearance. The sky wore its customary blue. The pavements spread grey and indifferent, as always. Suddenly some men appeared carrying large buckets of paste. They began to put up posters on the walls, doing it quickly, in a business-like manner. The posters were terse and to the point:

CITIZENS!

The Council of Public Welfare has decided to reorganize life on the basis of justice and progress. For this purpose the Council will pass on the Right to Life of every inhabitant of our city. Those whose existence is found to be superfluous will cease to exist within 24 hours. Appeals against the decisions of the Council may be filed, in writing, within that time. All appeals will be decided by the Council before sunset of the same day.

REMARKS:

1. Every inhabitant is to submit to the orders of the Council of Public Welfare unconditionally and absolutely. A Committee of the Council consisting of three members will visit every house. Their questions are to be answered truthfully. Everyone whose existence is found to be superfluous will be examined personally, and a record kept.

2. This order goes into effect with its publication. No unnecessary human material will be tolerated. No sentimental considerations will be allowed to interfere with our plans for the public welfare. This applies to all the inhabitants of our city without exception, including men, women, children, rich and poor.

3. Those who will lack the courage to terminate their existence, if ordered to do so by the Council of Public Welfare, will be aided by the Council. The sentences will be carried out by the friends and neighbors of the condemned, or by a special military detachment.

4. No person may leave the city until the work of determining the Right to Life has been completed.

The Council of Public Welfare

2. THE CITIZENS

"Have you read it?"

"Seen the posters?"

"Is it possible?"

"Read it?"

People began to collect at every street corner. Soon the crowds grew so large that traffic was seriously interfered with. Some persons suddenly became so weak they had to lean against the walls for support. Many wept. Others fainted. By nightfall great numbers of the inhabitants were ill.

"Have you read it?"

"Terrible!"

"Outrageous!"

"It's our own fault! We elected the Council! Why did we give them such power?"

"True! True!"

"It's our own fault!"

"It was a terrible mistake! But who would have believed such a thing! We thought the Council would help bring better times. But—to resort to such methods!"

"Such good men in the Council, too!"

"Indeed, they are! And Ak has been elected President of the Council!"

"What! Really! Why, that's great! Where did you hear it?"

"I'm just coming from the Council headquarters. It's a fact: Ak has been elected all right."

"Ak is all right. He's a fine man!"

"Yes, yes! He's a just man!"

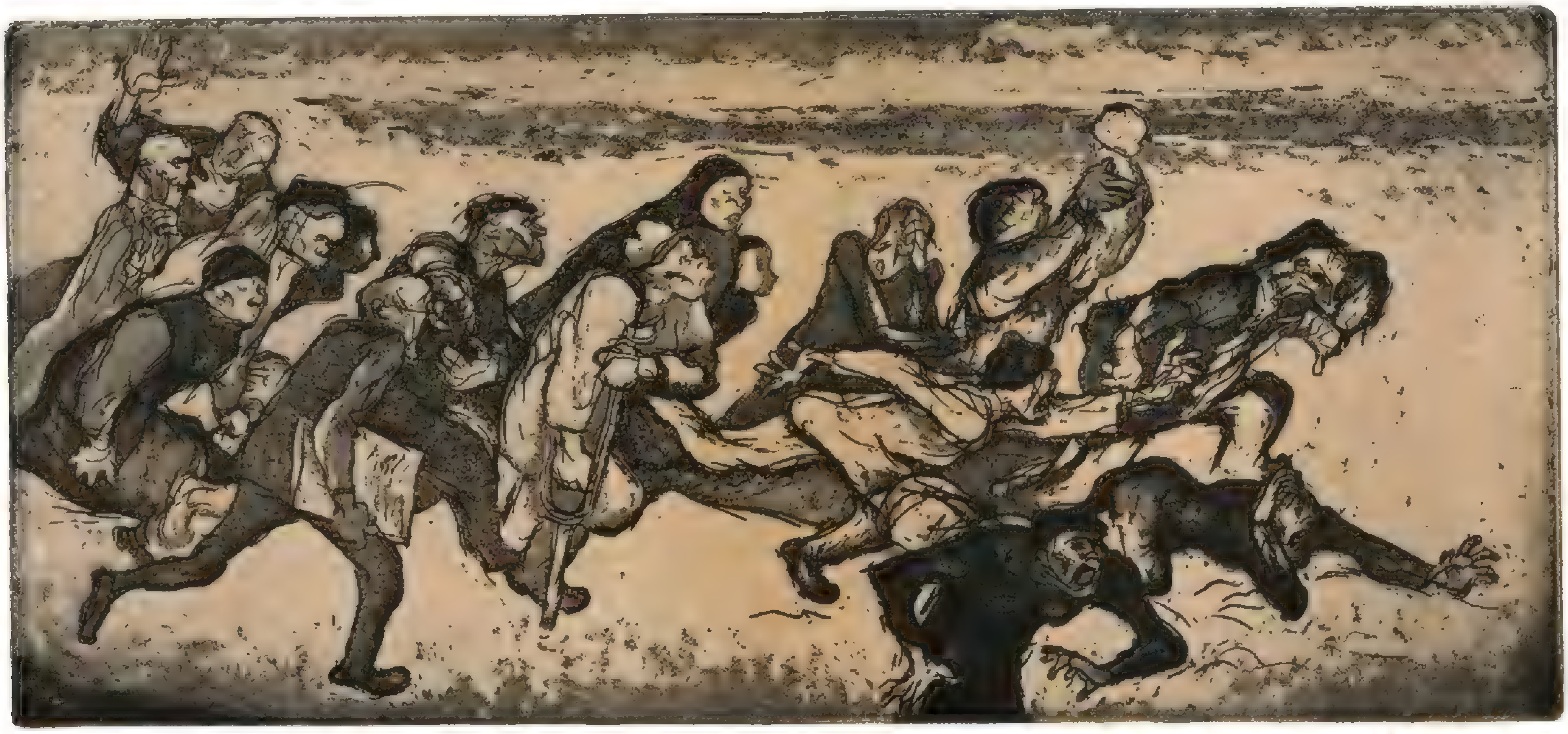
"Friends, Ak is the right man. I rejoice to hear that he has become President of the Council. He is a just and wise man."

"True, true! His decisions will be just, I'm sure!"

"Citizens, we need not worry about it. I know Ak—he's all right. We may depend on his good judgment and sense of justice. Only the evil and useless elements will be eliminated—you can absolutely rely on Ak for that!"

"Yes, I'm sure of it! Ak will never permit any injustice."

"Tell me, dear friend, do you think they will pass favorably on my case? You know that I have always been a good citizen. You remember, of course, that I was in that shipwreck where twenty passengers jumped into



AQUATINT BY JOHN GROTH

John Groth

one lifeboat. Don't you? There were too many for that boat—it would have capsized—it meant the death of all of us. Well, five men had to be sacrificed—to save the other fifteen. I was the first to volunteer! I jumped overboard and—What's the matter? Why do you smile so incredulously? Of course, I'm old and weak now, but at that time I was young and strong; yes, and brave, too! Indeed, I was! Why, don't you remember that shipwreck? All the papers were full of it at the time! The other four men went down, but I was saved. Just luck! What d'you think, friend, will they let me live?"

"And me? How about me? Didn't I give my whole fortune away to the poor? It's a long time ago, but I have all the documents to prove it. Yes, sir, I have!"

"I don't know. Who can tell? It all depends on the viewpoint of the Council!"

"Let me tell you something, my dear fellow citizens: mere helpfulness or usefulness is not enough to justify one's right to life. Else every stupid servant girl could claim that right. That's silly old nonsense! You are terribly old-fashioned, that's what you fellows are! Really reactionaries!"

"Indeed? What, then, makes a human life valuable? Tell me that!"

"Yes, yes! Tell us!"

"Well—I don't know, but—"

"You don't know? Then what the hell are you talking about?"

"Pardon me, but just let me explain—"

"Look! Look! Something has happened! Everyone's running!"

"A riot! Save yourselves!"

"Help! Help!"

"A panic! Oh, my God!"

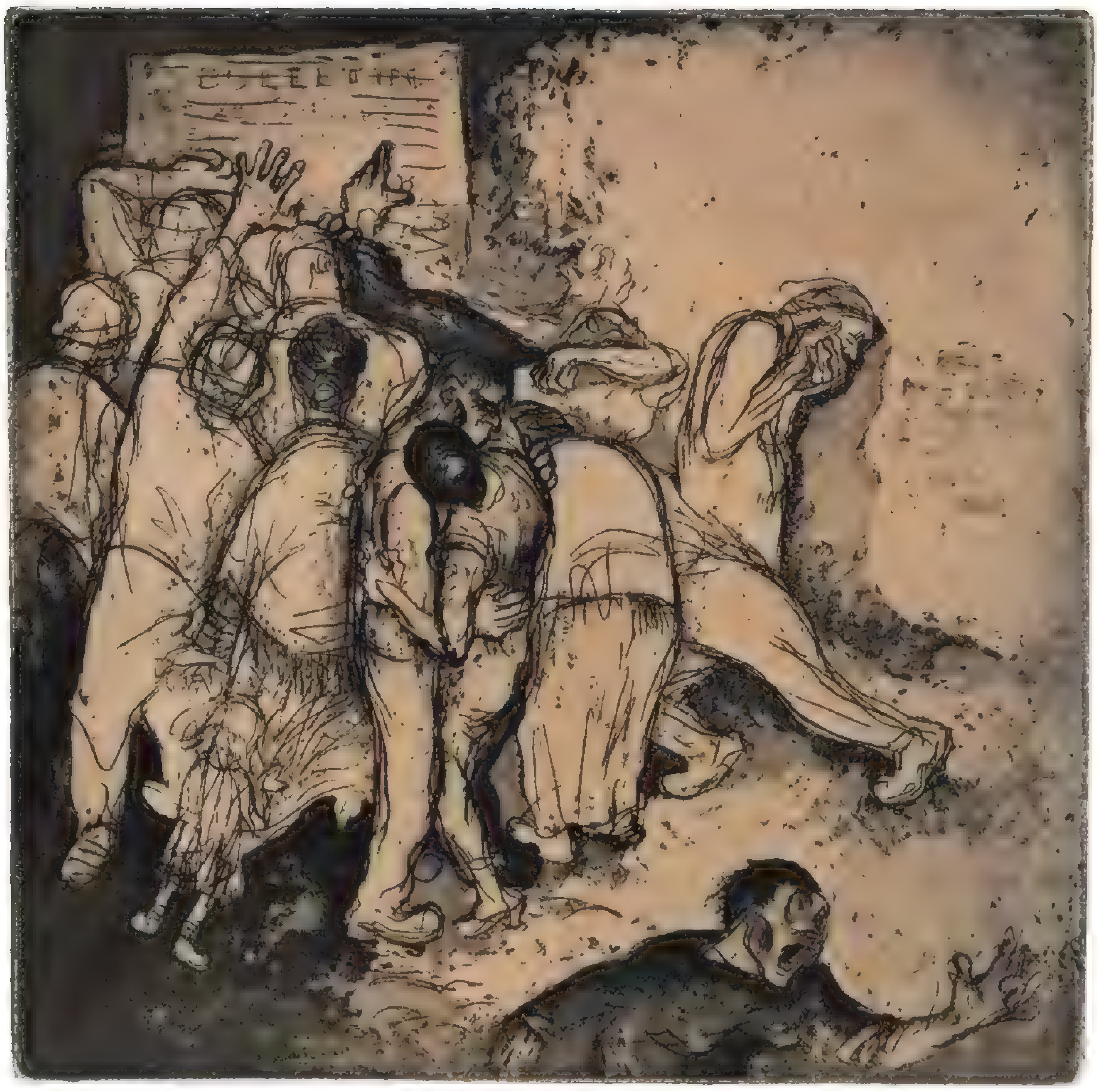
"Run, fellows! Run! Save yourselves!"

"Halt! Halt!"

"Stand still, men!"

"Order! Quiet! Don't increase the panic!"

"Halt! Halt!"



AQUATINT BY JOHN GROTH

John Groth

3. THE FLIGHT

Excitement, shouting and yelling. Everybody running. Red-cheeked youths, mortal fear in their eyes. Clerks, employees of banks and offices. Bridegrooms in starched white shirts. Gentlemen of leisure. Actors, baseball fans, football huskies. Loafers, swindlers, rowdies. Poets, lovers, writers. Broad-shouldered sportsmen. Dowdies. Frequenters of houses of ill fame. Grafters, windbags, long-haired fakes. Melancholics with yearning black eyes. Misers, on their lips a cynical smile. Good-natured simpletons, clever scoundrels. All ran.

And stout, heavy women ran. Tall, skinny women, haughty, over-sexed. Wives of fools and wives of bright men. Gossips, cocottes, prostitutes. Faithless women, brainless, envious. Proud geese, their hair dyed. Indifferent females, good women, grisettes, now all with the same expression of terror on their faces.

And old men ran. Cadaverous, knock-kneed, bow-legged. Stout, fine-looking, ugly, misshapen. Landlords, usurers, prison guards. Self-satisfied whorehouse owners, grey-haired lackeys, respectable grandfathers, a lifetime of swindle and deceit back of them. Fat gamblers, their fingers covered with diamonds, big-bellied libertines.

They all ran, crowds, mobs of them. They ran shouting, yelling, cursing. Some ran with their possessions. Desperately they clung to the bags, boxes, pillows and bundles in their hands. For dear life they held on to their jewelry, their money, their children. They yelled and screamed, they turned around, wrang their hands, and ran faster.

But they were all forced to return. Armed men shot—fired volleys into them. Attacked them with clubs and guns, and the runaways turned back, leaving many dead and wounded.

In the evening the city assumed its usual appearance again. The inhabitants kept to their houses, most of them in bed. Desperate hope flickered in their hearts.

4. THE PROCEEDINGS WERE SIMPLE

"Your name?"

"Alexander Ross."

"Age?"

"Thirty-nine."

"Profession?"

"Cigarette maker."

"Don't you lie to me!"

"I'm telling you the truth. I've been 14 years in the trade. I'm a hard-working man, and I support my family—"

"Where's your family?"

"Here. This is my wife, and there is my son."

"Comrade Doctor, examine them."

"Right away."

"Well, Doctor, what do you say?"

"Citizen Ross is anaemic. General condition poor. His wife is subject to headaches and rheumatism. The boy is well."

"All right, Doc. That will do. Citizen Ross, what are your amusements? What do you enjoy in life?"

"I—I enjoy—I enjoy many things—I enjoy—I love my fellow-men and I—love life itself."

"Don't be nervous, Citizen Ross. Be more precise. We've no time to waste. Tell us clearly, what do you love in life?"

"I love—well, a good meal—I mean, I'm no glutton, but I enjoy good food and—I love women—I like to watch them on the street—and I love my work—I make five hundred cigarettes an hour—and a good rest after the day's work—and I love my family—my son—he plays the violin beautifully—and I love—"

"Calm yourself, Citizen Ross. Stop your whining. What's *your* opinion, Comrade Psychologist?"

"Poor material, Comrade. A miserable, humdrum existence. Semi-phlegmatic, semi-sanguinical. Activity below medium. No hope of improvement. Passivity 75%. Still worse in Mrs. Ross. The boy is a simpleton, but perhaps—How old are you?"

"Thirteen, Sir."

"All right, then. Citizen Ross, your son may go on living. We'll postpone his case for two years. As for you—however, that is not within my jurisdiction. It's up to you, Comrade."

"In the name of the COUNCIL OF PUBLIC WELFARE: For the high purpose of clearing life from all superfluous rubbish, from indifferent existences which clog the way of progress, I command you, Citizen Ross, and you, Mrs. Ross, to terminate your lives within 24 hours. Don't shout! Stop that! Doctor, give the woman something for her nerves. Call the guard! This fellow will hardly manage it himself."

5. THE GREY CABINET

The Grey Cabinet stood in the corridor of the main office of the Council of Public

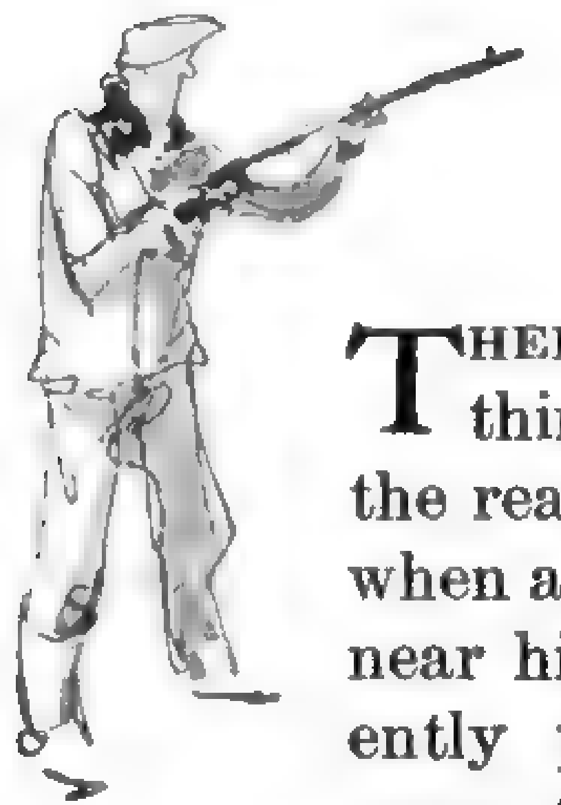
Continued in center of page 122

The Low-Down on Rifle Shooting

Backyard sharpshooters and Deadeye Dicks can learn a few things from the Marines

by MAJOR PAUL BROWN

▪ SPORTS ▪



THERE appears to be something positively atavistic in the reaction of any normal man when a rifle is brought anywhere near him; and if it is inadvertently placed in his hands he promptly becomes what is practically a boastful and buckskinned pioneer—a judicious cross between Davy Crockett and Dan'l Boone who slightly exceeds the best features of both.

More than once I have seen an entire living room full of men become veritable Nimrods, just because their host brought out a small caliber rifle for them to admire, when, as a matter of fact, probably not more than one or two of them had fired a rifle of any sort since they were kids.

Invariably some cheerful and pleasant liar would tell of a difficult hit he made at 800 yards, shooting downhill in poor light on a windy day, and all the rest would listen appreciatively, anticipating the courtesy of reciprocity when the time inevitably came for them to tell their own already formulated whopper.

Not only would most of those living room experts have been unable to hit a bull's eye at even 200 yards, but there is considerable reason to believe that they would have been unable to hit a bull in the pratt with a bass fiddle at a range of more than fifteen feet.

And that disparaging estimation isn't merely opinion. Being a fair rifle shot, only too often would I be the sly scoundrel who would innocently suggest going out somewhere to shoot a few rounds. The results were generally something which we agreed not to mention outside the group that had been present.

Now, as it happens, shooting a rifle accurately is a relatively simple thing, despite the fact that but few men can do it exceptionally well. There are a number of fundamental conditions which are the same for all rifles, fitted with any type of sight, fired at whatever range—and if they are conscientiously observed the result will be excellent shooting. If any of them is ignored, the result is equally certain to be disappointing.

Before I go on to talk about those things, however, it seems to me that it is only fair to tell you why I am being so presumptuous. Then you can decide for yourself if what I have said possesses any value.

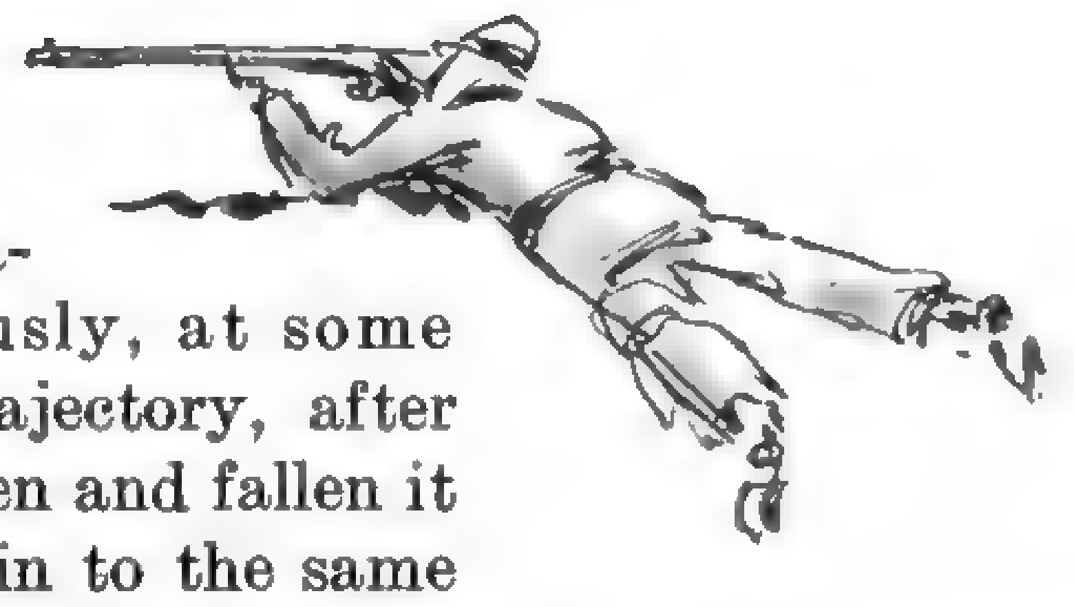
During a number of years spent in the Marine Corps I taught literally thousands of recruits, many of whom had never before seen a high-powered rifle, to shoot one expertly. I repeatedly qualified as an expert rifleman myself, and was often at the National Rifle Matches in one capacity or another. I have fired a rifle at routine ranges of 1000 and 1200 yards—at least four times as far as the average sporting range—and made hits consistently. And I don't think I'm being unduly vain when I insist that any man, to do that, must know his stuff.

And let me add, right here, that going to the National Matches was the source of a great disillusionment. I was utterly amazed to learn that many of the civilian riflemen and rifle teams never even came close to taking the last recognized place in their own carefully selected competition, for which they had assiduously practiced, largely because they were appalled at the necessity of shooting under conditions which they regarded as impossible but which were merely slightly adverse to a capable rifleman. Those men were usually the best shots in their respective states; and consequently the opinion was forced upon me that the outstanding marksman in any region might be, at best, rather mediocre.

Of course, a man who has relatively little time to devote to shooting can suggest that he simply can't practice as much as members of the various services, and use that reason as a perfectly plausible excuse for his lack of excellence. Well, that may be perfectly plausible, but it isn't convincing—for lots of practice isn't necessary in the first place; and in the second place, of what possible use is a sporting arm if it cannot be used effectively?

I'll grant that the sharp report of the cartridge does make a pleasing noise when it mingles with the clatter of a deer's galloping hooves as it scampers to safety, but there's a lot to be said in favor of roast venison, too.

It's rather difficult to judge just where to begin to talk about rifles but it's probably just as well to discuss sights first of all, for the best rifle in the world is worthless if it is improperly aimed. There are three general kinds of sights—the open, the peep, and the telescope. The open sight is known by various names such as iron, flat, V, and battle but it is always the same type—a V-shaped wedge cut into the rear sight through which the front sight and the target are aligned.



Now, it happens that a rifle ball does not travel in a perfectly flat line from the muzzle to the target. It follows a slightly arched course and that path is referred to technically as the trajectory. Obviously, at some point in that trajectory, after the bullet has risen and fallen it will be down again to the same level as the muzzle. That point, at whatever distance it may be from your rifle, is the "point blank" range of the weapon.

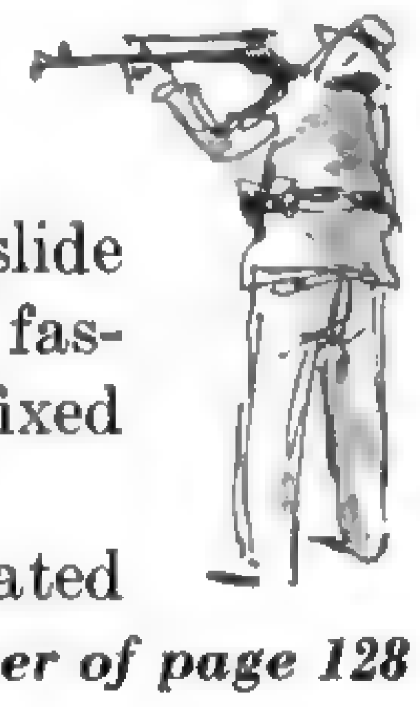
In brief, if you aim perfectly at a target that particular distance away with your open sight, you will hit it. If the target is closer than that range your shot will travel above it, and it will be correspondingly lower if your target is farther away.

Simple? To be sure—yet few sportsmen really know the exact point blank range of their favorite rifles! But you may be sure that inveterate hunters of dangerous game know, for it's a comforting thing to remember that if you aim a foot below a lion's eyes, you will hit him in the forehead—especially when the beast has just crouched, preparatory to a rush. It's also rather important, as well as comforting.

And in using open sights, which many hunters prefer because they afford such immediate aiming vision, it is necessary to be positive that you are "taking" the same kind of sight that you always did before. There are two methods, both generally used, of aiming with open sights, known respectively as taking a fine or a full sight.

If you have ascertained the "point blank" range of your rifle with either one of these it should be unnecessary to urge you to continue using it. In an emergency your rifle would suddenly fail to hit what you aimed at, if you changed.

The fine sight is the name given to the condition when the front sight can be barely seen in the bottom of the V of the rear sight. The full sight is so-called because the top of the front sight is flush with the top of the rear V, thus "filling" the notch. And this sight, incidentally, is by far the best as it insures a much greater uniformity than the other except for those rare individuals who shoot habitually and perhaps professionally.



The peep sight is largely what the name indicates. There is a mechanism on the rear sight—there are countless types—which makes it possible for the marksman to peep through a little hole and align the front sight and the target through it. This hole is so arranged in a movable slide (or otherwise) that it can be fastened at any given range on a fixed and usually vertical scale.

For example, if it is estimated

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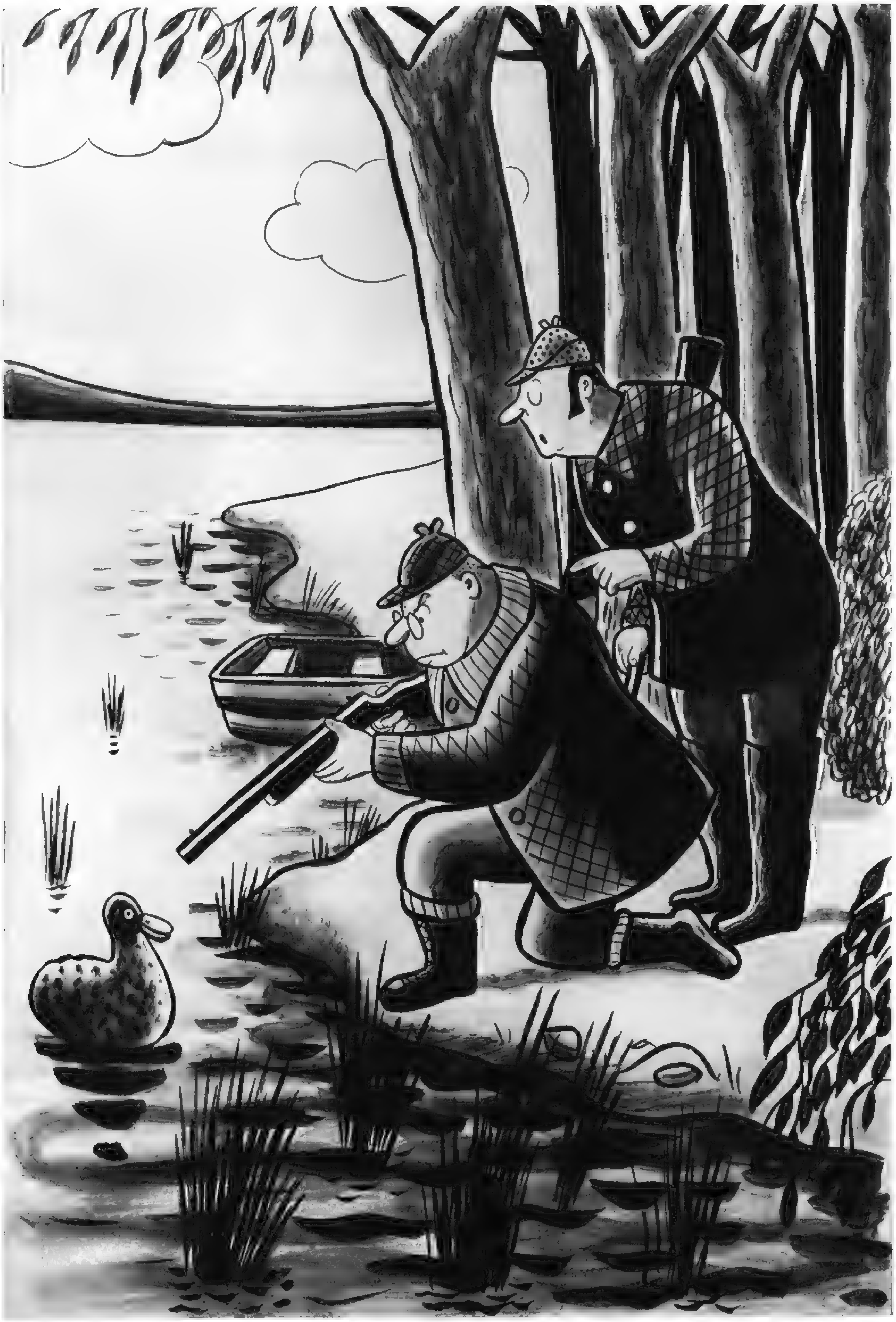


"Steady, sir—it's only the decoy"

Love Life of a Communiste

Solidarity triumphs over the counter-revolutionary influence of wine and lobster thermidor

by JOSEPH SCHRANK

• SATIRE •

Belber was just beginning to feel that he had exhausted the possibilities for amusement offered at the ball of the Revolutionary Artists' Club and was thinking of leaving when something happened that changed his mind: Mary Turner got up on the platform.

Belber was quite certain he had never before encountered a genuine, real life heroine. He was equally certain that he was looking at one now. She couldn't have been more than seventeen or eighteen. She was dressed simply in a cheap, cotton print, one of her stockings had a wrinkle in it and her shoes were badly worn, but these things did not obscure the fact that her body was as alive, as eager, as tensely curved as a steel spring. Her hair, parted in the center, was brushed tightly down both sides of her head and gathered in a heavy knot on the back of her neck. Her expression was one of intense earnestness. But it was when she spoke that Belber realized she was a heroine. Her eyes became incandescent and a rush of blood mounted to her face. She accompanied her words with abrupt little half-completed gestures and her voice had a childish quality; but she was so fervid, so vibrant with the power of her emotions that Belber forgot everything as he listened to her.

"Friends," said Mary Turner, "last Thursday some of us went over to the West Side Magistrates Court where they were trying a few of the comrades for disturbing the peace because they demonstrated with the striking metal workers. When the judge said they were guilty, we started a demonstration in the court room and two of us were arrested, Joe Rubin and me—Mary Turner." She pointed to herself. "Our case comes up in West Side Court Tuesday morning at eleven o'clock and we want as many as possible to come down and demonstrate in the court. I'm going to defend my own case and believe me I'm nervous as anything because my knees are knocking together while I'm talking to you so it'll take a lot of nerve for me to talk to the judge. But I'll defend my own case and as many as possible come down to the court and demonstrate with all your might. Don't forget, Tuesday, West Side court at eleven o'clock."

She hesitated a minute, trying to think whether there was anything more she could say; a fugitive smile darted across her face, she said "I thank you!" and hurried from the platform.

Belber stared after her fascinated.

"Like 'er?" inquired Will Gardner, his painter friend who had brought him to the affair.

"She's amazing," replied Belber, "so young, so beautiful and apparently a hardened rioter!"

Mary was dancing with Joe Rubin, her co-defendant at the coming trial. Joe whispered something and Mary smiled happily. Belber watched them enviously.

"I understand she first started to care for that chap when he got a five-day jail sentence for throwing a rotten tomato at a policeman," Will remarked.

"I wonder what it would take to win her away from him," mused Belber.

"I don't know," replied Will, looking at Belber curiously. "You might try throwing *two* rotten tomatoes at a policeman."

"I want to meet her," said Belber when the music stopped.

"That's easy," replied Will. "Come on over, I'll introduce you."

Mary turned out to be surprisingly shy for a disturber of the public peace. Belber asked her to dance and to Joe Rubin's obvious annoyance, she accepted.

As they glided around the hall, Mary asked, "Are you a comrade?"

"I'd like to be," replied Belber as ardently as he dared.

They got along so nicely that before the dance was over, he was able to whisper, "May I see you tomorrow afternoon?"

"Sure," replied Mary. "I'm going to be on the picket line at the Consolidated Cafeteria on Twenty-third Street. Come on down."

"Well—er—suppose we make it tomorrow evening then," suggested Belber.

"That'll be all right," Mary replied. "I'll be at the rally of the Label Makers Union at the New Star Casino."

"Well . . . perhaps tomorrow afternoon *would* be better," said Belber, a little discouraged.

* * *

Belber had his chauffeur let him out several blocks from the cafeteria so that he could arrive on foot and thus not outrage the peculiar proprieties of the occasion. Mary was parading up and down before the cafeteria wearing a sign headed: "Fight Starvation Wages!" Joe Rubin was also parading before the cafeteria with a sign. They paraded in opposite directions and crossed each other before the cafeteria entrance. When Belber arrived, he got a sour look from Joe Rubin and a dazzling smile from Mary.

"We'll have to keep walking while we talk," said Mary. "The cops make us keep moving, you know."

"May I—er—relieve you of your sign?" asked Belber, heroically.

"No," said Mary, "thanks. But look, Joe hasn't had a chance to get any lunch yet. You can carry his sign while he's gone."

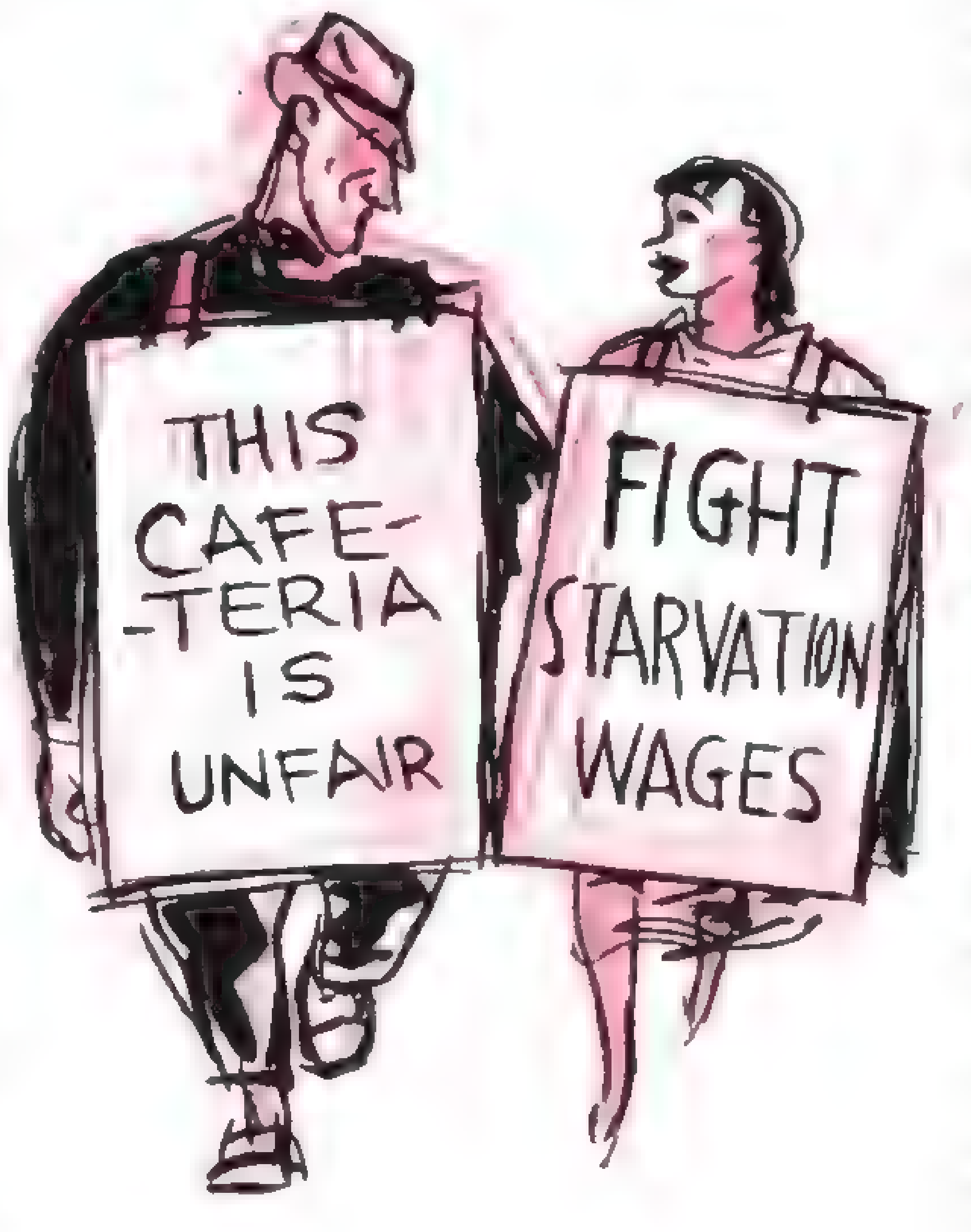
Joe hung his sign over Belber's dismayed shoulders and went away. Although Mary protested that it wasn't proper picketing technique, Belber fell in beside her and together they walked up and down before the cafeteria, Mary talking and laughing, Belber drinking her in deeply and their signs occasionally scraping intimately against each other.

Later, when they were relieved by a couple of the striking counter men, Belber suggested that they run up to the Claridge for tea.

"The Claridge!" exclaimed Mary. "Are you a millionaire?"

"I'm afraid so," replied Belber.

He explained that his grandfather had "saddled" him with a million dollars or so. He judged it best to reveal this fact to her before Joe Rubin found out about it and did it for him. Joe might not put it in so nice a light.



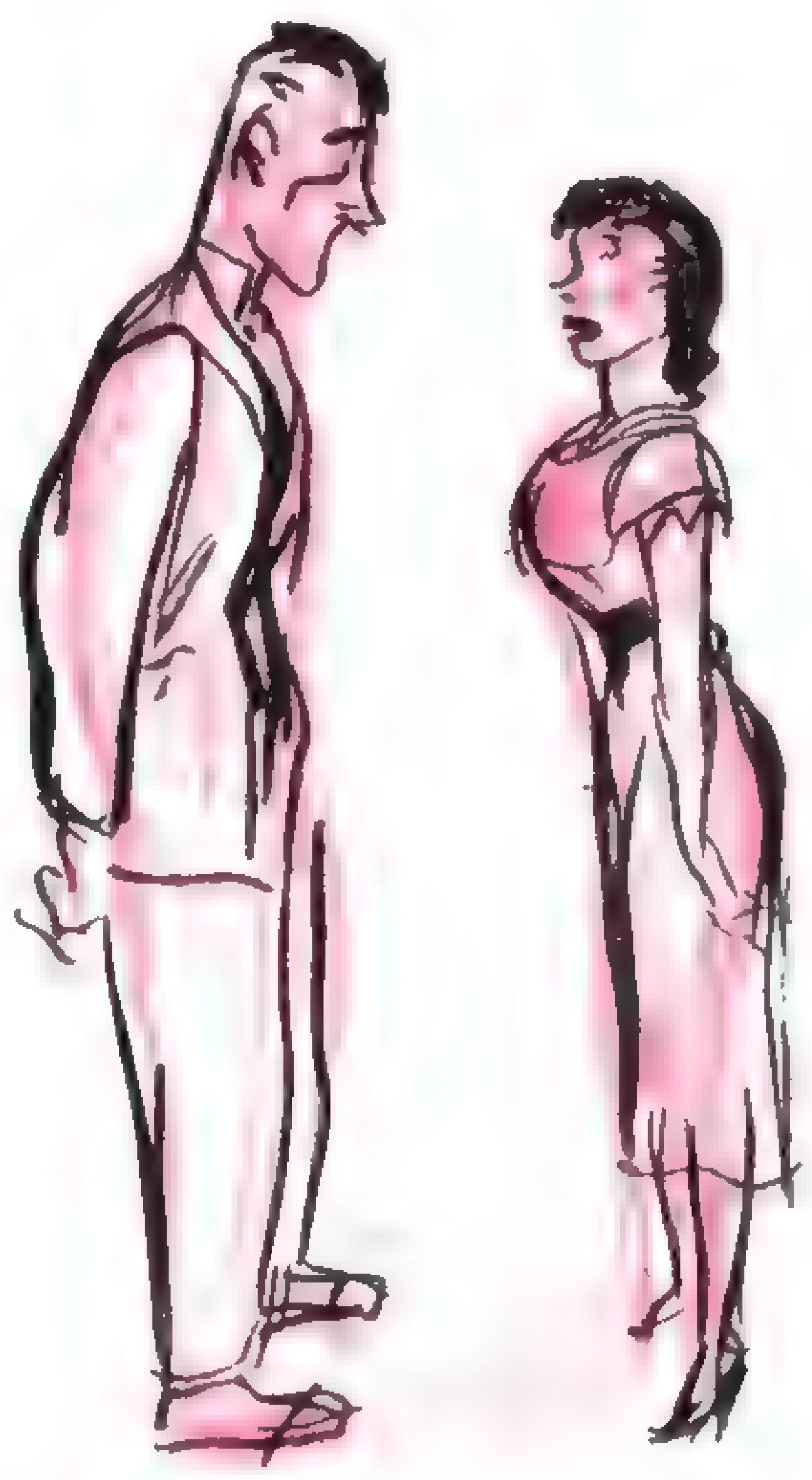
Apparently Mary remained unimpressed by the revelation. If anything, she seemed inclined to feel a little sorry for him. She dismissed the matter from her mind. "Anyway," she said, "we can't go to the Claridge. There's a waiters' strike going on there."

"Well—somewhere else then," said Belber, hailing a taxi.

Mary stopped him, horror-stricken. "Don't you know the taxi strike hasn't been settled yet?" she demanded. She suggested a Russian restaurant on Fourteenth Street.

They walked over and in the restaurant Mary ran into eight or ten people she knew and they all sat around drinking tea in glasses and discussing the Revolution while Belber watched the changing lights in Mary's eyes and the fresh, crisp curves of her mouth.

After that Belber met her in rapid succession at the rally of the Pocket Book Makers Union, on the picket line of the Shirt Waist Operators Union, at the demonstration of the Plasterers and Paper Hangers Union and at the protest meeting of the Lining Makers Union. But it was not until he had received a stray kick from a policeman's horse while booing a scab taxi driver with a crowd of demonstrators that he found at last in Mary's eyes the tender light for which he yearned. Mary squeezed his hand and called him comrade.



Joe Rubin watched this growing intimacy with more and more resentment. "What's the big idea?" he demanded. "Why do you want to bother with that—that counter-revolutionary!" He uttered it as though it were a dirty word.

"He is *not* a counter-revolutionary," retorted Mary hotly.

"Oh—no?" sneered Joe. "I suppose you don't even know that he came to the protest rally on the Dock Workers Union the other night in a Rolls Royce!"

"It's not his fault he has all that money," said Mary. "His grandfather left it to him. He's just an innocent victim of the system."

"*I* should be such a victim," muttered Joe.

A few days later while trying to break into City Hall with a crowd of others "to present demands," Joe Rubin collected a stray rap on the head from a policeman's club and Belber lost all the progress he had made with Mary. Her heart rushed back to Joe. It was a bad setback for Belber.

"He got himself that rap on the head on purpose," complained Belber to Will. "Nobody else was hurt at that demonstration."

"Why don't you arrange to get yourself beaten up by a gang of Fascists?" suggested Will. "Have them break a few bones—that ought to get her!"

* * *

Up to this time, a somewhat exaggerated sense of sportsmanship had prevented Belber from using his money to advance his cause with Mary. Besides, he didn't quite see how he could; he was sure Mary would despise him if he displayed any evidences of his wealth. But his chance came when Mary got on a committee to collect funds for some striking textile workers in New England.

She toiled prodigiously at this task and by walking miles of stairs and streets, going into shops and factories, she sometimes managed to collect as much as three or four dollars in a day, which she turned over to the fund, pleased and proud as a child bringing home a report card full of "A's."

One late afternoon she met Belber after a particularly trying and unsuccessful day. Despite her best efforts she had managed to collect a grand total of only twenty-seven cents. Tired and depressed, she sat on a park bench with Belber and told him about it.

"Why don't you ask *me* for a contribution?" suggested Belber, looking at her out of the corner of his eye.

"You?" asked Mary bewilderdly.

"Why not?" countered Belber.

"Why—I never thought of it," said Mary. "I never think of you as a rich man but just as one of the comrades."

"I *have* got all that money though," said Belber, "and I can't think of any better way to spend it than to make you happy."

"Make *me* happy? You mean the strikers—and their families," said Mary.

"Of course," said Belber.

He drew out a check book and a fountain pen, made out a check for five hundred dollars and handed it to her.

"Let Joe Rubin try to beat *this* trick," said Belber to himself confidently.

Mary stared at the check and then at him, unable to believe her eyes.

"Is—is this real?" she asked.

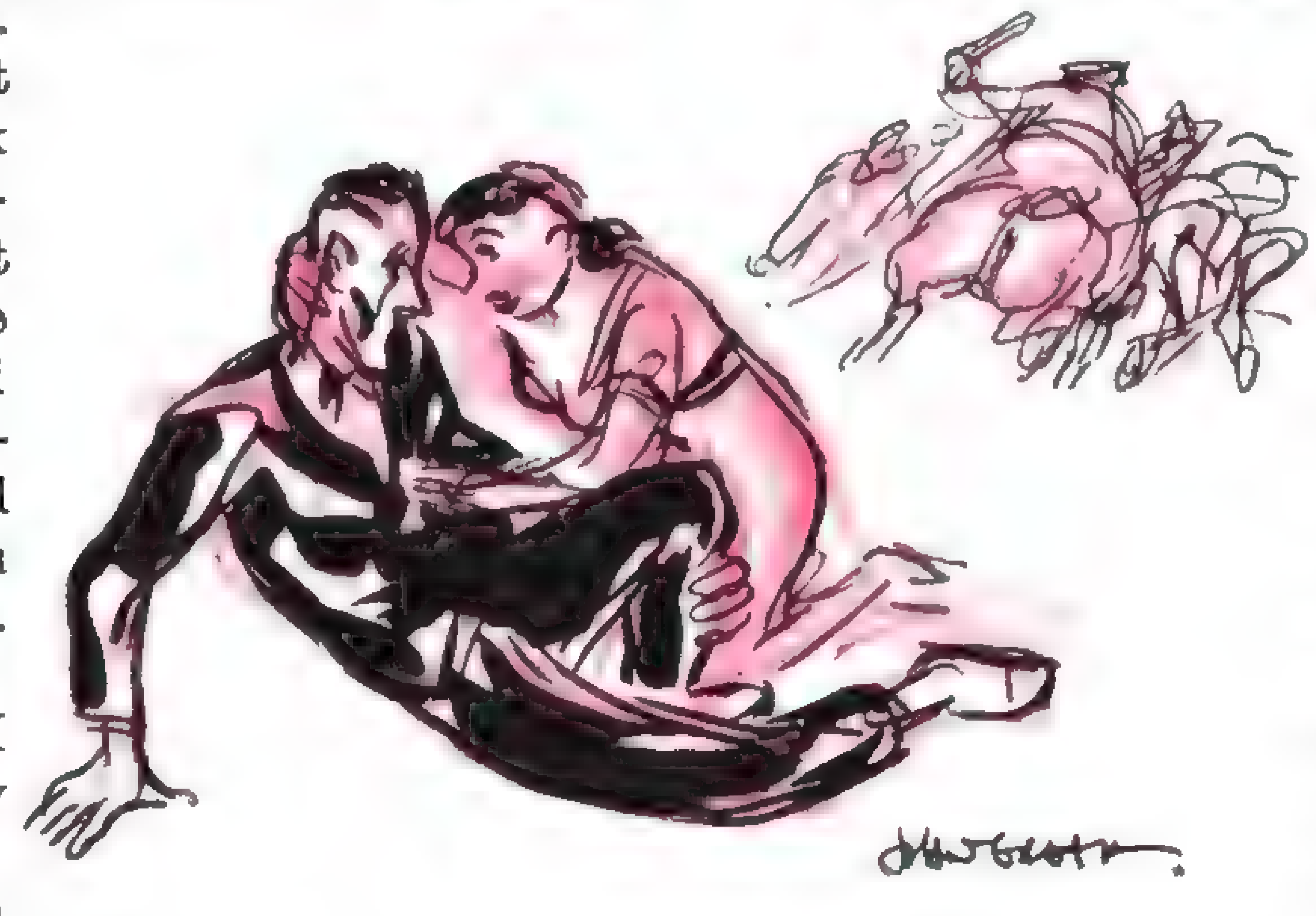
"It is if the National City Bank is still functioning," replied Belber.

When she finally was able to accept the fact that it wasn't an impossible dream, she suddenly threw her arms around Belber and kissed him.

"I'll never be able to thank you for this," she said.

Belber had frequently yearned to spend an evening with Mary away from the "comrades," away from meetings, protests, lectures, rallys and demonstrations. He longed for the bourgeois happiness of dining with her in a place of clean white tablecloths, sparkling silver, good food, dim lights and soft music.

"I don't want you to thank me," said Belber. "All I want you to do is have dinner and spend the evening with me all alone—just you and me together. Will you?"



"Of course I will," said Mary tenderly.

"We'll have a little drink first," said Belber, delighted.

Mary never drank—it wasn't necessary—the Cause kept her in a continual state of intoxication. But just then she was willing to do anything to show her gratitude to Belber. He took her to an exclusive little bar in the vicinity of Madison Avenue and ordered a couple of Bacardis. The elegance of the place, the brocaded silk on the walls, the deep, velvety chairs, the gleaming chromium fittings, all these evidences of capitalistic exploitation visibly impressed Mary. But it was the cocktail that had the really amazing effect on her. It rushed directly to her head—she became vivacious, gay, talkative.

"I like that drink!" she exclaimed.

Belber ordered another round.

After the third Bacardi, Belber felt a twinge of conscience. It was apparent that this Joan of Arc of the working classes was well on the way to being very drunk. She offered to stand up on a table and sing the *Internationale*—insisted on it, in fact. Belber thought it best to get some dinner into her. He led her out of the place and into a waiting cab, half expecting a protest and a reminder of the taxi strike. All she said was, "I love to ride in automobiles," as she snuggled up close to him.

"The Waldorf," Belber had murmured to the driver before getting into the cab. To his credit let it be said he was entirely oblivious of the fact that the waiters there were on strike and the hotel was being picketed.

By great good fortune, the pickets had just passed the door and had gone on down the block at the moment of the cab's arrival so that Belber and Mary were able to enter the hotel without catastrophe. But although they had not noticed the pickets, one of the pickets had noticed them. He had turned upon hearing the cab door slam shut and immediately recognized Mary who had attended a number of the strikers' meetings. He rushed around the corner to where Joe Rubin was helping picket one of the side entrances and told him the news.

Joe was aghast. Mary entering a picketed hotel? With a capitalist? He knew she must be with Belber. Who else would or could take her to the Waldorf? She was lost—a goner! He cursed Belber roundly. But he realized that was not enough. He wasn't going to take this thing lying down. Something must be done, some heroic gesture, some daring deed to bring Mary back to her senses, to bring her back to the Cause and to his arms.

An inspiration came to him. He took off his sign.

"What are you going to do?" asked his fellow picket.

"You'll see," replied Joe, between his teeth.

The main dining room of the hotel piled splendor upon splendor for Mary. The soundless foot-falls on the thick carpets, the refined lights, the luxurious furnishings, the subtle music caressed her nervous system and filled her eyes and ears with delight.

The head waiter came over and murmured to Belber. "The lobster thermidor is very special today, sir."

"Would you like some lobster, Mary?" asked Belber.

"Lobster? Sure! That's a red dish and I want a red, red dish because I'm a red-red-red!" she chanted.

The head-waiter lowered his eyes discreetly to the carpet.

"Lobster thermidor," said Belber.

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The Roughest, Toughest Sport

Continued from page 73

steady competition, he had a few glasses of ale.

The following day he broke two world's and four American records and scored eight goals to defeat the Chicago A. A. for the national water polo championship. What feats hard liquor would lead him too has never been determined, as Joe has never tried anything stronger than ale—not even Irish whiskey.

Among those who know the game, any discussion of water polo quickly reveals that ninety percent of the anecdotes connected with the game and its history center around the massive, fighting figure of Joe Ruddy. American water polo and Joe are inseparable.

Though always a merciless antagonist, Joe is the first to recognize the qualities of his opponent. Back in 1918 Columbia University had a superlative water polo team and a young giant of a goal keeper, thought at the time to be the best man ever to hold that position.

Someone, who quite evidently was more of a practical joker than a student of the game, thought it would be great sport to have this youngster show up the best of the old timers. A test was arranged in the N. Y. A. C. tank, with a huge crowd eagerly looking on. The game started and, within a few minutes, the ball was passed to Joe. Holding the ball in one hand he swam slowly towards the opponent's goal. As he neared the goal he dove. The Columbia giant went under water to meet him. For three minutes there was nothing to be seen but writhing shadows at the bottom of the pool. Then a shiny bald head broke the surface of the water. Joe came up smiling, still clutching the ball, and made his goal. Then he hurriedly tossed the ball away, dove to the bottom, and brought the Columbia man up for repairs.

But the youngster's gameness had so appealed to Joe that he took the boy in hand and personally coached him into one of the greatest goalies of his day.

The under water tactics of two grappling players are anything but gentle. In fighting and wrestling certain holds are barred. But not under the water. You can punch, heel, kick, use *jiu jitsu*, thumbs, fingers and arm holds, or use the toe and strangle holds which are barred in wrestling. Anything and everything goes.

The "Inhuman Fish" has seldom been bested in under water bouts. The reason is simple. He can hold his breath (his record is three minutes and nineteen seconds) longer than any other man he has ever met.

If an opposing player gets a strangle hold on Joe and takes him to the bottom in an attempt to drown him "out" he makes no resistance. When the opposing player's breath gives out and he strikes for the surface and more air Joe grabs his ankle. This is liable to annoy his opponent, but Joe likes company on the bottom of the tank.

Of course, if a man thinks he is drowning he can call for help. But it isn't done in the best water polo circles. The player takes his medicine and prays that the other players will miss him before it is too late.

No actual drownings are on record but many players have been out for a few hours. The N. Y. A. C. engaged in a particularly hard fought game with the Boston A. A. one night in 1898 in the Hub tank. The score was close and both teams battled desperately in the final minutes. When the whistle blew, finally, only ten exhausted men crawled out of the tank. The other two were found, locked together and unconscious, at the bottom of the pool—and found just in time. At the end of another close game the captain of the Chicago A. A. team was found missing. He was fished from the bottom of the tank and worked over for twelve hours before he was restored to consciousness.

The roughest game on record was played years ago between the N. Y. A. C. team and a team representing Braddock, Pa. It was played in the Braddock pool. The home team was made up of football players, coal miners and ex-circus strong men. The tank was purposely made shallow, so that the local heavyweights could keep both feet on the ground when they started slugging. The first half was a battle royal. Near the end of the half Joe Ruddy scored a goal. He didn't realize it at the time but he'd made a bad blunder. In Braddock scoring goals against the home team just wasn't done. And in order to remind him of his breach of etiquette a spectator leaned out over the splash-board and broke a stool over Joe's head. But the New York team concentrated on water polo while the local talent centered their attentions on right hooks, and eventually the score mounted so high that the spectators ran out of stools. In the end the Braddock boys were swamped.

There came a time when water polo was accounted too rough a game and there was a general swing to water soccer—a softie's game which Joe and his associates couldn't be bothered with. This mollycoddle tendency lasted only a short time and, to commemorate the return to water polo rules, a match game was arranged between a championship Yale team and an old championship team on which Ruddy had played, gotten together especially for the occasion.

The Yale team averaged 198 pounds stripped and every one of them was a young Hercules.

Five thousand spectators were on hand for the game. The Yale team went out first and got a big hand. Then Joe led his team out. The crowd took one look at them and roared. In contrast to the Yale huskies Joe's team consisted of one baldheaded man, a fat man weighing three hundred pounds, a skinny man standing six foot four and a one legged man.

A Yale player made a crack about "museum freaks" which Joe overheard. Joe asked him just how proud he was of his team. The Yale man offered to bet three to one that his team would win by fifteen points. Joe laughed and countered by offering three to one that his team would beat Yale twenty points. The Yale player knew a sucker when he saw one and borrowed and begged so much money that Joe had to cover it with a check. Joe was always sorry the Yale swimmer couldn't find more.

It took Ruddy's team nineteen seconds to score the first goal, twenty-three to score the second and twenty-seven seconds to score the third goal. The final score was something like 45 to 0.

In 1931 there was played a game of unusual sentimental importance. The N. Y. A. C. team, featuring Joe Ruddy as its star, encountered the championship Naval Academy team, featuring one Joe Ruddy, Jr. as its star.

This son of the grand old man of water polo was picked as an All-American water polo player his first year in college. He held two world's and four American swimming records, made a habit of winning all national long distance swimming events and in his odd moments played baseball, basketball, ran the half mile and won handball championships.

Father and son faced each other in this game. The final score was 37-29. Joe Junior scored his team's twenty-nine points and Joe Senior scored his team's thirty-seven points. For the winning goal Joe Senior swam the length of the tank through the whole Navy team. The last man he broke through was his son.

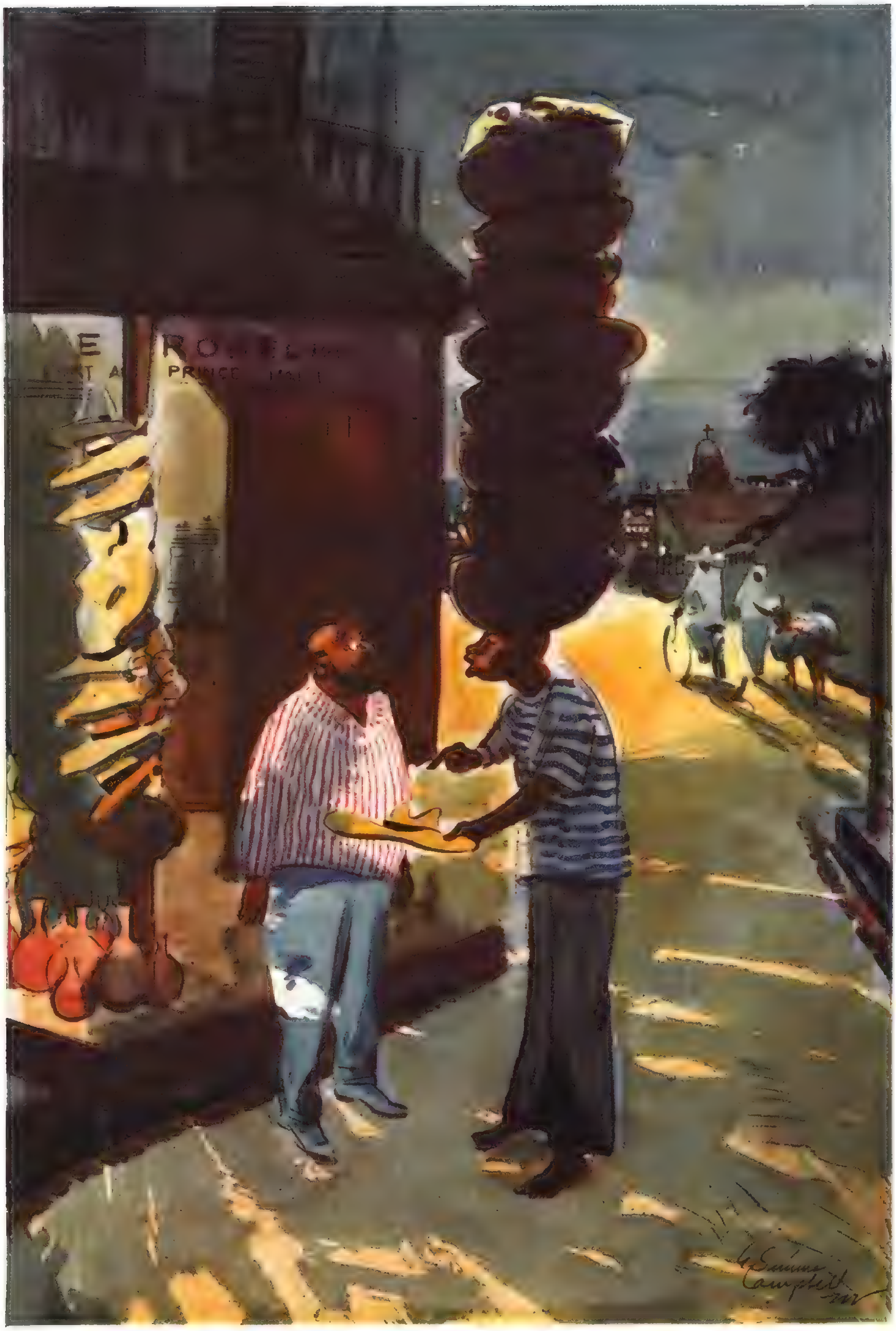
The universally accepted "Most Famous Feat In Water Polo" is also one of the outstanding episodes in all sport history.

The game was between the N. Y. A. C. and the Chicago A. C., and the national championship hinged on the result. With only three minutes and sixteen seconds left to play the score was deadlocked, 1-1. At that moment Joe Ruddy received the ball under his own goal and dove, to swim the length of the 75 foot tank under water. As he swam he was tackled in turn by three Chicago men but, still under water, he fought them off. At the Chicago goal he was tackled by Healy, six-foot four, two hundred and twenty pound Chicago goal tender, who took Joe to the bottom with a back strangle-and-scissors hold.

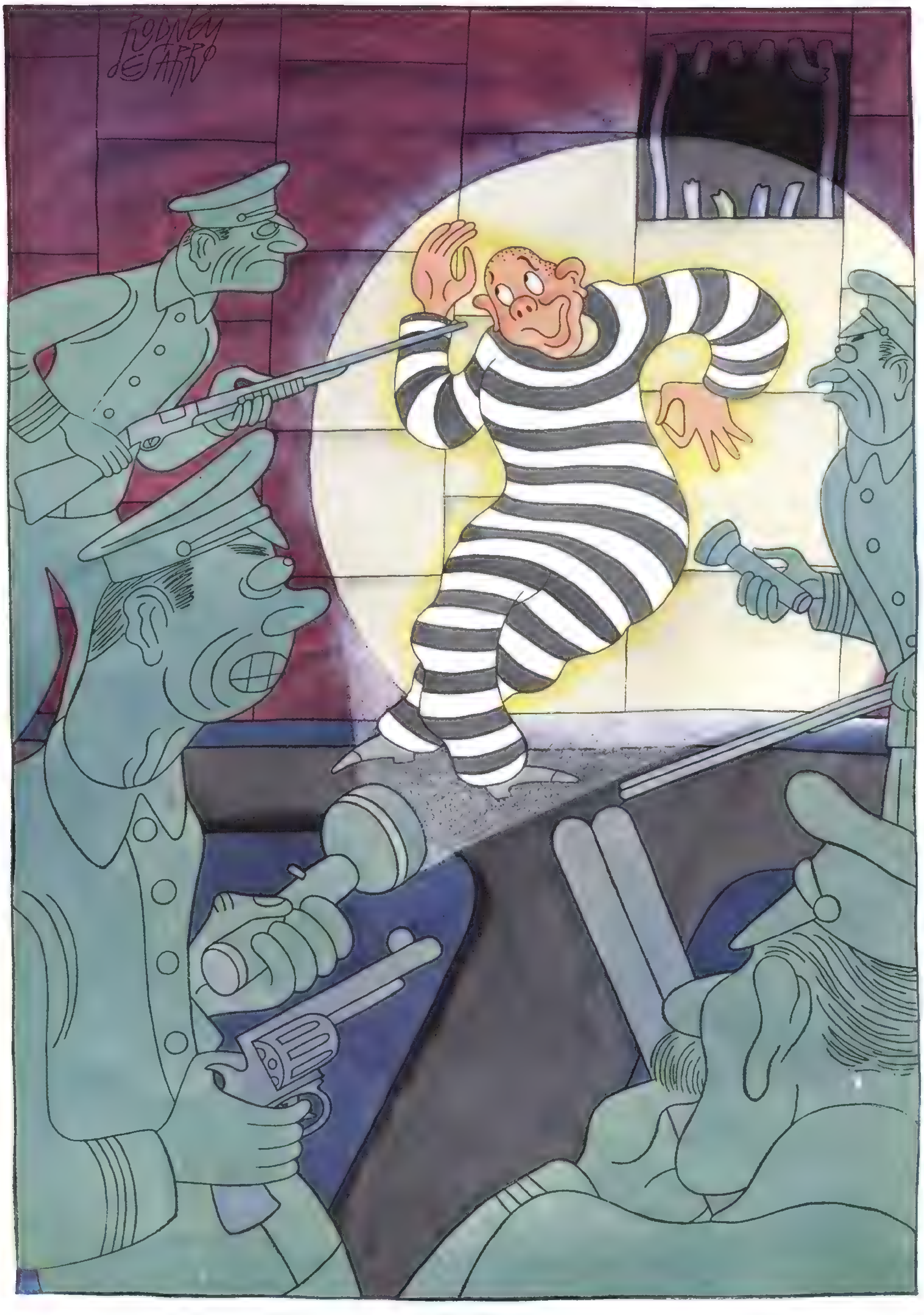
Swirling eddies and bubbles broke the surface of the water and two grimly fighting figures could be seen dimly in the green depths of the pool. With ten seconds left to go the referee lifted his gun. Then a figure began groping its way to the surface. The ball emerged from the water, followed by a powerful arm and Joe Ruddy's bald head. He took one stroke—and touched the ball to the goal—only four seconds before the gun's reverberations ended the game. He had outlasted and outfought Healy and three other Chicago players, come up and scored the winning goal with four seconds to go—*after being under water, fighting desperately, for three minutes and twelve seconds!*

If you like thrills in sports, water polo will provide you with all you can ask for. The leading club teams are located in New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago, Los Angeles and San Francisco. The leading college teams are Yale, Columbia, Michigan, Northwestern and Leland Stanford. Watch any of these teams in action and you'll quickly understand why water polo is known as the roughest and most strenuous of sports.

And if you are thinking of taking up the game yourself, remember that the cardinal principle of water polo is—if a man gets a hold on you that you can't break, go down to the bottom of the tank with him and wait to see who drowns first. ╫



"This hat you sell me—she will not keep her shape!"


RODNEY deSARRO

"I just came out for a breath of fresh air"

Fishermen Without Women

The man is after the fish and the woman is after the man but she usually catches them both

by EDMUND WARE

·SPORTS·

After the affair of the water on the bridge table, I swore never again to mention the subject of ladies in connection with fishing. But within five minutes of removing my right hand from the Book, I read something about fishing written by a lady in the *Ladies' Home Journal*, page 31, March issue, 1935—and mine is not the first oath to wither and die on account of the ladies, God damn 'em!

Dutch and I were innocently tying dry fly leaders in his living room. I had the calibrations straight from Ken Reid, and the different sizes of gut were soaking in a series of pans arranged on Dutch's bridge table. We were tying nine-footers, tapering from .015 to .006 of an inch, and we had to test each one. So Dutch drove an eight penny nail into the window casing and was looping one over it when his wife's jaws clicked. The sound reminded you of that made by a Pomeranian missing a tossed caramel.

"*Andrew!*" she bleated. She is not the woman to shorten it to Andy, and she has always hated me for always calling him Dutch.

Dutch just stood there. Then he looked down at the hammer in his hand and got a little white. "Yes, dear. It's all right," he said.

"All *right!*" She pointed at three or four deep wounds in the window casing where Dutch had missed the nail, said, "Besides, you're getting water on my bridge table," and began to cry.

Dutch looked at me helplessly. It was true we had spilled a trifling amount of water, but she seized upon each drop as if it were a planned felony, or some unspeakable deposit. "Dearest," Dutch said. "Dearest—"

"I'm not your dearest. All you think of is fishing."

From the way she spoke, you would almost have thought there was something else worth thinking about the first week in April. I stood there feeling beholden to nothing, and listening to the sleet prattling against the windows. Dutch heard it too, and a skewered look came into his eyes.

"Season'll be open in nine days," he said. "Just think of it. Trout." And he began to wipe up the water with his handkerchief.

"That's one of the embroidered ones I brought you from London," she sobbed. "Oh—*An*drew!"

The conversation had begun, you remember, with Dutch's driving that nail. It now focussed on the following exhumed crimes in which Dutch had figured. I give them to you chronologically as I heard them from the front hall where I was putting on my overcoat. (1), cleaning a salmon in the bathroom on May 4, 1923. (2), leaving his wet waders on the velvet divan, June, same year. (3), varnishing a rod in the library, winter of '31. (4), drinking a bottle of port in '32 in celebration of a four-pound rainbow he had caught. (5), overlooking their wedding anniversary for the years '22 to '34 inclusive. In Dutch's defense, I hasten to add that he married Muriel Purcell on April 15th. Haplessly, this date coincides with the opening of trout season.

But that isn't all! Dutch got away and sneaked out into the hall to say good night to me. "You—uh—you understand how it is," he said.

"I'm sorry Dutch," I told him. "It's rotten. They don't understand. They're dumb as hell about it. Unfair—"

Dutch stopped me short with a long, slow, disemboweling look. He just got grim all over. "Are you speaking of my wife?" he said. You could tell he was thinking of pistols.

And that is how I lost my best fishing partner. On the way back to my apartment, I got to thinking about ladies and fishing, and they should be permanently separated. Taken together, they are a complete compendium of woe. One of the first guys to find this out was Marcus Antonius, and the babe that showed him was Cleopatra, a worm fisherman at heart like all women.

In the first place, it seems that Marc had been informed that one way to Cleopatra's bed was to show her what a swell fisherman he was. So he had his divers go down and hook fish to his line. No decent sportsman would do that if his mind was really on his fishing. But you can't blame Marc's for straying. She had him completely off his rocker, and she was also wise to this stunt his divers were pulling. Well, she bribed one of them to hook a salt fish on his line, and when he landed it you could have heard the birdie up and down the Nile for about six or eight parasangs.

I wish I could forget the time Beady Owen brought his girl to the Cape Cod Trout Club. It was mid season, and every evening there'd be a hatch of drakes on Eagle Hill Stream. In the pool below the second landing was a big rainbow we'd been working on for days. George Bishop had him on once, and so did I. The evening of the third day a dozen of us gathered in the club dining room to talk about this trout. I had a vise and some fixings along, and offered to tie the boys some drakes similar to the naturals the trout seemed to be taking. I set up my vise, and had got to winding the hackle on the first fly when Beady Owen came in with his girl.

I suppose anyone who has never seen a squaretail turn in the sun just under water would call Beady's girl beautiful. All I mean is she is infused with a virulent poison which, if not antidoted in women of her kind, will ultimately annihilate the male fisherman. They sat together at a corner table, and the boys began to cough and lose interest in the flies I was tying. One by one they sneaked over to Beady's table and got introduced. They stood around her gawking, with their hats off

Whenever a fisherman takes off his hat he has lost interest in trout. I was left alone with my vise and an old guy about seventy. We winked at each other and thought of that big trout below the second landing.

But our thoughts were wasted, because the next morning Beady Owen's girl caught our trout, and do you know how she did it? She stood almost *in* the pool, her rod under her arm while she powdered her nose. This is a fact, now! I got it straight from Teneschal Smith who actually saw it. Well, she was powdering, and a white bucktail trailing downstream of her, jiggling a little as she dabbed at her schnozzle. The rainbow came up, took the fly, and she backed up the bank towing the trout ashore! He went two pounds, fourteen ounces! Beady married her—the girl—and has never been seen at the club since. I don't know where he fishes now. But I know he got his richly deserved penalty for bringing that perfumed siren to the club. Harry Tarr told me she cut the taper off a sixteen dollar Halford line and tied up the stems of some flowers with it! *Yah!*

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The Blind-Flying Professor

Thrilling history of a pilot's development of the epochal 1-2-3 system of blind flying

by CHARLES H. GALE

• ARTICLE •

High above the Boston Municipal Airport an air mail pilot on a busman's holiday guided his private cabin biplane aimlessly about, giving his two passengers—his own young son and a friend—a thrill. Suddenly he wheeled about toward a large billowy cloud, and plunged into it.

A few seconds later the plane hurtled from the base of the cloud, spinning madly, completely out of control. Spectators gasped. Out in the clear, the pilot was able to orient himself and level the ship off. He could see the horizon (the aviator's reference point); a few minutes later the machine rolled to a safe landing on the airport.

Air Mail Pilot Howard C. Stark drew his lanky frame out of the cockpit, a chagrined and disillusioned man. He was considerably shaken. For months he had been flying blind on one of the toughest air mail runs in the country—the route between Boston and New York—in such a manner as to earn an enviable reputation for getting through "impossible" weather. And he had just discovered he didn't know how to fly blind after all. Like hundreds of other pilots of that day and even the present, he was just plain lucky.

That was seven years ago. Stark had learned a lesson. He was unique in doing something about it. That one brief, chilling episode determined the course of his career, started in motion wheels which ultimately ground out the best known blind (instrument) flying system in use today, constituted the first birth pangs of a method which was to save the lives of countless pilots and passengers caught high in the air with fog, dense clouds, or blinding storms shutting the natural horizon from view.

For wherever pilots discuss instrument flying they talk of the 1-2-3 system of reading the turn-and-bank indicator, the air speed and rate-of-climb indicators—the instruments which report to the pilot the flying altitude of the plane when he cannot see the horizon. And the 1-2-3 system is the fundamental element contributed by Stark to the science of bad weather flight.

Before Stark appeared on the air transport scene only a handful of pilots—practically all of them long-service air mail pilots—knew anything at all about flying through reduced visibility. Even with this group, probably numbering no more than one hundred, success was in large measure due to luck. And practically every pilot had his own method of reading his instruments and applying the data they afforded to his emergency.

For the most part they used their instruments to *maintain* normal flight, which had been established while they could still see the horizon. Once that status quo was lost recovery was an uncertain matter. If unsuccessful, the pilot usually explained—if he survived—that the instruments had gone "out" or "haywire."

Stark's self-appointed mission was to standardize the instrument technique, reduce it to a formula which would work under *all possible conditions* of flight—normal and otherwise—and make it so simple that the procedure could be easily and quickly assimilated and with minimum practise be made a matter of habit, and become incorporated into the pilot's "second nature."

He knew that hundreds of his brother pilots had been flying with a similar illusion that they had mastered the instruments and that, because they only half-knew the proper procedure, were courting disaster. With relentless persistency over a number of years, often at great personal risk, Stark sought the answers. His laboratory consisted of three of the most important routes in this country and one of the most hazardous in South America. The 1-2-3 system is the result.

Nevertheless, competent instrument pilots still are too few. Despite advances in instrument flying knowledge there are hundreds of professional pilots at this very moment who think themselves qualified to fly blind but who in reality have only a cursory knowledge of its principles and are heading for trouble.

Practically every bad weather crash—almost every airline crash today occurs in bad weather—is due to the pilot's inability or disinclination to fly by instruments in blinding weather. In most cases he attempts to fly under the clouds in order to keep the natural horizon in view as long as possible, suddenly encounters an obstacle, often a mountain or hillside, and the ensuing collision makes a story for the next day's newspapers.

Airline pilots are not exempt. While the latter, as a class, are as accomplished instrument pilots as any in the world, there still are far too many among them who know enough to pass the Federal examination but not enough to put it into practise under all practical conditions. (Neither are the military pilots exempt.)

Witness the crashes of air transports in recent years, especially since 1932 when the Federal license for instrument flying was first required, and the sad experience of the Army Air Corps last year in its attempt to carry the mail. Poor judgment or tough luck still create situations to which the pilot's blind flying technique cannot rise and a crash automatically becomes almost inevitable.

In 1932 the Federal government required airline pilots to prove their blind flying ability. Before that, pilots carried thousands of passengers and millions of pounds of mail at night and through bad weather at night, with only spotty official consideration of their ability to fly by instruments alone. Airlines had to establish training courses for their pilots in order to prepare them for the government tests.

It is reassuring to know that under the impetus of government supervision and airline and military policies amelioration of this situation is being achieved. The 1-2-3 system, born of Stark's initial failure over Boston, is playing a key part. But without reflecting on the ability of the majority of airline pilots, it must be said frankly that in some instances instructors or students are inept, for serious faults continue to crop out from time to time.

The average commercial pilot likewise is gaining a deeper appreciation of the problem involved and the importance of real instrument flying ability.

Not a little of the credit for Eastern Air Line's record of never having killed a passenger since its organization in 1929 may be attributed to Stark's coaching of fifty-five of the line's pilots in bad weather operations. His proficiency earned him the appointment of special consultant in night flying with K. L. M., Holland's air transportation company, operating a model line throughout Europe and the famous service between Holland and the Dutch East Indies. During the six months of 1934 that Stark served with this company he compiled data for its pilots on instrument flying, and flew as co-pilot over all its European routes to advise on fine points of operation.

The 1-2-3 system, reduced to simplest terms, is this: 1—Center the needle on the turn indicator with rudder only. 2—Center the ball in the bank indicator with the ailerons only. 3—Center the air speed indicator (that is, maneuver the needle to the desired cruising speed), with the elevators only, at the same time centering the rate-of-climb indicator with the throttle.

These three maneuvers, made at all times

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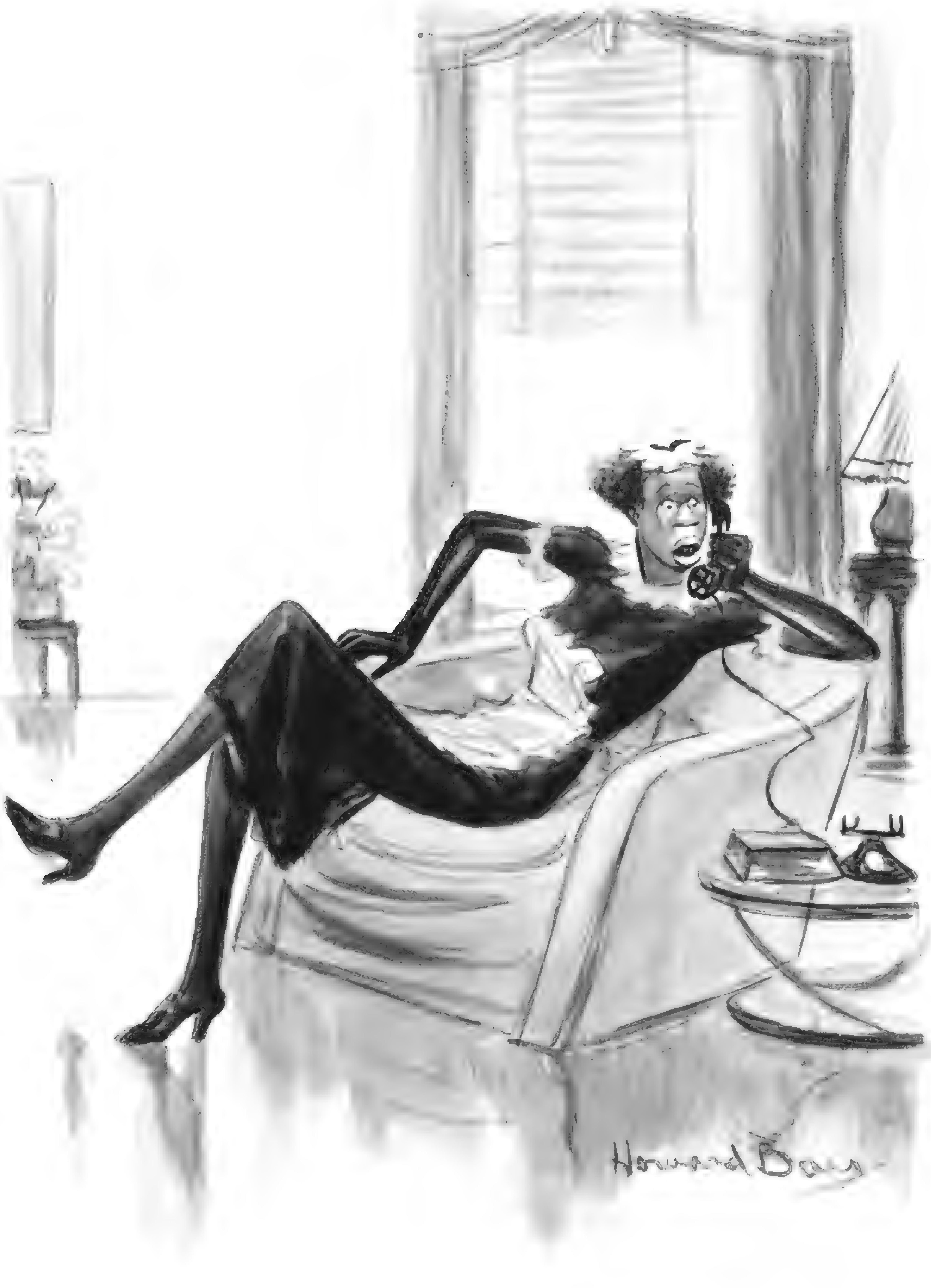

"Missus Reed-Smith-Woffington residence—no, Missus ain't in, Mista Woffington, she's out with Mista Reed"

The Blind-Flying Professor

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as stated and in the order named can be relied upon to achieve recovery from any flying attitude into which the machine may get. Turns, ascents and descents, even acrobatics, can be carried out with instruments serving in place of the natural horizon, if the instruments are continually *read* in the above order. Any other order will work only under certain combinations of conditions and when those conditions do not obtain the pilot not only gets into difficulty but is liable unwittingly to complicate the emergency. That was the lesson Stark learned. His early method *of keeping the instruments centered* worked until he got into a spin. Then his misguided maneuver made the spin even tighter.

Stark developed skill in instrument flying by making every flight a laboratory flight. If he was on a scheduled mail run he made every situation which arose a test of his theories. Whenever he made a test flight, or a pleasure trip in a plane of his own, he took particular delight in plunging into clouds in an almost fanatically empirical attitude of mind and with every sense strained to the utmost to perfect himself in normal flight and in stunting while blind. As a matter of fact, to this day he always takes off with his eyes glued to the instrument board, making each move strictly in accordance with what the dials say, instead of following the conventional practise of observing the horizon.

Almost from the very beginning he has been his own instructor. He practically taught himself to fly. His approach to a career in aviation was typical of the man. He did not ride as a passenger to see how he liked it or take a few lessons to discover what aptitude he might possess. Having made up his mind that aviation was his game he proceeded forthwith to buy an airplane, one of the old war-surplus Jennies powered with the war-time OX-5 engine. Both were the backbone of commercial aviation in the early post-war years.

Stark soloed after ridiculously short dual instruction totaling only 90 minutes—a mere hour and a half. And this meager instruction was secured from six different instructors, an average of only 15 minutes per man. His greatest help, he says, came from Lieut-Commander Russell Holderman, a veteran instructor who learned to fly in 1913 and is still prominent in aviation. Even today with vastly more efficient airplanes and with more powerful engines, the average student receives close to ten hours dual instruction before being turned loose.

But Stark couldn't wait. He went out to what is now Roosevelt Field early one morning in 1922 and found none of his instructors had arrived. Deciding the morning was too pleasant to waste, he wheeled his Jenny onto the line, warmed up the engine and in a few minutes got both the plane and himself blithely into the air for his first solo flight. He also got both down again. The landing wasn't anything to boast about but he had learned enough from his instructors and from observation to get away with it. From that moment he was an aviator.

And that meant that he began to carry passengers for hire. The first thought of practically all the budding pilots of those days was to earn money by "joy-hopping." There was no Federal Bureau of Air Commerce in those days to regulate such activities. It would be illegal to carry a pay passenger today without at least 50 hours' solo experience and then only after having passed a rigid test. Stark started right in business and the unsuspecting passengers he was able to inveigle into riding with him were not only sharing with him the vicissitudes of the early stages of an inexperienced pilot's career but were paying him handsomely for the doubtful privilege.

With a total of only ten hours' experience behind him Stark one day started across country from Long Island to Pawling, N. Y., to satisfy yet another ambition of every new pilot—to show off before his family. The Pawling newspaper next morning said: "Undoubtedly Stark would have made a safe landing successfully had he not struck a wire in the descent." His wing struck a guy wire and that was the end of the Jenny. It was not until 1925, three years later, that he had saved up enough money for another start.

He hadn't flown in the interim, but that was a minor point. He at once began a barnstorming career which prospered and carried him far afield, landing him the next year in Cuba and the year after that in Boston to become a mail pilot. Colonial Air Transport had run out of planes, because of a hangar fire and accidents, so Stark and his Stinson-Detroiter were chartered to keep the mail moving.

Up to this time he hadn't flown at night nor in bad weather. And what is more he hadn't flown in accordance with a schedule, a factor which accounts for a vast difference between airline operations and miscellaneous flying, in which one can afford to sit on the ground until the weather improves. When he inquired about bad weather flying he received for the first time the answer which typified the prevailing attitude toward the whole problem of piloting by instruments, at that time: "Why, you just do."

Stark proceeded to find out for himself. Every night he was scheduled to fly the mail across New England to New York his wife accompanied him to the airport, solicitously assisted him in adjusting the bulky parachute and harness, and with amazing equanimity waved him off on his run, whether the sky was so clear he could see the beacons stretched out ahead or so thick his tail light would be out of sight from the ground before he had hardly cleared the runway.

"Many nights," one of his associates of those days has said, "when the fog was so low we could barely see the farther end of the field we would vow it was impossible for Stark to get through. Suddenly we would hear his motor. He would circle around, feeling his way down. Then the motor would die as he glided in for a landing and the first thing we would know, there he would be, bouncing to a landing. He made some terrible landings, of course, but he knew how to get his old crate through." And as might be expected the nickname they gave him was "Goofy."

Stark began to think he was good, too, only to be humbled by the aforementioned spin. By the time he went to work for National Air Transport on the difficult run between New York and Cleveland in 1929 his reputation as a bad weather pilot had grown considerably and he had worked out the fundamentals of the 1-2-3 system.

Among the N. A. T. pilots were some of the oldest air mail pilots in the country and the most experienced bad weather fliers of that day. But he got essentially the same answer: "You just *keep the instruments centered.*" The manner in which he proceeded to do it amazed even his hard-boiled associates. It came about this way:

On his first run solo over the New York-Cleveland route, then considered one of the most necessarily "fair weather" runs in the country because of vagaries and the intensity of the weather, and the presence of jagged mountains, Stark was to be accompanied by an old-timer in another plane, so he would not get lost in the low visibility. Before the pair reached Bellefonte the weather became extremely unfavorable. Stark's guide decided it was impossible to fly through, landed at Bellefonte and waited for conditions to improve. Stark doggedly pushed on through to his destination, practically on time. He actually was getting good.

Two years on that rigorous service, which had taken its toll of skilled pilots who had not quite mastered their instruments, enabled him to test and perfect his system further. He found that the pilots trying to fly by instruments at that time were satisfied to keep the plane on an even keel, they knew little or nothing about recovery. Once the plane began to go "haywire" they didn't know what to do, except to use the parachute. He got thorough grounding, also, in the two other phases of bad weather flying—navigation of the plane along an invisible radio path, and the judging of meteorological conditions and the maneuvering of the plane through or around them to successful consummation of the flight. The latter involves extreme types of weather, weather which to the present day causes cancellation of scores of scheduled flights simply because pilots have not learned to master them, or are not provided with planes which can be trusted in them.

In 1931 New York-Rio and Buenos Aires Line became impressed with Stark's reputation for getting through and picked him to fly the night mail between Buenos Aires and Porto Allegre, Brazil. The route lay along the coast, noted for changeable weather and for the severity of the storms which came that way. He took the job, and hangar loungers still talk of his exploits in flying blind during the year which elapsed before the service was bought by Pan American Airways and Stark returned to the United States to fly for another line.

Stark was furnished with a Lockheed and later a Fleetster on floats. He made one round trip each week, taking off after dark with mail to fly to Porto Allegre, there to overtake the passenger flying boat which had left Buenos Aires early in the morning for the trip up the coast by daylight. This scheme speeded up the mail an entire business day. He practically had to fly "by guess and by God." That is, he had none

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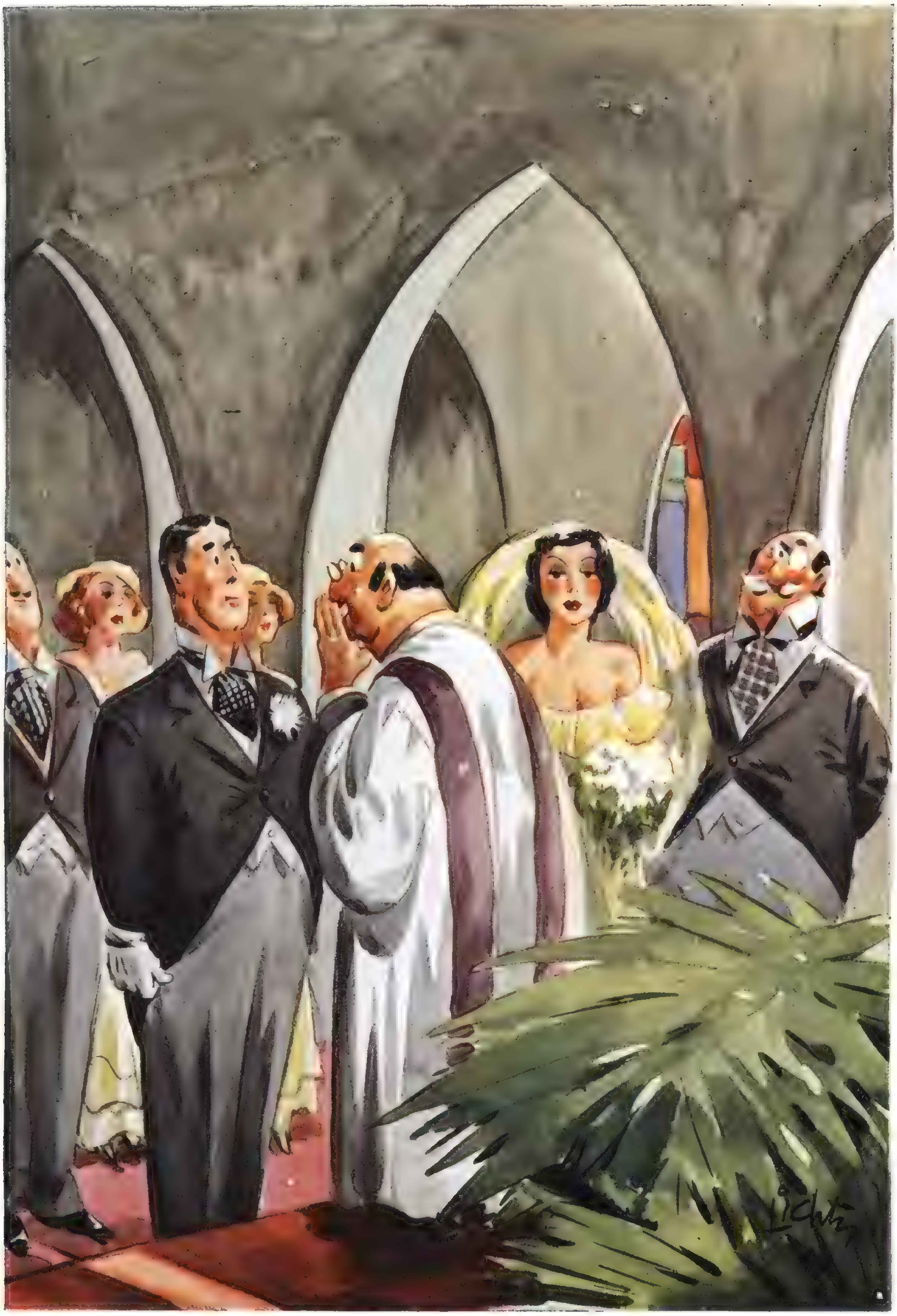
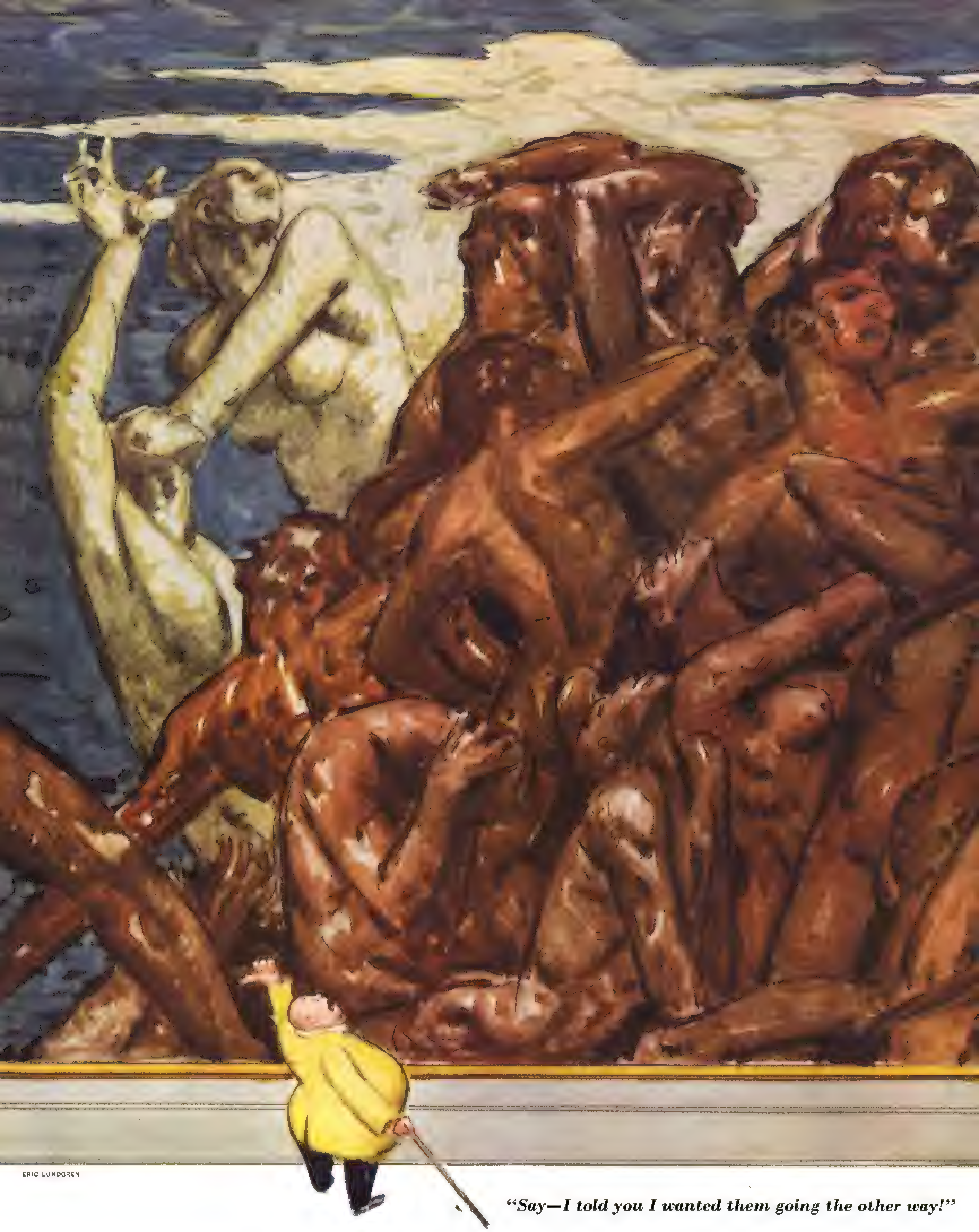
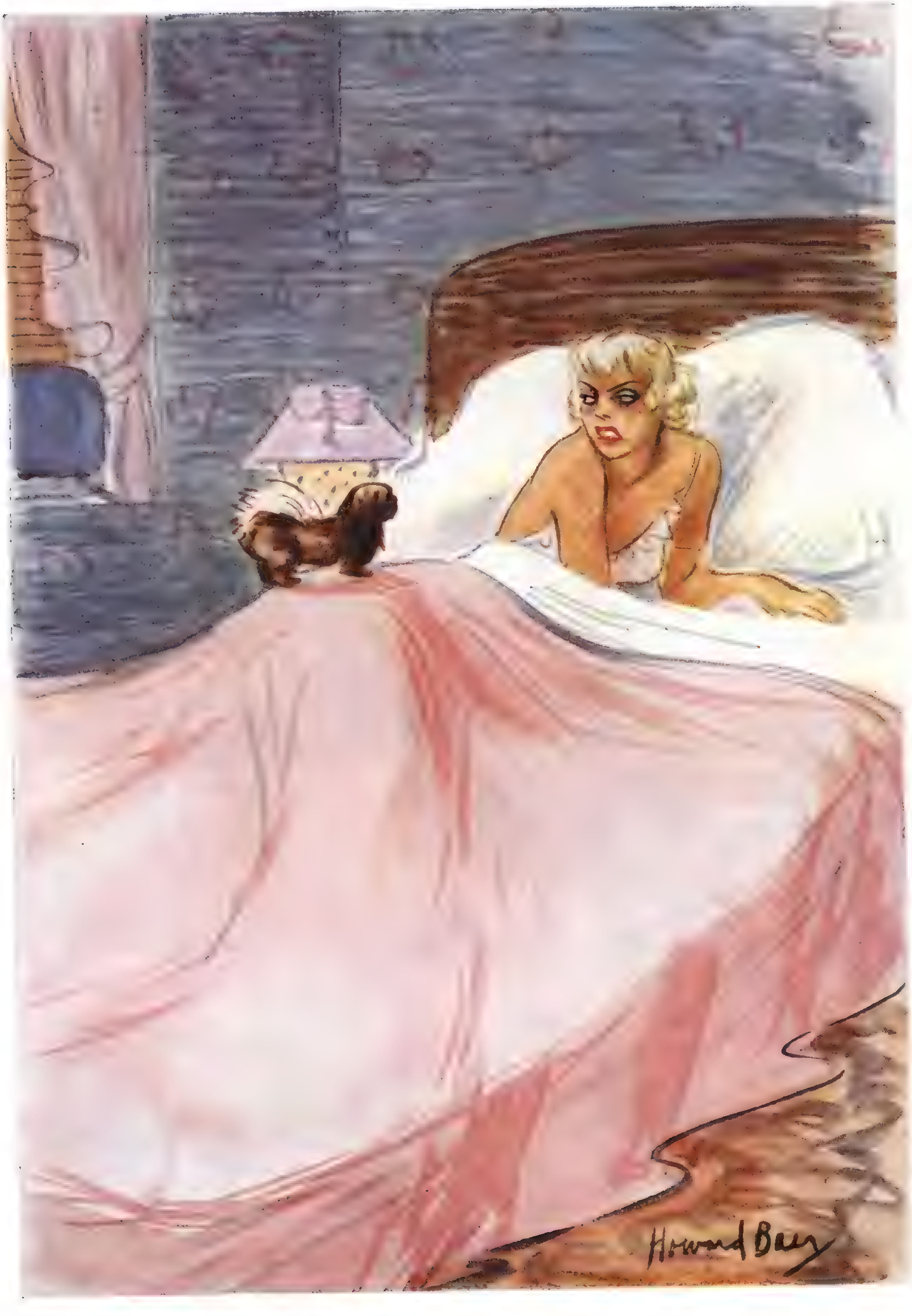


"Not bad, boy! Not bad at all!"


ERIC LUNDGREN

"Say—I told you I wanted them going the other way!"

OIL


Howard Baer

"Oh, it's you!"

Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf

Naming the Claudius tale one of the most magnificent literary achievements of the present era

by BURTON RASCOE

▪ BOOKS ▪

TOPS

Claudius the God (Smith & Haas, $3) by Robert Graves—Sequel to "*I, Claudius.*" Book-of-the-Month Club choice. See review.

Catherine, the Portrait of an Empress (Viking, $3.50) by Gina Kaus—An entertaining new analysis of the career of one of the most energetic females in history, embodying newly discovered letters. Literary Guild selection. Reviewed below.

The Road to War: America, 1914-1917 (Houghton, Mifflin, $3.50) by Walter Millis—How and why we got into the war, brilliantly told. Book-of-the-Month Club selection for June. Reviewed below.

An Almanac for Moderns (Putnam's, $3) by Donald Culross Peattie—A surprise book of the year. Takes its place with the work of Thoreau, Hudson and Cunningham-Grahame as nature stuff written with depth and beauty. Reviewed below.

The Deadly Dowager (Doubleday, Doran, $2) by Edwin Greenwood—This is your correspondent's first murder mystery recommendation since *The Thin Man.* Arthur Machen says of it: "The great combination in all real literature is the combination of murder with mirth. . . . *The Deadly Dowager* is compounded on the true and ancient recipe; it mixes mirth and murder with immense spirit and success."

RECOMMENDED

Hindenburg and the Saga of the German Republic (Winston, $3.50) by Emil Ludwig—This does for the events in Germany leading up to Hitlerism what Walter Millis' book does for the events in our country leading up to our plunge into the war.

Leaders, Dreamers, and Rebels (Viking, $5) by Rene Fulop-Miller—A lush, Carlylean chronicle of great mystical race-movements and manias and of the dreamers, rebels and madmen who lead them, from the Crusades to Technocracy and Hitlerism.

Puzzled America (Scribner's, $2.50) by Sherwood Anderson—Sketches and stories of workers, farmers and humble folk caught in the depression. Written in Anderson's best manner of brooding, homely simplicity.

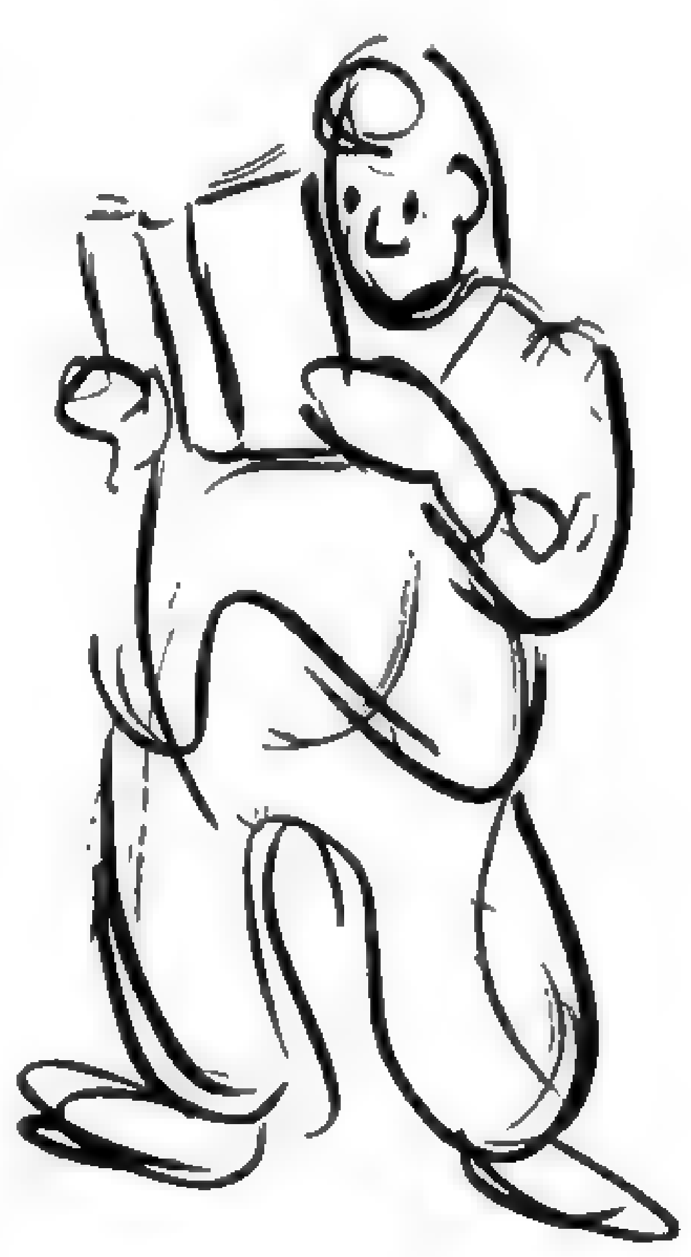
A Saga of a Paper Mill (The Caxton Printers, Caldwell, Idaho, $2) by Laurence Pratt—This is the first book of poems since the better days of Millay, Eliot, Wylie, that has me all hepped up. A sort of *Spoon River Anthology* of mill hands, loggers, mechanics and bosses in a West Coast paper mill, written with a feeling for rhythm, idiom and a lot else.

Pylon (Smith & Haas, $2.50) by William Faulkner—For those who can succumb to Faulkner's mesmeric technique with fascination or with pleasure, this is his simplest and most coherent book since *Soldier's Pay.*

I, Claudius by Robert Graves was a subtle performance; but *Claudius the God* is even subtler. In the first novel Graves made you feel that you were actually reading the words of the Roman emperor; that this emperor, although deemed a fool, was inordinately wise, humble, serene, politic and the master of a beautiful, simple, cadenced style; that you were learning intimate, scandalous and plausible details of court life in ancient Rome; and Graves, while doing this, told a yarn as full of plot and suspense as a dozen shilling shockers or Sardou melodramas.

In *Claudius the God* Graves performs the extraordinary feat of, without changing the character he had predicated for Claudius in the first novel, revealing him to be, essentially, as witless, as cruelly stupid as his detractors said he was—and without destroying your sympathy for Claudius. This is management of tragedy in the sense of Sophocles and Aristotle. In the Greek dramas fate or the gods smote or began to smite the tragic hero the moment he displayed *hubris* or arrogance and this sin against the mandates of gods and men might be a development of a concatenation of circumstances which the hero not only did not plan but which he was not aware of. Subtly Graves says, in dramatic narrative, that Claudius allowed himself first to be made emperor against his deepest republican convictions and out of a profound patriotic idealism, then, out of the same patriotic idealism and against all his convictions, he humored his people by permitting them to nominate him a living god—and out of this followed assassinations and cruelties, injustice and horror; for, as he was the unwilling instrument of the wicked and intelligent Livia in the first novel, he was the fatuous, doting dupe of his lascivious wife, Messalina, in the second.

These two novels constitute, I think, one of the most magnificent literary achievements of our period. They bring imaginative richness gracefully and soundly to bear upon thoughtful and patient scholarly research and thus achieve a very high kind of synthesis—history plus artistic imagination plus deeply felt and finely articulated human values. I think that Robert Graves knows as much as any historian does about the times of Claudius and more than most; and he can certainly write a novel with the best of novel writers.



Gina Kaus hasn't got the literary talent Robert Graves has and it is possible that her style has suffered in development from the frivolous popular novels she has tossed off as a relief from her serious work as a sociologist specializing in the careers of women and as a psychologist; but she has combined original research into the enigma of the Empress Catherine with the more recent findings of the psychologists and with the engaging talent for pace and incident which makes her a successful popular playwright and novelist.

Moreover Fraulein Kaus has embodied in her narrative and made excellent use of the recently unearthed letters of Catherine to Potiomkin. These and other documents were unearthed not long ago by the Soviet custodians of the documents left by the czaristic régime and they now see the light, in English, for the first time as part of this new biography. Catherine was a female Gargantua with as much brains as Queen Elizabeth of England and with an animal vitality, expressing itself in many ways and only scandalously in love, that was all her own.

Like Allen's popular work of four years ago, *Only Yesterday,* Walter Millis' *The Road to War* is a sprightly and sentient coördination and review of fairly recent history and an entertaining reminder of many things some of us might not otherwise remember very clearly. The book has to do with the blithely ignorant and happy optimism and general good-fellowship which at least superficially pervaded all Europe and America and how in no time this bliss was shot all to hell and how, against all humane reason and against the will of the people, we were slowly but relentlessly drawn into the European catastrophe. Millis leans heavily upon C. Hartley Grattan's *Why We Fought* and other earlier books and articles analyzing and tracing the causes of the war and our participation in it but it is written in a more agreeable style than any of the others and is urbane, reportorial, and unembittered. Millis does not express any philosophical conclusion. He says in effect, "This is what happened. There were some ironical, some comical, some extremely tragic things about the whole business. There was much sculduggery and stupidity. There was also much honest, altruistic, if misguided efforts to do the right thing. Order your own conclusions about it."

I am not going to try to give you any of the flavor of Donald Culross Peattie's

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Why People Play Chess

Continued from page 58

tournament game for the longest time, and who had defeated or drawn with Alekhine on all former occasions—this Spanish terror should lose to the Russian bear, not once but eight times in the course of the match? I dropped in at the Manhattan Chess Club to ask the old boys about it. It was now my habit to drop in now and then as an onlooker, a Kibitzer, or to play a lighthearted game of rapid-transit. There was Capa, and he saw and invited me for a walk far away from the club. We walked for hours among the trees of Central Park.

The debonair Capa, who used to defeat most opponents merely by smiling as they sat down, was drawn to me because of my retirement from chess and my continued love of the game solely as an amateur. The amateur enjoys chess thoroughly, the professional rarely. For sheer pastime, amusement, forgetfulness, nothing can replace lighthearted chess. Well—we ambled on and Capa talked, aided by several knowing cues. I recalled a previous occasion after the present American champion, Frank Marshall, had lost a match to the then boyish Capa by the overwhelming score of eight to nothing, with many draws in between. Marshall, the meteor of his age, who had defeated all the leading masters through the sheer daring of his style, had looked like a timid dub against Capa. And Frank could only mutter, "What's happened to my game?" He simply couldn't fathom what had happened to anything else. Thus Capablanca again. But Capa *knew* what had happened to his game against the strangely powerful Alekhine. He'd been on top too long, had grown too perfect, had lost to nobody, had lost his zest for the game. Furthermore, the Cuban people and government had showered their star with adulation and a consular sinecure. Capa married, settled down and took further chess for granted.

He knew everything anyone could know about chess, or fancied he did. Always a disdainful fellow, he disdained Caïssa herself. He had nothing more to learn, and others learned it for him, especially the Russian giant. Alekhine revolutionized chess and, of all things, revolutionized what had been sacred for generations: the openings! He started playing from the very first moves—queer looking stuff indeed—and to conceive a campaign, not from the early middle game, but from the outset. He brought new life to chess as a whole. Meanwhile, the once youthful Capa, no longer romantic, had grown too classical. He had nothing new to say, naught to discover. His once superlative game, miracle though it was, slowly declined, and then more rapidly. Only recently, in a noble comeback in Britain, Capa lost two games to comparative tyros. And one of these he should have won: he had a won-game. Imagine that of José Raoul Capablanca! Never had such a master let a winning position slip during his prime. In my own modest engagement with him, when we were tied for the New York State championship and had to play it off, Capa had the white pieces, the first move. We played a perfectly even game, hour after slow hour, except for the fact that he still had the move on me. I could never catch up with this infinitesimal advantage, and had to resign because of what the Germans call a Zugzwang. Try to pronounce it! Later, I wrote a Sunday story entitled, *How It Feels to Play Capablanca.* Capa read the sketch in New Orleans and sent me a postal card: "You say you drank twelve glasses of water and failed to add that I drank thirteen!" We remember that game with affection though it took place over twenty years ago.

But I've said too little about the duffers, the genuine lovers of chess. Without the duffers, chess would be as incomplete as nations without the common people. The greatest duffer at chess was Napoleon who played an atrocious game against a favored lieutenant who endangered his life by beating the Emperor regularly and sending him off in a rage. Kings, princes, diplomats, masters of the art of intrigue, have been helpless under the royal game, comically so, for chess is the funniest of games. I've never heard such laughter as the laughter Kibitzers indulge waiting for either of two poor fools to commit a blunder. They rarely have to wait long. I can go into any haunt anywhere at this moment and find two duffers straining, surrounded by onlookers nudging one another and airing sarcastic comments. I've known Smith to play Jones on and off for thirty years and known them to make the same mistakes all over. I started haunting clubs at the age of thirteen and have seen again and again people encountered in youth. And nobody seems to improve; if he improves a little he sticks. I've seen men go home in a Napoleonic rage and return to the field next day with forgetful eagerness. I've heard pieces banged on the table and seen boards upset, only to find Smith and Jones quietly sitting down for another session. Duffers adore the game long after the masters are bored. I've seen great bankers, corporation lawyers, politicians, scientists, professors, famous musicians, painters, authors, tumble before an easy move and ruin themselves with childish blunders. I've watched Josef Hofmann and Mischa Elman struggle over the board, anxious to forget a recital as quickly as possible, and heard a Kibitzer chortle:

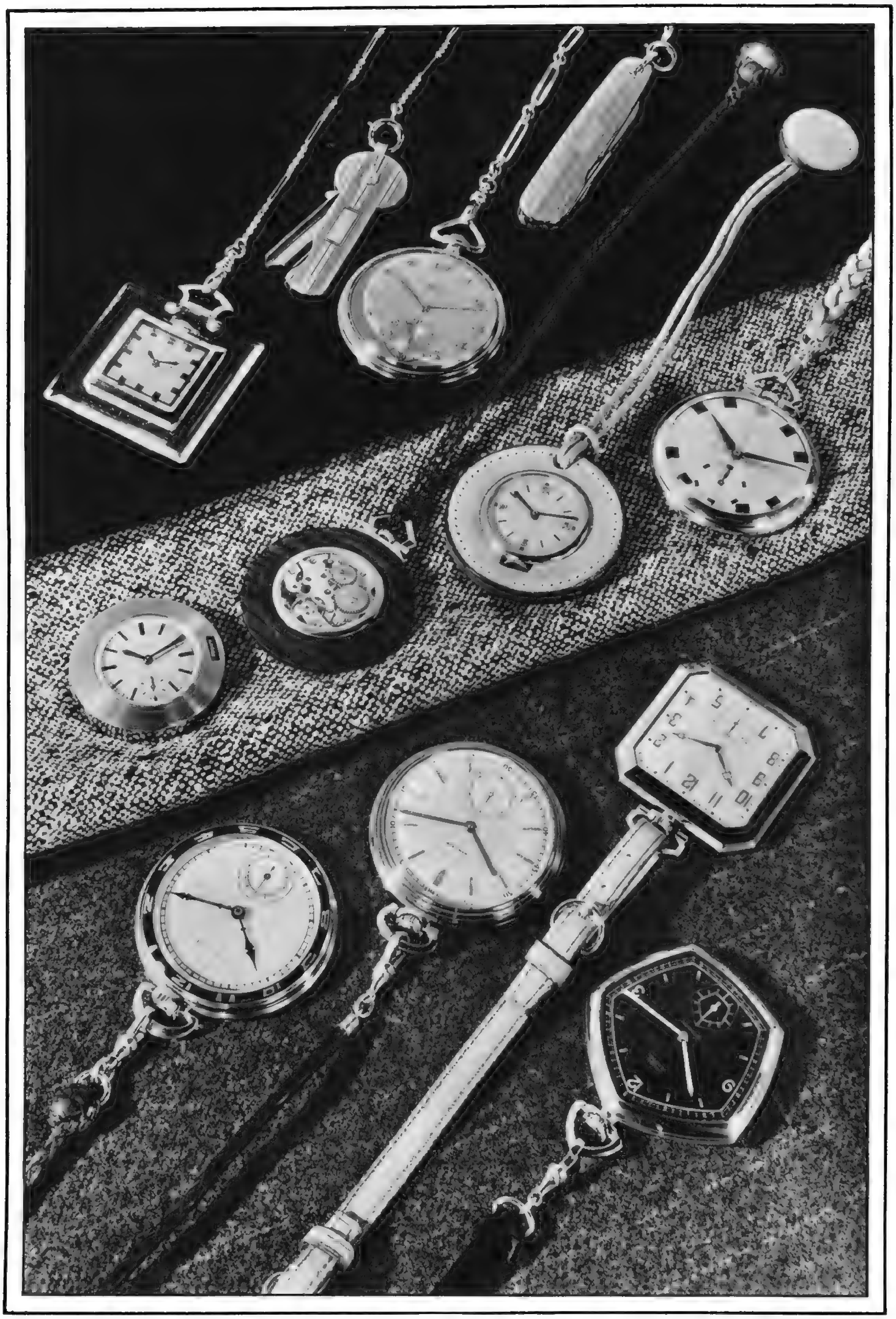
"If these men play in public the way they play here, Josef must play the fiddle, Mischa the piano."

And I've seen the poorest of the poor, dregs of the economic scale, at their daily, nightly games over on the East Side, and everyone grinning over the solace chess affords to chronic tragedy. Not long ago I went back to a dive on Fourteenth Street and there they all were, the patriarchs of yore. The chatter was deafening, the banging of kings and queens, and the smoke a fog. Most of the players were eating sandwiches, drinking coffee—an old custom. Didn't they know about the depression? I knew the cafe proprietor and tactfully asked him to explain what I saw. He smiled at my puzzlement. "The men who can pay for their meals pay for the ones who can't." "How so?" "I earn enough from the payers to save me from charging the others."

The disclosure was not unique; I'd met such situations before, but only in the chess world. The sheer humanity of chess and its devotees is a beautiful thing. No one is allowed to starve and strangers are invited to play. Men bring their tragedies, toughest frustrations, insoluble problems, to the club and start shoving pieces. Nobody asks a question about the outer world. Here is Nirvana and no one disturbs Nirvana. War may return to the world, worse than the World War—no matter. Revolution may stalk again, people shot, hung, guillotined, or what not—the club must go on. I'll wager my life that when someone rushed out of a certain cafe in Paris, the leading chess haunt in Europe, and stood right out in the moiling gutter, waiting for Marie Antoinette to approach in her tumbril, and made a terrific drawing of her, the last ever made of her, and left it to posterity, signed Jacques Louis David, he was quite a rebel, a grand artist, but a lousy chess player. Surely his cronies in the cafe must have gone on playing without even asking, "What's happened to David?" Renaud and Reynard must have gone on playing and the Kibitzers waiting, waiting.

Renaud's king is in a trap while Reynard's queen is impatient for the coup-de-grâce. Can Renaud extricate his king? Can he find the one defense to save the old cripple? Is there a counter-attack somewhere; can he hold off Reynard with a little pawn move half an inch long? Tragedy and comedy both lean forward. David comes rushing back with a boisterous "Long live the Republic!" and triumphantly waves his drawing. But who the hell cares about artists, queens, the people, or who was being "shaved by the national razor!" Renaud has made his sneaking move and Reynard looks puzzled now. He didn't expect his rival to find a mouse-hole. The grinning Kibitzers turn on him. Hang that insignificant pawn! Reynard stares and frowns, frowns and stares, his nose growing longer, longer. Suddenly David, famous and infamous, clamors again and one of the Kibitzers growls: "Shut up, go away, you're disturbing our game."

Just as certain as I sit here, that's what happened in October, 1793. History never tells the whole story. ⌗



BOURKE-WHITE PHOTO

A PAGE DEVOTED TO THE POCKET WATCH

After years of subservience to the wrist type, the pocket watch is staging a big comeback. At the top are two models for dressier moments, a square watch with crystal case, appropriate chain and key container, and a presentation watch with bold link chain and knife. On the tweed strip, suggesting their appropriateness for country wear, are left to right, a coin watch, a watch encased in rare wood with transparent crystal exposing the works, with fine braid watchguard, a pigskin-cased watch with braided pigskin guard, and a modern chromium cased watch with a heavier braided guard. In the bottom row, for town wear, are left to right, a modernized case with numerals in enamel on the edge, another modern case with an especially interesting dial, a square watch of sturdy appearance with the popular strap guard of pigskin, and a pentagon shaped watch with black face.

(Send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire, 40 E. 34th St., N. Y. C., for sources of articles photographed)

Stage-Door Johnny, Esq.

It ought to get the Pulitzer Prize but is it American? Is it original? Is it educational?

by JOHN V. A. WEAVER

▪ THEATRE ▪

Glimpse List

MUSTS!

Anything Goes. Musical smash. Cole Porter tunes, Victor Moore, Ethel Merman, Bill Gaxton, etc.

Awake and Sing. Tragic comedy of Bronx life, excellent writing, excellent cast.

Personal Appearance. What movie stars do away from Hollywood. Oh, you would, would you?

Petticoat Fever. Heartily-laughable foolishness. The screwiest show of the year.

The Children's Hour. Tragedy about Lesbianism and the fiendishness of a wicked child. Strong but very fine.

The Old Maid. Gentle sadness of old New York. My guess for the Pulitzer Prize.

The Petrified Forest. Leslie Howard and grand cast in effective melodrama.

Three Men on a Horse. Convulsing antics about following the ponies.

Tobacco Road. Human termites at play and in sorrow. Second year, going strong.

Waiting for Lefty. Brilliant and moving propaganda play. Take the "message" or leave it—the humanity is there. Other one-acter so-so.

YES, GO AHEAD!

Accent on Youth. Amusing comedy showing masculine October's difficulties with feminine April.

Fly Away Home. The naughty sophisticated youngsters and the puzzled, conventional but shrewd father. Fairly funny.

Katharine Cornell. Repertory season. Current, a praiseworthy effort against war, "Flowers of the Forest," by Van Druten. Next, "Candida."

Laburnum Grove. Good mystery comedy, Edmund Gwenn especially delightful.

Post Road. Fun with kidnaping.

Revenge With Music. Operetta with good music, pretty good book, Libby Holman, Georges Metaxa.

The Great Waltz. Your dish, not mine. Strauss music.

Thumbs Up. Spotty revue, with numerous assets.

The Bishop Misbehaves. Stuffy *Innocence of Father Brown* type of crime detection. Walter Connolly, Jane Wyatt enhance it somewhat.

NAY, NAY!

Lady of Letters, The Dominant Sex.

Even as I hack out these words with the annoying finger of each hand, the great accolade of every year is being prepared for the theatre. I don't refer to the customary selections of the "Ten Best Performances"—another name for the Ten Best Roles—but to that supreme award which carries with it a guarantee of several weeks' extension in length of run, and the distinction of causing furores of dissatisfaction. You're psychic. Yes, the Pulitzer Prize.

Picture now the harmless, necessary pedants of the committee, pitifully anxious to please somebody, faced with the knowledge that the plays which, this season, have towered above the mass all contain elements flagrantly antagonistic to the commonly accepted American code of ethics, morals or ideals. Of course, the judges—who, I understand, are only empowered to "recommend," not to make final decisions—are supplied with a standard of measurement. But look at the exact wording of the requirements, secured with no effort whatever from Columbia's headquarters: "For the original American play performed in New York, which best represents the educational value and power of the stage."

Now I ask you! Is it any wonder that confusion arises? "Original"? Does that—despite the case of *The Green Pastures*—rule out the excellent adaptation of Mrs. Wharton's novelette, *The Old Maid?* "American"? Last year the forlorn creatures picked *Mary of Scotland* only to have their choice cast out in favor of *Men in White*, apparently because while the author of their favorite was American enough (and some of the language, I thought, also) the subject was clearly not. As for "educational"—what in the name of Nicholas Murray Butler can that word imply?

Imagine for a few moments that you are one of those gentle solons, perspiring over the thankless chore of applying the yardstick to the present outstanding candidates. What about *The Children's Hour?* Unless you are totally lacking in perception—in which case you would never have been appointed to the committee—you realize that here is a production of great import. Original, American, powerful—unreservedly yes! Ah, but educational—well, it certainly must have opened the eyes of many; opened their eyes so wide that they—well, admit it, you also—began to stare with discomfort. Yes, yes, that's the agony of it! You were moved too terribly. And the subject! How can you lend your name to approval of a drama which deals with those wretched outcasts, those Le— no, no, you can't bring yourself to say it! Oh, your ears and whiskers! You scuttle about in a frenzy, wringing your little paws, worrying about William Lyon Phelps, your soul in tatters from the battle between your conscientiousness and your conscience. Can you excusably set yourself up against the condemnation so violently expressed by such right-thinkers as the British censor and Marlene Dietrich? Oh, goodness gracious! What's the next?

The Petrified Forest? Well, it's powerful, it's interesting melodrama all right, it's American and original but—er—educational? Darn it, there we are again! Leslie Howard practically commits suicide by persuading that gunman to shoot him, so that his insurance can send the girl to freedom and beauty in France. Yes, it not only condones, it practically ennobles suicide! It makes the gunman a fairly sympathetic character, too, and what about those rather naughty jokes concerning "hay" and so on, and— Oh, that outrageous talk criticizing the government and the American Legion and capitalism and a lot of our institutions? Oh, Geewhillikens! Aren't those awful obstacles?

Awake and Sing? You enjoyed a good deal of it, but it's so frankly communistic, it just raves on about how things aren't right, the way they're being run, and insists that people are starving in a land of plenty, and it's just stuffed full of subversive sentiments. Of course, *Both Your Houses* that other year jumped on Congress, but then everybody does that. My, my!

How about *Valley Forge?* That was peachy, even if it did bore you somewhat. It's the most human portrait of George Washington you've yet seen, though, and made him out a fine, tired, lonely man of courage. But there again—look what a picture it pretends to present of our country's Okay Revolution! Why, it would have you believe that everything in those days was run by scoundrels, chiselers, corruptionists and traitors, and that the integrity of a mere handful, led by that true but cynical hero, alone saved the new nation. Can you afford to foster such iconoclasm, especially during these nervous times?

What, oh what, then? Pardon me while I

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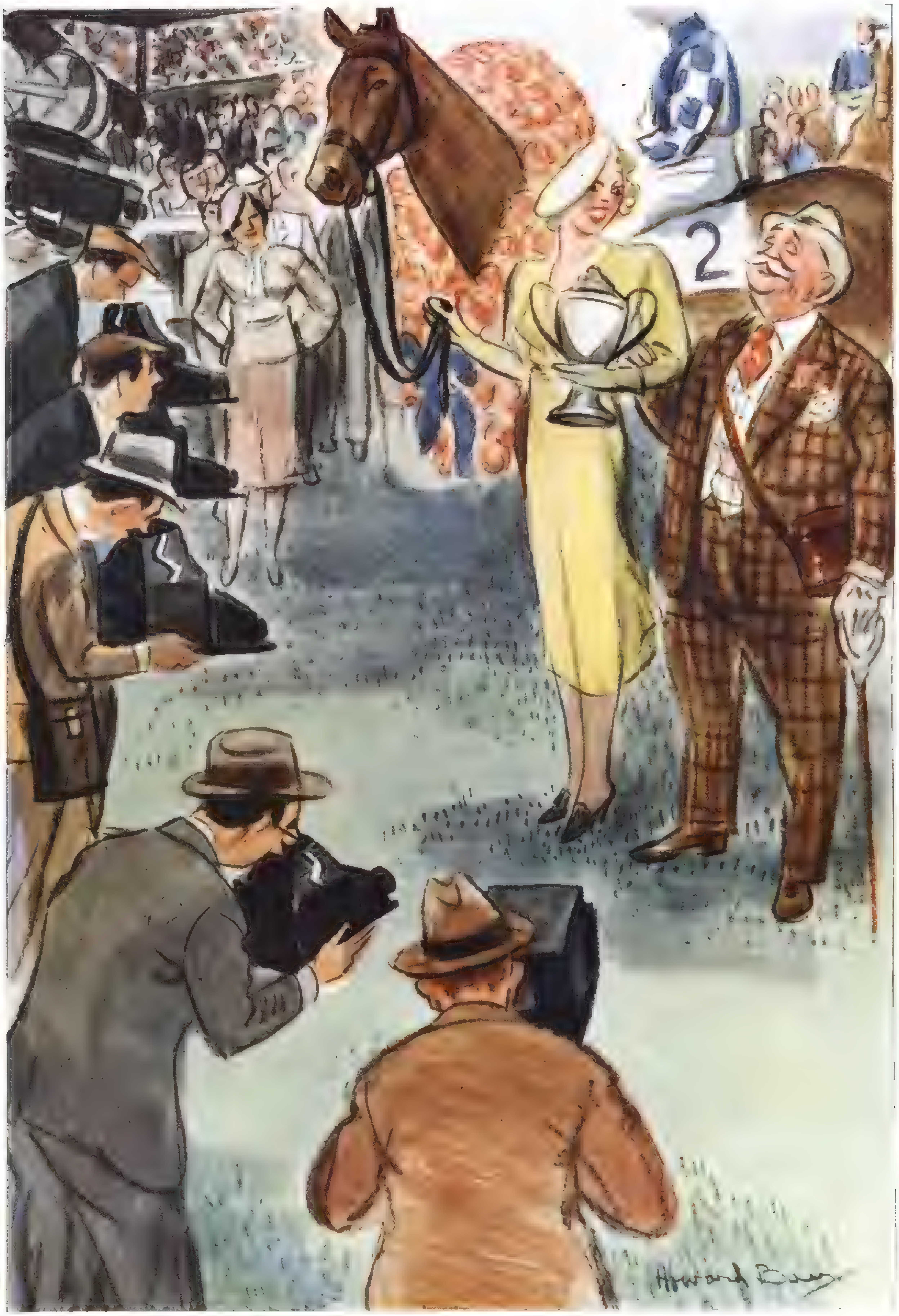
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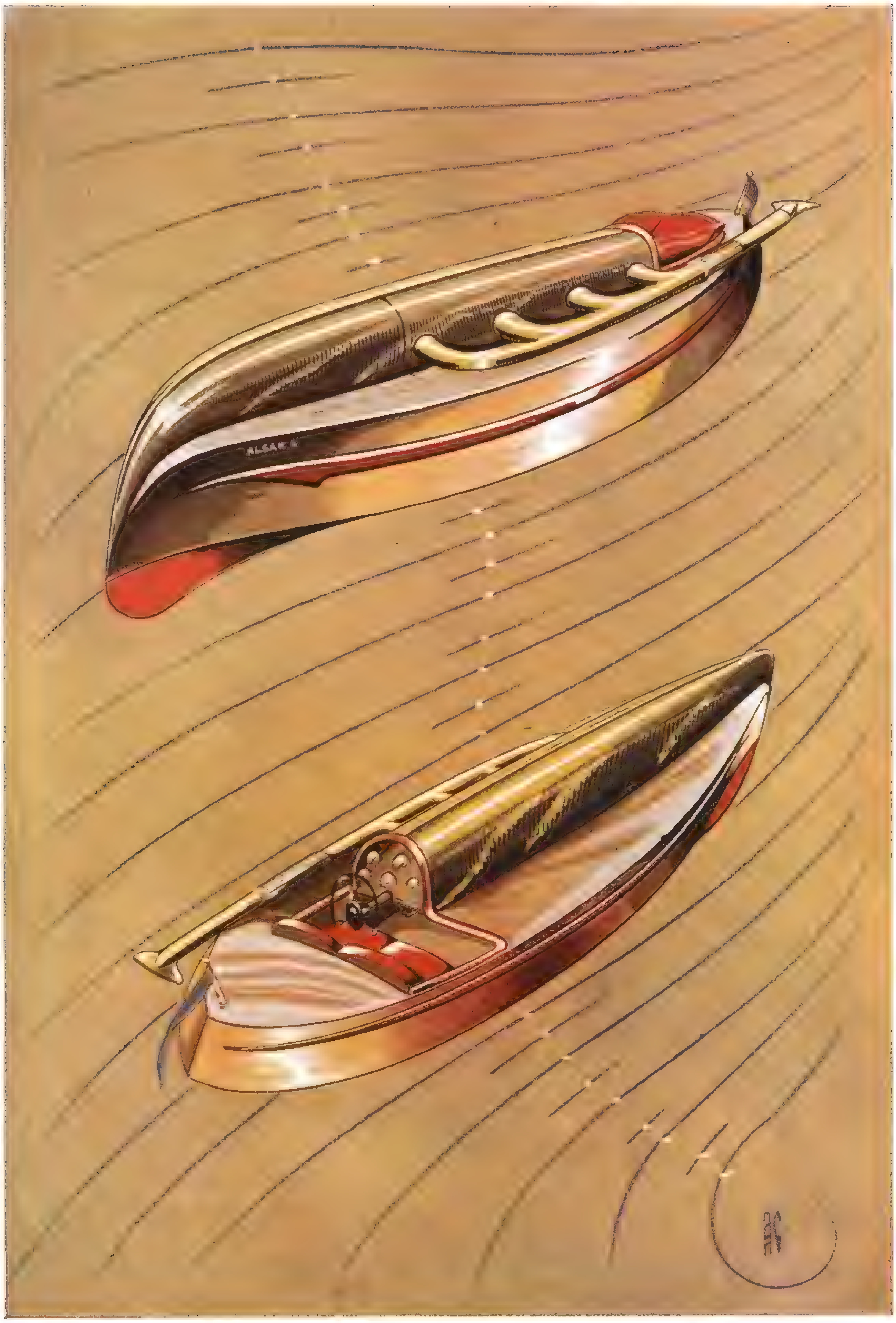
Howard Baer

"The $40,000 purse, Mr. Jefferies—when do they give that?"



DESIGN FOR A SPEEDBOAT

by Alexis de Sakhnoffsky

A SPORTS version of a boat of the Miss America type, intended not for actual racing but for short high speed cruises for two. A straight-eight motor is enclosed in the center raised portion which constitutes a hood. A copper four port exhaust pipe leads out of the hood. Note the asbestos collar, designed to protect the driver's left elbow, the cutaway thin-rimmed steering wheel, the plane type instrument board, the leather cockpit trim and the heavy upholstered red leather seats. Noteworthy also is the treatment of the nose with its obvious indebtedness to the streamline technique of contemporary aircraft. It gives at least the illusion of tremendous speed.

Old Dynamite

Continued from page 61

fact, Dynamite was by way of becoming an epicurean adventurer, whose feasts included not just the usual diet of a bass, but such experimental dishes as young squirrels and tender little mice and muskrats. It was this fondness for food that, time and time again, had all but been the cause of his undoing. There was that worm experience, for example, in the early spring, when, after much enforced fasting, he spied a juicy, wriggling night-crawler being dragged along the bottom by the current. The river was swollen and fogged by freshets. Food was unusually scarce. But, the instant the avid bass tried to squishle the worm, a big hook bit deep into his upper lip. In a frenzy he tried to dash where the roaring current would lend its friendly aid. Relentlessly, he was held, despite his adagio-like dances, and pulled painfully upwards. He had run away with lines before, and broken treacherous leaders, but Dynamite was snagged by a mountain youth, who was no protagonist of light tackle—who used stout hook, strong cotton line and bamboo pole. Suddenly the wily Diamond-back stopped resisting. Like a jiu-jitsu wrestler, he seemed to succumb. Then, with one prodigious leap, he acquired slack, sailed high into the air—a great, writhing, shaking thunderbolt of fury that tossed hook and some of his jaw membrane along with it, into the clouded waters of the Laurel.

A disconsolate boy rebaited his line and said, "Shucks! I 'most got Dynamite that time. I'd 'a liked to show Pap up."

A President of the United States, hearing of the battling bass that bivouacked in the river, had been flouted by this King of all the Diamond-backs. Being no respecter of persons, and self-preservation being the first law of nature, the Chief Fish had rudely snapped the Chief Executive's leader in two, and honored him with his absence. Bit by bit, a system of strategy was perfected, that enabled Dynamite to evade capture. If visible strings were tied to the wobbling minnow or fluttering bug, he let them severely alone. If leaders were heavy enough to hold him, they were big enough to be seen. If they were fine enough to be invisible, he could break them. If the water was so foggy that he could not see, he refrained from feeding at all.

Ben Hoskins underwent a change of feeling about Dynamite as the years rolled by.

At Beal's Store, one Saturday night, sitting on a cracker box beside the pot-bellied stove, he remarked to Dr. Eastman, "Them fresh diamond-back bass of Laurel's Run is the fightin'est fools of 'em all, and Dynamite's the hell-cat of the lot. I'm beginnin' to wish, mebbe, that nobody ever does kotch 'im."

"Why, Ben?"

"Well, Doc, you're interested in bornin' good healthy babies, ain't ye?"

"Yep, you bet."

"You got rid of all your scrub cattle and bought thoroughbreds, didn't ye?"

"And it paid, too," the doctor smiled.

"Well, I figger that as a popper fish, ole Dynamite is worth as much to this heah section as your prizewinning Black Angus bull. Every spring he's the pappy of thousands o' little diamond-backs. He an' the likes o' him is gotten so famous that folks travel thousands o' miles hopin' to ketch 'im. It helps the store, the hotel—brings money to town. Why, at the opening o' the season last year, there was nary a room to be had at the hotel or any o' the boarding houses—and most of them visitor's was dreamin' o' huckleberrying ole Dynamite. But he's worth more as a projanitor than he is in the skillet."

Spring weather arrived rather earlier than usual that year, with many balmy, sunshiny days.

Hatches of flies began to appear; worms, bugs and other gastronomic delights. In Dynamite, the mating instinct stirred again, as it always did when the water warmed. Selecting the lady of his choice, he shepherded her upstream to a shallow, sandy stretch, and busied himself with constructing a nest.

Doc Eastman, passing by, stopped and took the temperature of the water, and grinned. "Sixty-five degrees. There'll be a passel of eggs laid today."

Could he have tarried there on the banks, he might, shortly thereafter, have observed the females forsaking their mates, who remained to guard the nest. Like sentinels, the males would hover over the home, gently fanning the freshly-laid eggs with their truncate tails. Now and then schools of mischievous perch would troop up and try to steal the spawn. After the manner of small boys bent on robbing an apple cart, some would engage the guardian's attention, while others sneaked up behind. Dynamite knew just how to get rid of such uppity urchins. In fact, his great size made marauders wary of him, and he was seldom molested. The vigil would not be long now. Soon he would drive the little ones into shallows, where underbrush would afford them protection, while he would be free to go foraging for food. There were two enemies especially to be feared at this time—the snake and the turtle. The big bass had once gobbled up a marauding young snake, without dire consequences, and had even swallowed a young turtle, shell and all, without bellyache resulting, but the big ones were the real menaces.

The annual toll taken by the turtles was terrific, for whereas men are constrained by law from angling during the spawning season, and are limited as to the size and number of their catch, the hardback, in season and out, was a scourge, constantly gorging on both fish and spawn, consuming, in a few seconds, eggs that would have hatched into thousands of basslets. What chance had even a bellicose diamond-back against this tough, armor-encased creature, whose age and appetite were almost limitless?

Thousands of swollen eggs were almost ready to turn into eyes, when Dynamite spied a great turtle on a fallen tree trunk, lazily sunning himself. Then, the creature slowly penguinned his way to the end, flopped into the water, and paddled towards the nest where the sentinel stood guard. If the bass went to meet the enemy, other vermin might raid his home.... His opponent paused beside a brush pile above and stuck out his ugly head to sample some delectable diatoms adhering to a brush pile and, in that split-second, the incensed Dynamite, with bristling spines, hurled himself upward at his foe. His dorsal spines slashed across the wrinkled throat of the turtle. No Malay running amuck ever put more venom into the ripping of his kris than the diamond-back did into that stab with his stiletto-studded back. The evil head disappeared inside the protecting shell. Boomeranging back to his nest, the great bass watched the intruder—now only a few feet above. The beady eyes appeared, then the extended neck, and again Dynamite rasped the saw-edge of his spines across the throat. Like a matador, he sideslipped the befuddled creature's snap. His great bristling dorsal fin was a waving cloak that feinted with dazzling speed, but it was more than that. It was also a camouflage for many swords trying for a *coup de grace.*

So intent was the enraged fish upon mincemeating this intruder that he was unmindful of the approaching boat that slid noiselessly up to the scene of combat.

A net descended from the blue above and the squirming marauder, impotently paddling in its meshes, was hoisted above, leaving Dynamite in undisputed possession of the nursery where even now hundreds of diamond-backs were being born.

"Doc, did you see it? Ole Dynamite lickin' the day-lights out o' that ornery devil?" Ben Hoskins, unlike his usual low drawl, was yelling.

"Yep, but don't ever tell a soul, for they'll think you a bigger liar than you are. Why, even you wouldn't believe that Dynamite almost razored that turtle's neck in two."

Later, as they trudged homeward with their string of perch, the trapper said, "I wish I had a bankful o' money."

"You don't need money, Ben. What'd you do if you had it?"

"Why, I'd buy up the land on both sides of the Laurel for five miles."

"And then what?"

"I'm a-comin' to that. Then, I'd get myself some rolls of fine-mesh chicken-wire an' stretch it across each end o' the crick—so no fish could get through or over it. Next I'd put up signs—'No Fishin' Allowed'—an' see that they meant sumpin'—jes' reserved for Dynamite an' the other diamond-backs, like Injun Territory was for the Injuns. Yessuh! An' I'd rename this stretch o' water, too. I'd call it Dynamite's Crick."

But the great bass was not concerned with the praise of men—not curious about his allies. Relieved of his family duties, his one thought was food, as he went forty-nining down the stream, gorging upon one and then another of the water-borne delights.

But, he was altered in appearance. No longer did that proud dorsal fin stand erect—defiant. There remained now but a nub—a ragged remnant of the sharp spines that he had used with such consummate skill. Dynamite had become like that progenitor of his, first discovered by M. Lacepede.

Could the French scientist have returned to this terrestrial globe—could he have caught Dynamite and examined him, he would probably have remarked, "The species has changed little in the past century. Is it not so? The same small dorsal fin. Yes, it is well named—'*micropterous.*' "

One Was a Fool

After ten years he thought he had caught up to the girl who was older, but how could he know

by MICHAEL FESSIER

▪ FICTION ▪

She was older than I, seven years at least. I had returned to the town after an absence of ten years and had got lonesome. I picked her up at the newspaper where she was society editor and we went to a cafe.

I studied her across the table and was surprised to see that she did not seem much older than when I had last seen her. She had seemed about thirty then and I guess she was around twenty-four. She still seemed to be about thirty.

"You're as beautiful as when I used to be in love with you," I said.

She smiled.

"You were in love with me, weren't you?" she said.

"Up to my ears," I said.

"And they weren't always clean," she said.

I had been a printer's apprentice on the newspaper and part of my job had been to bring proofs in to her.

"They were after I was taken into the editorial department," I said.

"You took yourself seriously then," she said.

"I did," I said. "I probably was the dumbest cub reporter ever was. I wanted to be an intellectual and I read Nietzsche and Freud and a number of other things, none of which I understood."

"And you didn't have a chance of becoming an intellectual," she said. "You were too good a reporter even as a cub. You found drama in every Mexican murder, every prostitute taken to the hospital with poison in her stomach, every police raid against a Chinese gambling house."

"I don't any more," I said, "and I'm still not an intellectual."

"And you're not in love with me any more," she said.

"I'm afraid not," I said.

She gazed at me, amused.

"You used to talk so seriously of love," she said. "Remember how you'd take me for a ride into the country in that little Ford of yours and try to screw up your courage to the point of kissing me?"

"How did you know that?" I asked.

"No male, grown man or little boy, is very successful at hiding such notions."

"Well, anyway I didn't kiss you," I said.

"No," she said, "you didn't."

"What would you have done had I kissed you?" I asked.

She looked into my eyes.

"Then would have been the time to find out," she said.

"I suppose so," I said. "But I was afraid. I was afraid you'd make me feel very youthful and ridiculous. I wanted to be treated as if I were a man and I wanted people to take me seriously. If I kissed you I was afraid you'd do something that'd make me feel like a naughty boy having his hands spanked."

She laughed.

"You used to be very earnest when you'd tell me you didn't think age had anything to do with love," she said.

"Yes," I said, "but I didn't believe it."

We finished the meal. It was a muggy evening

"Let's go for a ride along the same route we used to take," I said. "I'll promise not to kiss you and there'll be no mention of love."

"All right," she said. "Let's."

I drove out of town along the riverside. Bugs flew into the windshield and made red splotches. Mosquitos floated in thick swarms about the car.

The river was almost dried up and the trees that lined the bank were covered with dust. Yet I enjoyed the drive in a way that almost hurt.

"What are you thinking about?" she said. She sat with a great deal of space between us. In the dusk I would have sworn she wasn't any more than thirty.

"About what a fool I am," I said. "I was born and raised in this country and at no time during the ten years I've been away have I been the slightest bit homesick. Whenever I thought of the place I remembered how I hated it. Now I'm back and I'll be damned if I'm not homesick. Homesick for a place I'm already at."

"You're almost as bad as I," she said. "Sometimes I get homesick for places I've never been."

"Yes, I remember," I said. "You used to talk about going to Paris and Rome and the Far East."

"So did you," she said.

"Yes," I said, "and I never got there. Never will, I guess."

"At least you got away from here," she said.

Her voice was toneless.

"My Lord, these years must have been tough on you," I said. "Slaving away at that confounded desk, publicizing all the pink teas and christenings in town; expected to have an article every time someone had meat for dinner."

"Oh, it hasn't been so bad," she said. "Give me a cigarette."

I handed her one and flipped the lighter.

"You didn't use to smoke," I said.

"I'm a fallen woman," she said.

She laughed gaily.

"Drink?" I asked.

She shook her head.

"No," she said.

"You didn't fall very far," I said.

We rode along in silence for awhile.

"Still a good girl?" I asked.

She expelled a deep breath of smoke and settled back against the cushions.

"Inasmuch as we used to discuss it ten years ago, I suppose it still is a permissable subject," she said. "What do you think?"

I remembered how adult and sophisticated I had felt when she told me her philosophy of love and sex and life. Even as young as I was I understood that she would never know the last two without the former.

"I think yes," I said.

"Why?" she asked.

I didn't know the answer to that. I replied indirectly.

"You had all sorts of attention from the town's eligible, ineligible and ambitious," I said. "College students, rich men's sons and good-looking young loafers with no visible means of support. You never gave any of them much encouragement."

"I didn't like them very much," she said.

"I was glad of that," I said. "I was tremendously jealous and I was conceited enough to imagine at times that you were turning them down because of me."

She laughed and her eyes shone at me from the dusk.

"Do you approve of my virtue?" she asked.

"No," I said. "I think you're a fool."

"Why?" she asked.

"Because," I said, "you're not going to be young very long, lady, and when you get old you're going to regret the fact you're about to die without ever having lived."

"What a tremendous amount of wisdom you have picked up in ten years," she said.

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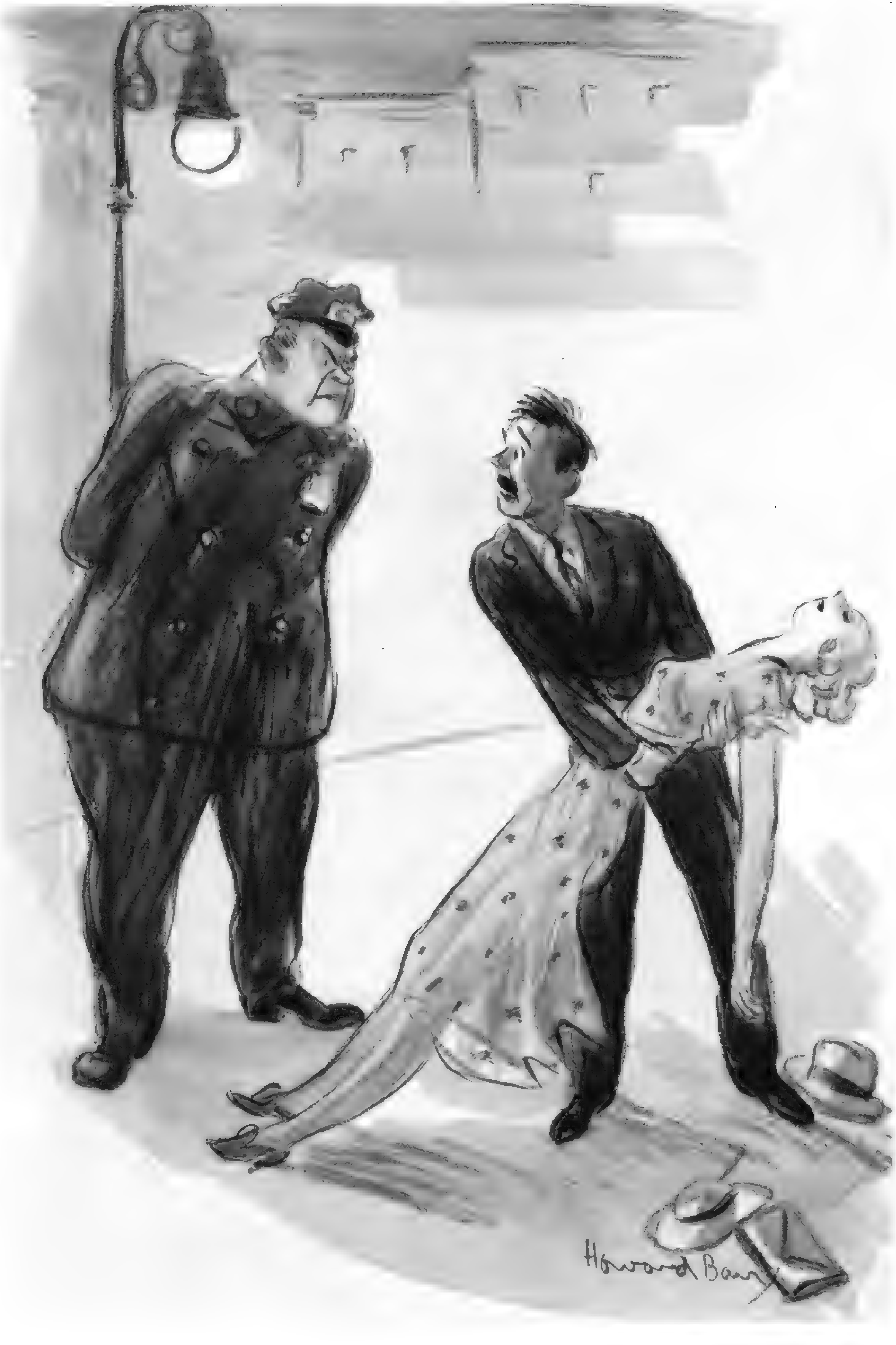

Howard Baer

"*All I said was, 'Will you marry me,' and she fainted dead away!*"

Queen in the Parlour Car

Continued from page 76

into a romance. I pulled myself up short.

"When we get in there's a little place I'd like to show you," I suggested. "We might have time to drop in for a quick one if you like. I always make a point of it."

"Fine," she agreed. "You be my guide. I think I'd like it."

This time she smiled at me, a little mechanically, but there was a revelation in her face when she smiled as though she had disclosed a glimpse of a warm and lovely soul.

What the hell! I thought, can't you take a drink any more? You know perfectly well why you're here and why you suggested going to Tony's. You hope she'll miss her train. You hope . .

"I seem to have finished mine," she said. "Do you think there's one left for each of us?"

I looked hard at her. My last drink had been scarcely touched, yet I felt a gathered sensation around my eyes and she seemed as fresh and calm as when I had seen her in the hotel.

"I think, if you don't mind, I'll miss this one," I said as I poured hers.

"Not in the least," she assured me, "I just feel like a drink or two tonight I guess."

She drank that one neat too.

When we arrived at Buffalo there was plenty of time so we put our bags in a taxi and went straight to Tony's. In the warm, soft-lit bar we sat on stools and sipped old-fashioneds. The lights and the music and the people suddenly stimulated us, gave us both, I felt, the illusion of being in love. She became almost vivacious and laughed pleasantly, a little-girl laugh, but with a deep note in it. We leaned happily towards each other.

"Do you really have to catch that train?" I asked.

"I was waiting for you to ask me that."

She put down her glass and laid her hand lightly on mine. She looked straight into my eyes. For a second a look came over her face as though she expected me to strike her, but she smiled.

"They have lots of trains," she said. And a short hysterical laugh caught in her throat.

In the hotel room she seemed sad again. She had insisted that I buy a flask at Tony's and as soon as I had shut the door she asked me for it.

"I really think I ought to have a nightcap," she said.

"Why not save it for an eye-opener?"

She had taken off her coat and hat and stood quite close to me with her hair a glorious halo around her head. At my protest she stiffened and her voice was a command.

"I know what is best for me!" she said.

I gave her the flask and took two glasses into the bathroom to rinse them. In the mirror on the half open bathroom door I saw her put the flask to her lips and hold it there. I hastily rinsed the glasses and came out.

She was lying on the bed, completely out of the picture.

I held a towel under the cold water tap and bathed her forehead for several minutes but she did not come to. Her heart was beating naturally and her breathing was all that could be expected, so I gave up trying to revive her and sat on the other bed wrestling with a demon.

She was one of the most beautiful women I had ever seen. She was a theatrical photographer's vision of the ideal model. She was young and fresh and, even lying there passed out, she seemed to somehow dominate me. Her low voice was still singing in my ears and the memory of that second when our fingers touched made me tingle.

I stood up and looked at her closely. She undoubtedly expects me to make love to her, I told myself. She would laugh at me if I didn't. That dark man didn't look like the Angel Gabriel. She is a woman of the world and she is the most beautiful woman with whom I have ever been alone. Then the memory of her serious gaze studying me in the train came to me, and the smothered hysterical laugh . . .

Suddenly I bent and kissed her forehead. Then I took off her shoes and stockings and dress as if she were some lovely child. I pulled the covers over her and, slipping into my pyjamas, got into my own bed. I looked at her once before I turned out the light.

"Good night, my dear," I heard myself say.

When I awoke it was to find her sitting up on the edge of her bed. She must have had recourse to her make up; at any rate she looked as fresh as April.

She smiled at me companionably.

"What happened?" she laughed.

"I think we must have had something to drink," I suggested.

"Do you feel all right?" she asked.

"Not too bad, but what about you?"

"Why, I feel fine." She smiled. "Of course, why not?"

"No regrets?"

"Don't be silly. Besides, how can one regret what one does not remember?"

"I remember."

"Regrets?"

"None!"

"Did I make you happy?"

"Very," I said. I was determined never to let her know what a milksop I had been. Besides, I spoke the truth.

She stood up.

"That, I suppose, is just as it should be," she said. She took some things out of her suitcase and, picking up her dress from the end of the bed, she went into the bathroom. I heard her turn on the bath. While she was there I put on my clothes. I was nearly dressed when she came out. It was hard to believe that I had won this woman—well, technically won her, at least.

She smiled, acknowledging the admiration in my eyes.

"Will you do me a favour?" she asked.

"Anything."

"Would you buy me a pair of stockings? These have a run in them and I brought no others."

She gave me the size.

"Of course," I said. I hurried with my preparations and put on my coat and hat.

"I'll be back in a jiffy," I said.

As I reached the door, she stopped me. She came and put her hand on my shoulder, looking at me again with that serious expression of hers.

"I was going to say something," she said after a minute, "but I guess I won't."

We stood there. Then, suddenly, she kissed me, full on the mouth. It was the first time, though she could hardly have known that.

"You're a dear boy," she said. "Now, hurry, won't you?"

I found a woman's shop and bought the finest pair of stockings I could find. I took particular care in selecting them. Seeing them on the counter, I thought, how uninteresting and impersonal they seem now, before she has touched them, how infinitely less valuable than the cheapest torn pair she has ever discarded! I put the package in my pocket and raced back to the hotel. I watched the elevator indicator coming down, stopping as if deliberately to provoke me at almost every numeral.

As soon as I had entered the car it was filled with fools who lived on intervening floors. At last it reached my floor, our floor. I rushed down the corridor and knocked upon the door.

There was no response. I made certain it was the right room, knocked again, my heart beating wildly. I called, suddenly remembering that I did not know her name. I was answered by silence.

Suddenly afraid that she was ill, I called a maid and persuaded her to open the door. Inside were my grips and night clothes just as I had left them. Even the flask of rye was standing foolishly on the dresser exactly where she had placed it the night before. But she, and every trace of her, was gone.

I tore out into the hall, down the elevator, through the lobby. I looked up and down the street. Hailing a cab I drove to the station. I was alone.

She has committed suicide by leaping from the window, I thought. There was no commotion on the street because her body is lying on a ledge. Driving back to the hotel, I thought: she is playing a joke on me. She'll be there when I return. Nevertheless, I called at the desk for my key. It was there. The clerk handed me a note at the same time.

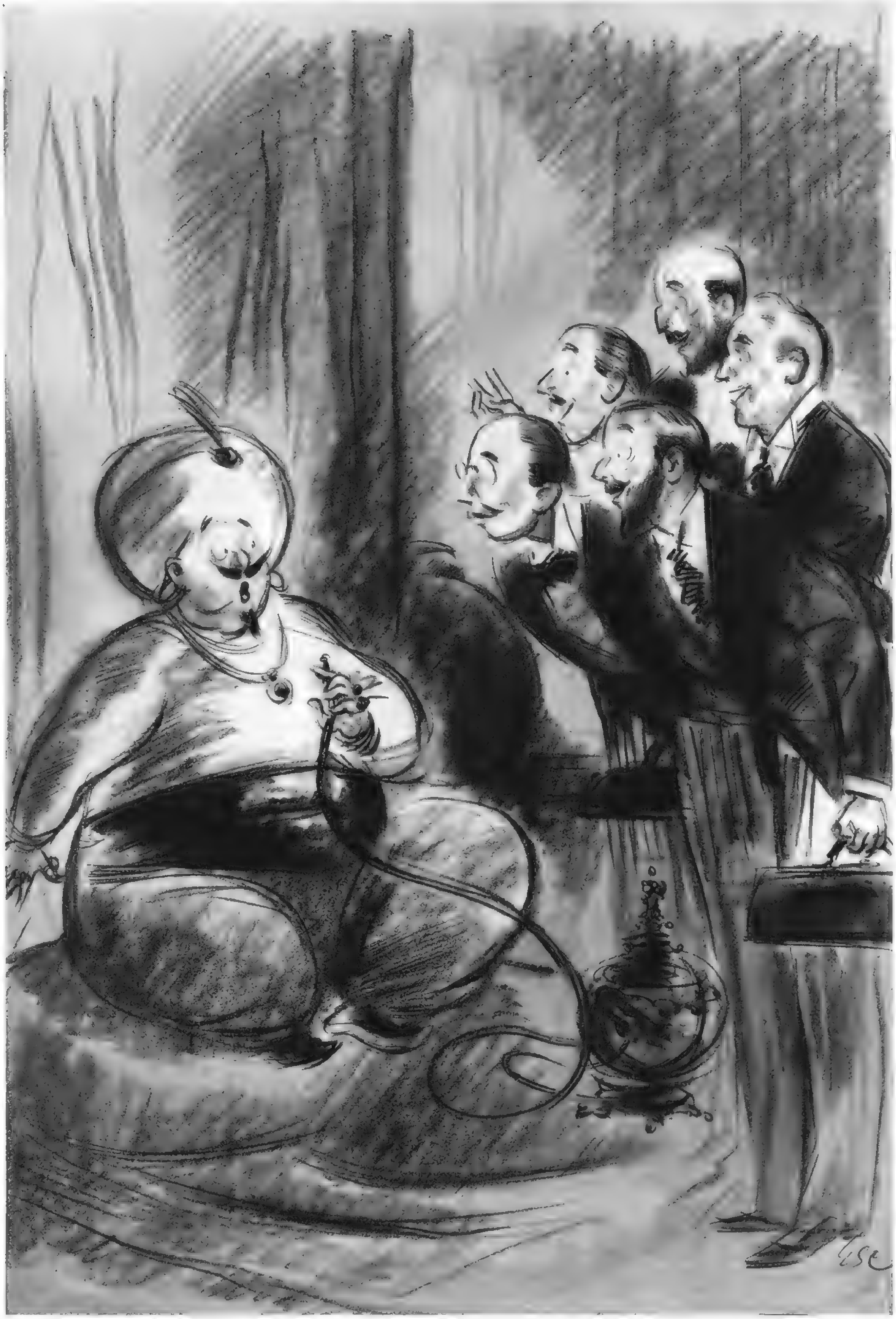
"Forgive me," it said, "if my leaving you like this seems a strange way of expressing my gratitude, for I *am* grateful, or I should be. You have helped me, helped me by breaking a spell by which I was bound. And if that sounds cryptic or melodramatic, it is nonetheless true. Our little comedy of last night released me from a faithfulness which, though it was not returned, has held me a captive for a great many years. And so I *am* grateful to you for setting me free."

Then, here, the handwriting seemed to change slightly.

"That is what I should say, I know," it went on, "but I am afraid I cannot bring myself to really mean it. I thought if I made myself completely sodden it would not be so difficult. Weakly, I know now that I want what you cannot give me—my faithfulness back again. God help me in my lonely freedom!"

There was no signature.

I walked slowly to the elevator, closed my bags and phoned for the porter. In the room there was the faintest trace of a delicate perfume. ⧻



"Your Highness!—twins—triplets—quadruplets—a boy—a girl!"

No Extradition

The tropics have powerful aids to assist in carrying out what men call justice

by MAJ. HOWARD S. REED

• ARTICLE •

YEARS in the tropics had taught me to expect the unexpected, to be prepared for adventure, danger or horror when least foreseen. The fact, therefore, that I had gone down to Puerto Cortez merely to meet the weekly boat from the States and to take back to my up-country plantation the supplies which the steamer was to bring, did not prevent me from having a certain prickly feeling of anticipation when, upon my approach to the Hotel Royale, I found the French proprietor, LeFevre, eagerly beckoning to me from the veranda. Was this a premonition?

LeFevre led me to the dining room where a stranger sat.

"Here," said the Frenchman, addressing him, "is the man you asked about." He introduced us.

"Major Reed, this is Mr. Thompson of New Orleans. And let me tell you, Mr. Thompson, there aren't many people in Puerto Cortez who need an introduction to the Major." He laughed, and threw his hands in the air. "He knows every man, woman, child and yellow dog in Honduras."

"I'm glad to hear it," said Thompson, as we shook hands. "By the way, LeFevre, I would greatly appreciate it if you didn't mention this meeting to anyone."

"Certainly not. And now, excuse me.'

LeFevre turned away. Three or four men had entered the hotel and the proprietor, in one of his rare, amiable moods, walked to the hall to greet them.

It was evident that Thompson preferred privacy.

"Let's go to my room and talk," he said, "if you've got half an hour to spare." I nodded.

"Well, Major," he began, when we were seated, "I didn't choose to tell LeFevre that I brought a letter of introduction from an old friend of yours, Julian Randolph of New Orleans." He handed me an envelope, and I glanced at the sheet it contained.

"Fine," I said. "I haven't heard from Randolph in so many years I didn't know whether he was dead or alive. He seems to think I can help you. If I can, I'll be damned glad to. Randolph has done me many a favor, and I haven't had much chance to repay him. He calls you *Sheriff* Thompson?"

"That's right. Sheriff of Orleans Parish. Which was another thing I didn't choose to tell LeFevre. By the way, will he keep his mouth shut?"

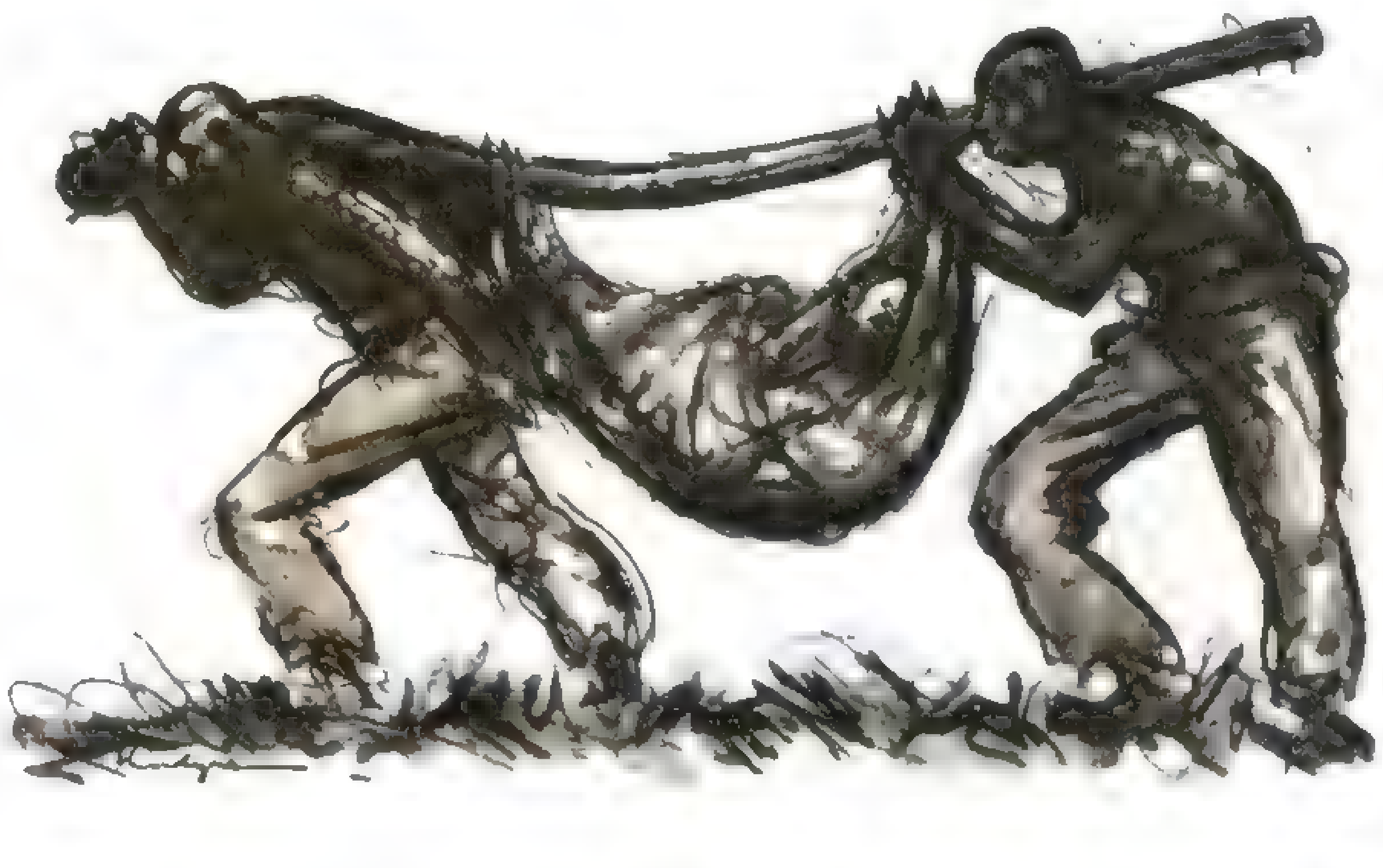
"Absolutely," I replied. "In this country, one soon learns discretion. You were lucky, though, to catch him in good humor. He has the devil's temper. If you complain about the food or rooms here, he'll tell you, 'All right, go to any other hotel; I own them all.' But he's a straight guy. There are plenty of men here he's fed and housed when they were stranded, and no questions asked."

"Good," said Thompson. "Now let's get down to business. If you haven't heard from Randolph for a long time, I'll have to go back a bit. You knew he was an officer of the Commercial Bank of New Orleans?"

"Yes, I had heard that."

"Well, about two years ago he was appointed President. The bank wasn't very big, but it was known to be sound. Most of its dealings were with local tradespeople. When Randolph took hold, he planned to enlarge the bank's scope and, after a time, he got the account of the largest wholesale hardware firm in the city—Fowler and Company. Fowler's was an old firm, and very successful, so their business meant a great deal to Randolph. It still does—a great deal of trouble."

"What happened?" I asked.



"I won't go into the details," Thompson replied, "but one of Fowler's men, working, as we found out later, with one of the bank tellers, managed to get away with nearly $200,000. They forged warehouse receipts and other papers. It wrecked the bank—and Randolph. He isn't implicated, of course, and he used his private fortune and what he could borrow to cover the loss. Otherwise, it would have meant the ruination of a whole neighborhood of small tradesmen and their families."

"That's bad news," I exclaimed. "Did you get the men?"

"One. The teller confessed. He didn't get a cent out of it, because Garner, the hardware man, double-crossed him and got out of the country. We don't know what he did with the money, but I hope to find out. The teller said they planned to escape to Honduras together. We didn't take his word for it, but after I'd traced Garner for several weeks, I knew he'd told the truth. Everything indicates that Garner is in this country. And I want him."

"If he is," I said, "I'll find him. What's he like?"

"He's in his early thirties," Thompson replied. "Dark red hair, smooth-shaven, almost six feet tall. He weighs about a hundred and ninety pounds, but the real indentification is a peculiar scar on his right temple . . . here's his picture."

I looked at it carefully.

"I know where he is," I said. "He's grown a beard now, but I recognize that scar."

I told the Sheriff how, just a few weeks ago, this man had come to my plantation looking for work. He had been unkempt and roughly dressed; certainly in his appearance there was no evidence of all the wealth he had come by. But as I had talked with him a few minutes and observed him closely, I had no doubt of his identity. The scar was not to be mistaken. When I had said there was no job for him just then, he had gone away quietly, but I learned later from a native, who stopped at my place on his way from the interior, that he had finally found work in a mahogany-cutting camp up the Ulua River. The native had mentioned his bushy, dark red beard and the odd scar.

Thompson was glad enough to have his suspicions confirmed, but I knew that it could not be very satisfactory to him to learn that the man he sought was safe at work in a country which, at that time, had no extradition treaty with the States. The refugee could thumb his nose at his pursuer, for the sheriff had no legal authority to arrest him here. Unless he were willing to return voluntarily, there was no way of inducing him to leave the country. Any show of force was out of the question; the first indication on the part of the criminal that he was being coerced would bring to his assistance all the gold-braided Latin officialdom of Honduras, and it would be active and voluble against such flouting of the sacred dignity of its laws.

"Now," said Thompson, "the point is how to get him out of this place. By the way, there's a reward of $5,000 offered by Fowler if I can bring him back to New Orleans, and I'll split that with you if you can get Garner on an outbound boat. But how in hell—or Honduras—can it be done?"

"I can do it," I answered.

"How?"

"Never mind that," I said. "Let's see.

This is Thursday. The next boat leaves here Monday, but that won't give me enough time. Can you sail a week from Monday?"

"I can sail on any boat Garner's on."

"He'll be on that one," I assured him, "but he'll be a tardy passenger. You'll have to persuade the captain to slow down just after the boat clears the harbor, right around the bend at the mouth of the Ulua. I'll have Garner there in a canoe, and transfer him to the steamer."

"I don't see how you're going to do it, but I'm ready to bet you will," he said. "Now before I go, I'll give you a note about that reward." He wrote awhile in a small memorandum book, tore out some leaves, and handed them to me. We shook hands, and I left.

My plan was simple enough, but dangerous, and I thought best not even to mention it at the hotel. LeFevre's servants had sharp ears. What I intended to do was to kidnap Garner; it was the only way. My two blacks, Don and Dod, would help me.

As I rode my favorite mule back to my plantation, I thought of the huge hands of Dod—the instruments which would silence Garner long enough for us to get him out of camp and into a canoe.

The blacks were eager for the adventure, and I knew I could depend completely on their secrecy and loyalty. We started our preparations at once, and the second dawn found us on the trail to the Ulua, lightly equipped, but with ten days' supply of food. By afternoon we had reached the river at a point two days' paddling downstream from the mahogany-cutting camp where I knew Garner was working. Here, at the Indian settlement, after several hours' search, I found a large dugout canoe which I purchased. Most dugouts were meant for two men; I had to find one large enough to carry four.

Dod's eyes grew round when he saw the boat. "Why, that's Pablo Nunez'," he said. And then he pointed to certain marks cut in it by a machete.

Nunez had worked for me. I had given him the tree to make this boat. I had loaned him money. I had nursed his daughter through pneumonia and saved her life. Nunez had vowed then that I would be his blood brother forever, but when I had refused to guarantee the wages of two men he had hired to help him, he swore eternal vengeance. He took two drinks of *aguardiente* and tried to stab me with a dirk. I was forced to kill him.

I laughed now at Dod's perturbation. "You don't think it's haunted, Dod?"

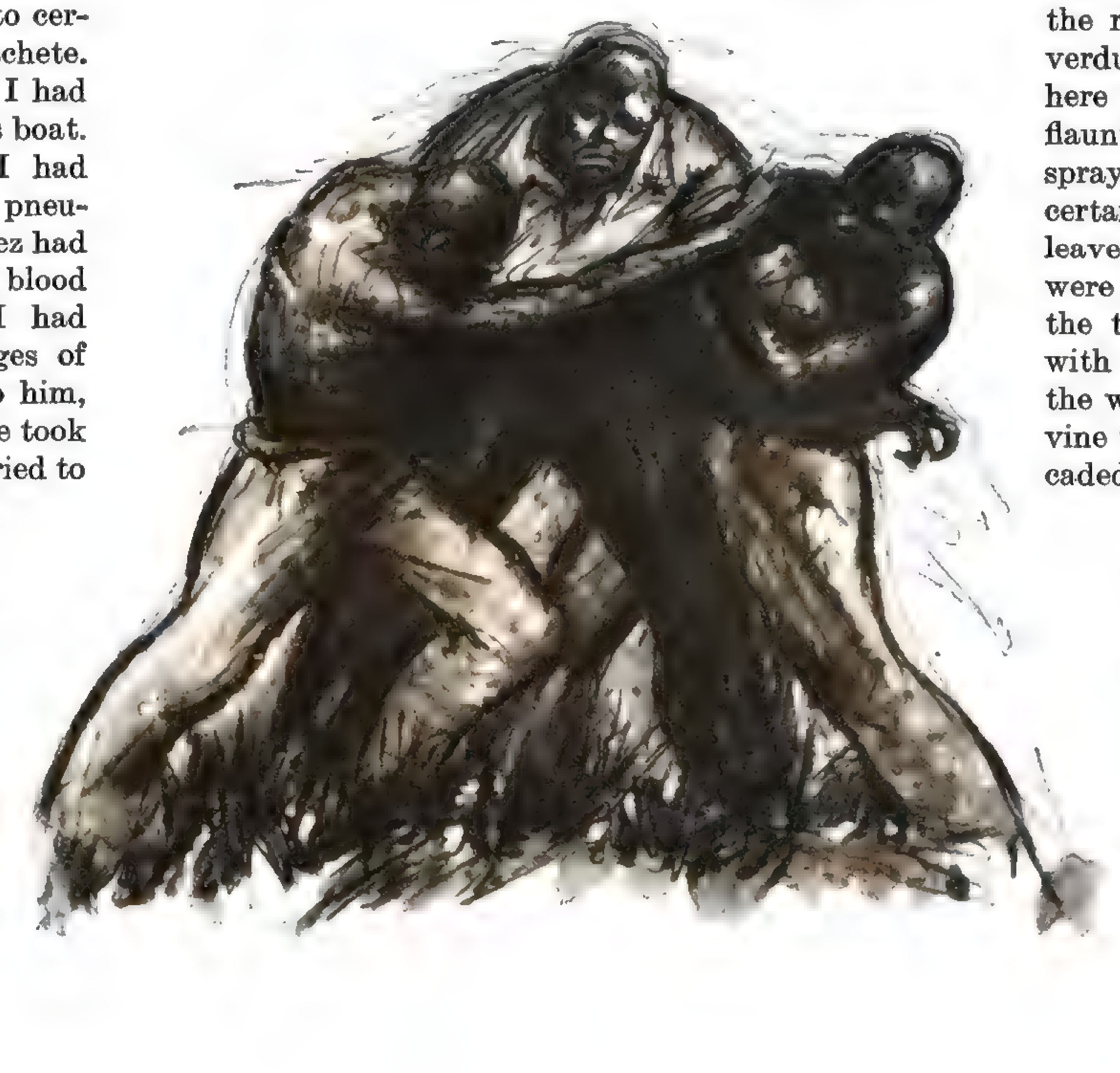
"No, suh; no, suh! But cain't no good come of that boat."

But as we neared the mahogany camp, at sunset on the second day, and tied the boat under the vines which overhung the bank, Dod was as eager as I for the sudden tropic darkness which would cover our approach to the camp.

Half an hour later we were crawling up the river bank toward the little, temporary settlement which was just making ready for the night. It was easy enough to sight Garner—bulky, rusty-haired—and, as he walked past the campfire, I saw again the identifying scar. Silently I motioned to Don and Dod that this was the man. He walked to his hammock, stretching his arms and yawning.

The time seemed interminable until the whole camp was really quiet. Fireflies were everywhere about us. Night birds called. Now and then a crocodile slapped the river with the sound of a pistol shot. The glare of the campfire tired our eyes as we waited, scarcely daring to breathe for fear of betraying our presence. At last the blaze flickered low; the men's talk blurred into tired snores, and Garner was lying quietly in his hammock, evidently asleep. I gave the signal to approach by tapping the arms of my blacks. Dod went first—his enormous hands which were to strangle Garner into silence won him the place of honor. He rose up quietly only a few feet from the hammock. Suddenly Garner sat up and looked straight at us. Dod melted into the shadow of a tree. My heart stopped. I waited for a shot, the camp aroused, men firing as we fled through the forest. It was not wise to awaken white men camped in the jungle.

But nothing happened, save that Garner, apparently satisfied that his senses were playing tricks with him, lay down again and turned over, his face away from us. Dod slipped out, and I saw his huge hands come up to Garner's throat. There wasn't even a struggle. Don and I sprang at that instant. Don cut the hammock ropes and we twisted the ends—and carried our captive away like a wild animal caught in a net.



It was not far to the river. Fifteen minutes after Garner had turned his face away from us he was lying in the dugout unconscious, and we were paddling swiftly downstream.

As soon as we were far enough away from the camp, I unwrapped the hammock from Garner's body and bound his hands and feet. He was still unconscious.

The blacks settled down to their work. We had more than a hundred miles to follow the river down through virgin jungle to its mouth. On the whole journey there would be not one human habitation, no settlement of any kind along the river's banks nor for miles beyond them. Hour after hour only the smooth rhythm of the paddles broke the silence of the water. The moon had disappeared, when suddenly, out of the forest, came one, a second, a third, then a multitude of roars. It was the black howlers—monkeys—announcing the dawn not yet visible to other eyes. Soon the whole forest was clamoring—some animals joining the howlers in their greeting, others protesting their disturbed sleep. Garner stirred a little, muttering; then he came to, and sat up cursing.

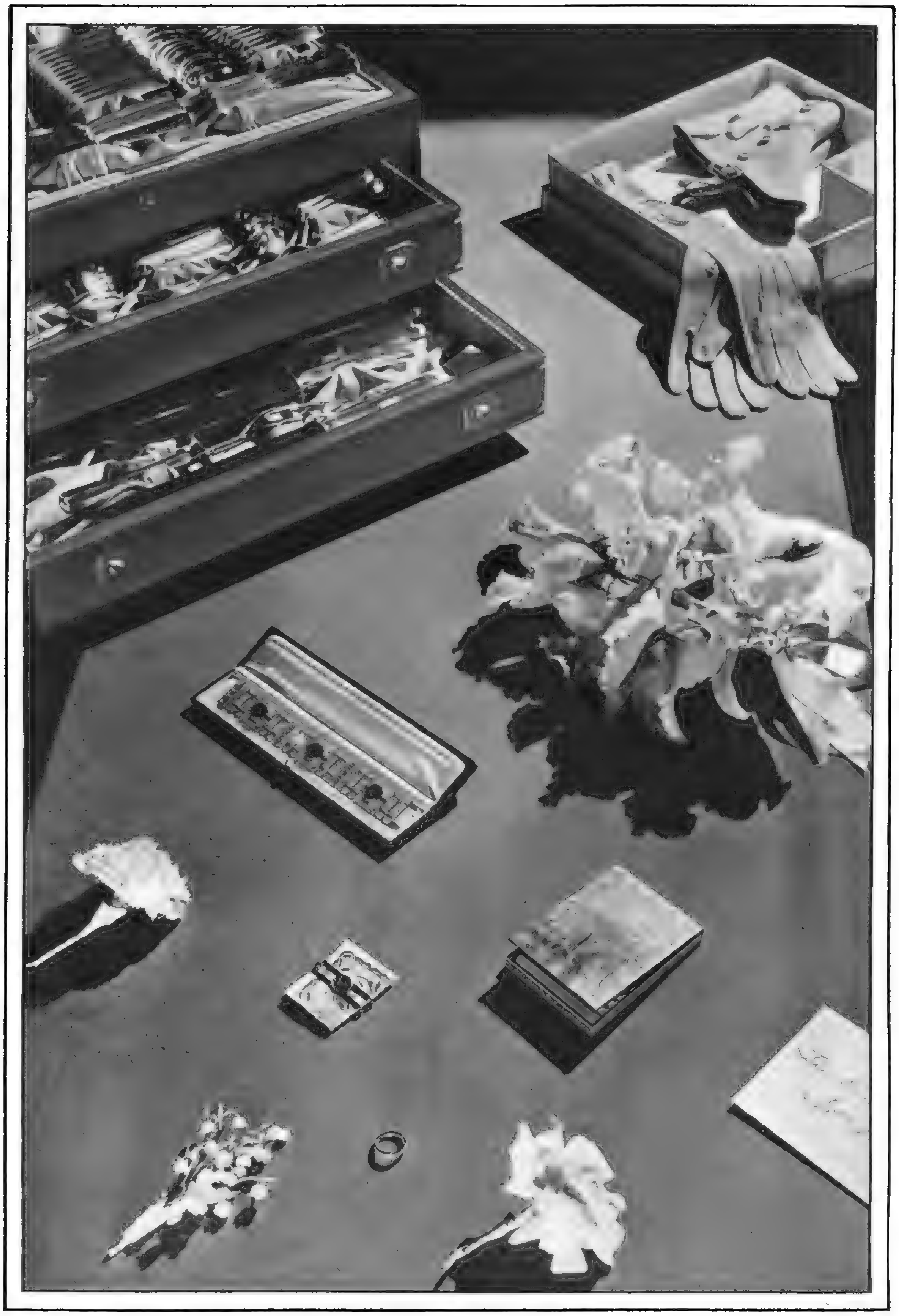
I told the blacks to land at the next suitable place in order that we might have breakfast. Garner stared at me hatefully, but he got out of the dugout when I told him to, and scrambled up the bank ahead of us. While Don and Dod were busy with a fire, he challenged me.

"What the hell do you think you're doing? You have nothing on me here. You know damned well they'll never let you arrest me in town; there's no extradition. What good will this do you?" He was very sure of himself. I did not reply, but unbound his hands so that he could eat his rice, and roast his tortillas over the fire, as we did. Garner ate in silence, but the sneer never left his face.

We had no time to waste. As soon as the meal was finished, I took my captive back to the dugout. Our grim mission contrasted strangely with the beauty of the river. Lovely vistas opened as we rounded each sweeping curve of the Ulua. Sometimes a flock of tropical birds—white egrets, rose spoonbills—startled by our approach, would rise majestically and precede us down the river. On the shores, the dark verdure was magnificent, lightened here and there by flowering trees flaunting crimson or white or pink sprays, for this was the season when certain tropical trees drop all their leaves and burst into blossom. There were towering Ceibas, the giants of the tropics, many of them covered with the long, pouch-like nests of the weaver birds. The graceful liana vine twined about the trees and cascaded its leaves down the banks and into the river.

And, for savage contrast, there were the crocodiles. We were rarely out of sight of them for, at each bend in the river, where the current had formed a sandbank, they lay—some in the sunlight, some submerged with nostrils just above the waterline—a constant source of danger. Their trick is to stun with a lash of

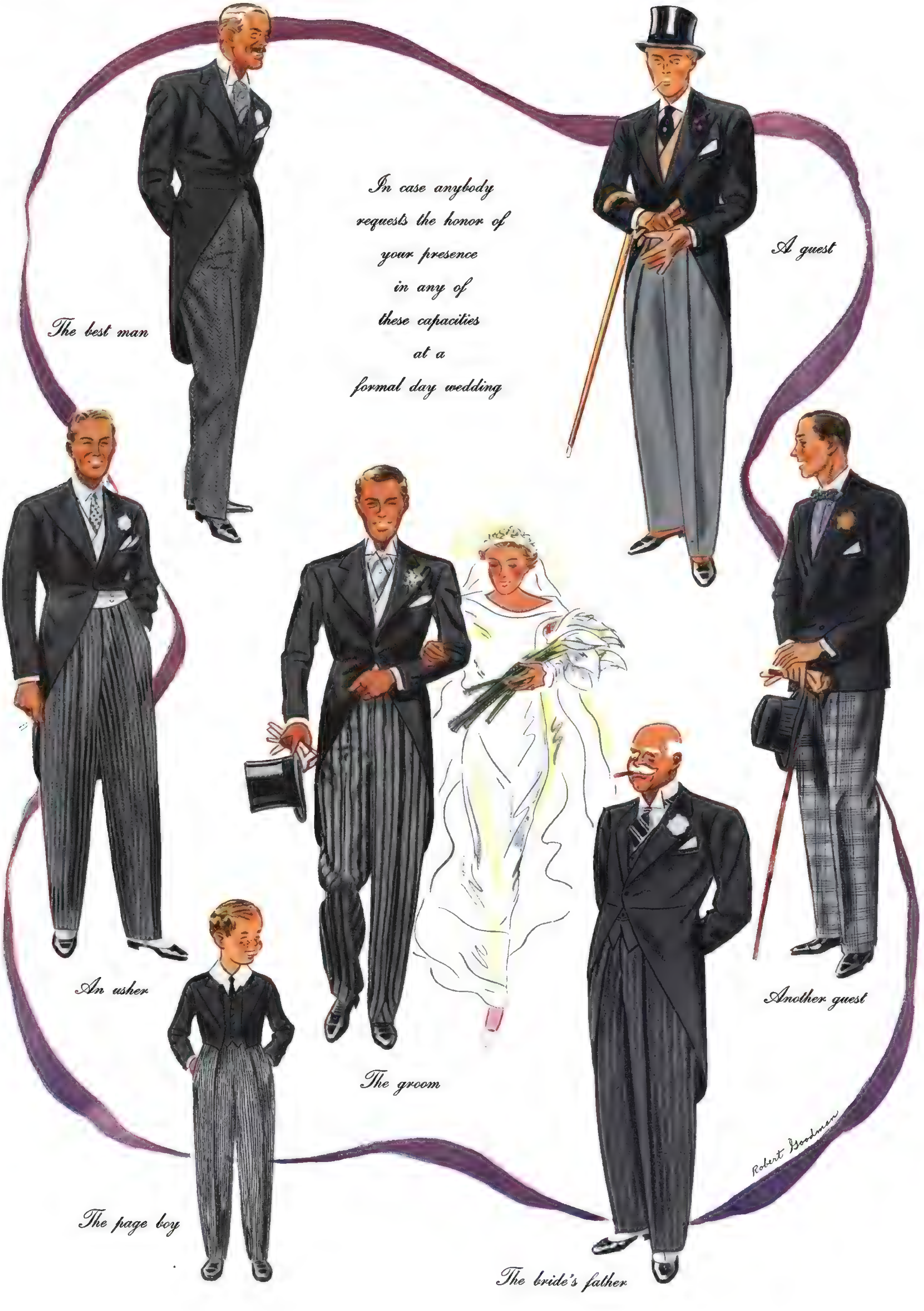
Continued in center of page 140



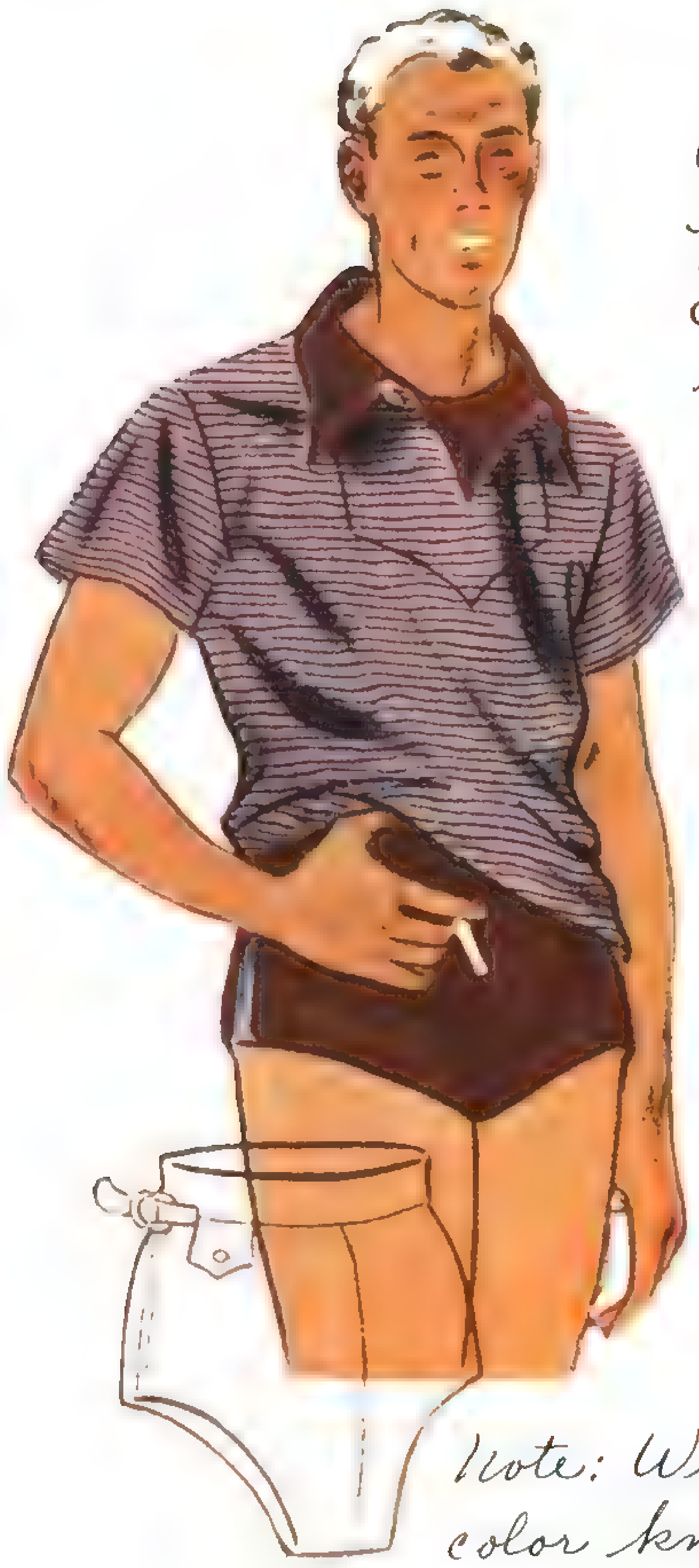
BEING A MEMORANDUM FOR THE BRIDEGROOM

With this page, and the one opposite, we close the subject of weddings for the season. For any other data, we refer you to the cartoon department. But these are the things the June groom will do well to remember. In the upper right hand corner is a box containing collar, tie, gloves and spats, for the groom to give to the ushers. Below this is the bridal bouquet of orchids. He can forget anything else on the page with less disastrous consequence. Southwest from there is a bracelet—just a reminder that there is supposed to be a personal gift to the bride. Just below an initialled money clip—a suggestion for a gift to the ushers. Next an engraved gold cigarette case—a gift for the best man. Boutonnieres, reading from left to right, carnations for the ushers, lilies of the valley for the groom and a gardenia for the best man. The ring is self-explanatory. So's the parson's envelope.

(Send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire, 40 E. 34th St., N. Y. C., for sources of articles photographed)

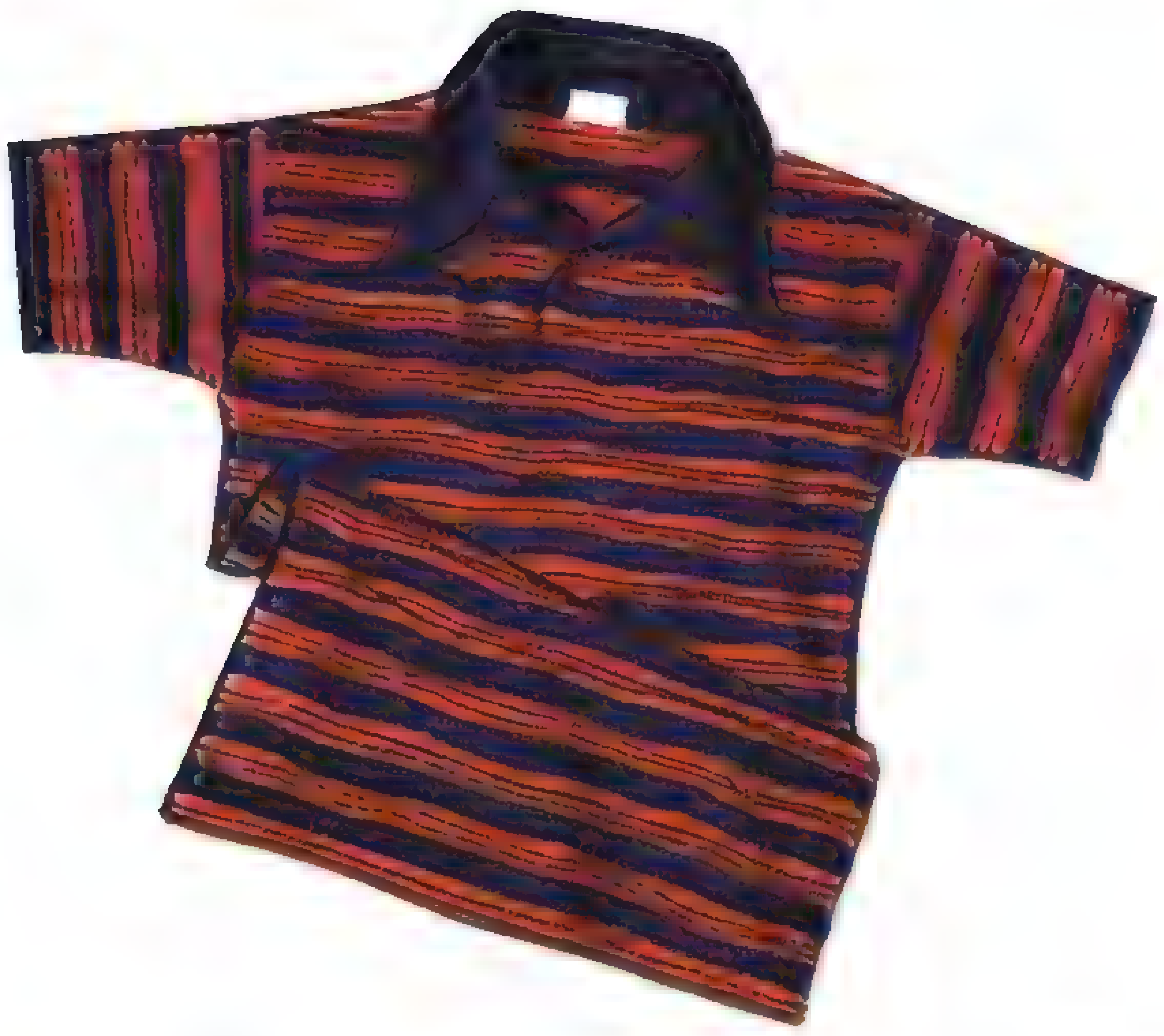

The best man
A guest
An usher
Another guest
The groom
The page boy
The bride's father
Robert Goodman

In case anybody
requests the honor of
your presence
in any of
these capacities
at a
formal day wedding

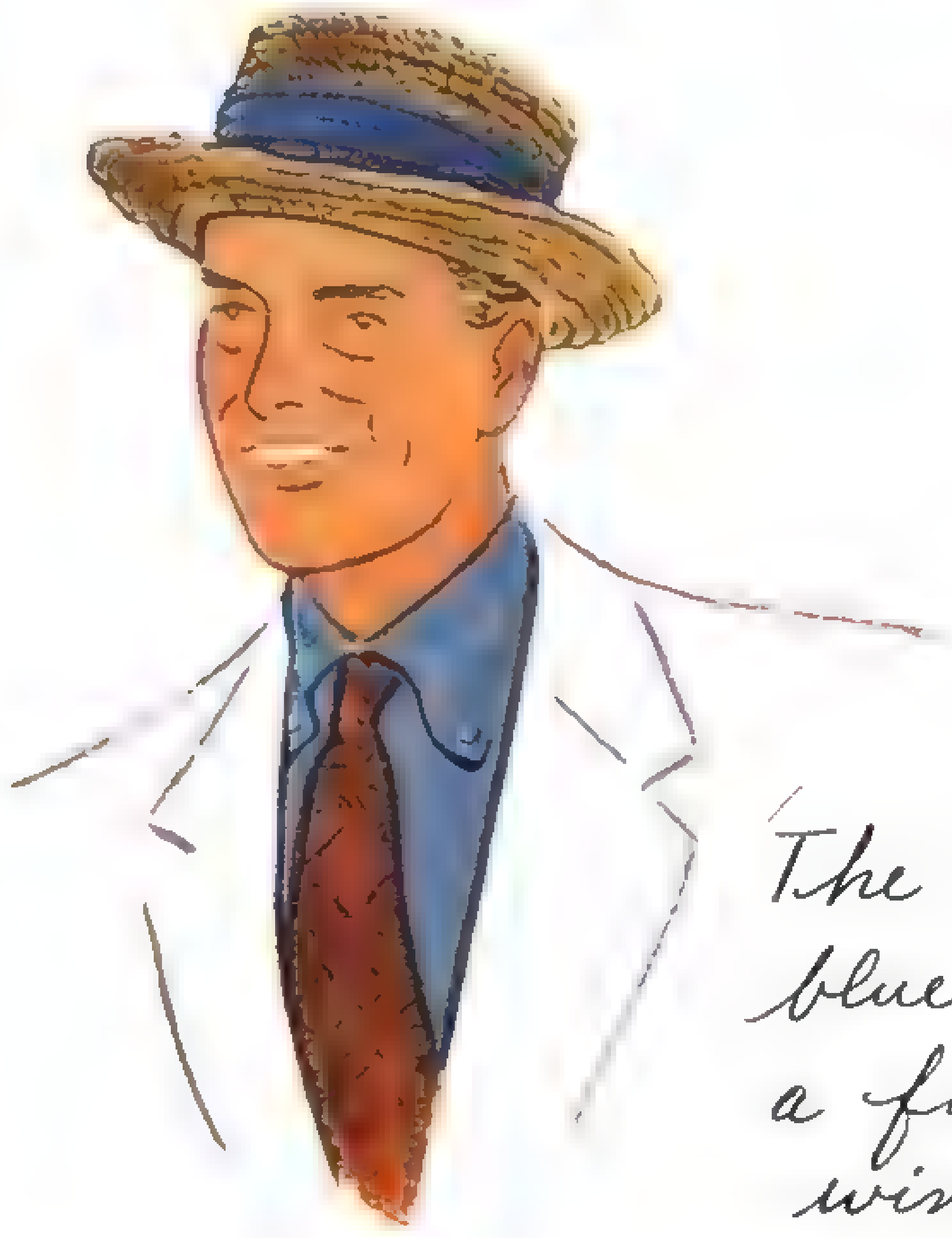


An ideal outfit for the beach is the English lisle sport shirt with contrasting collar—horizontal stripes and blazer buttons—

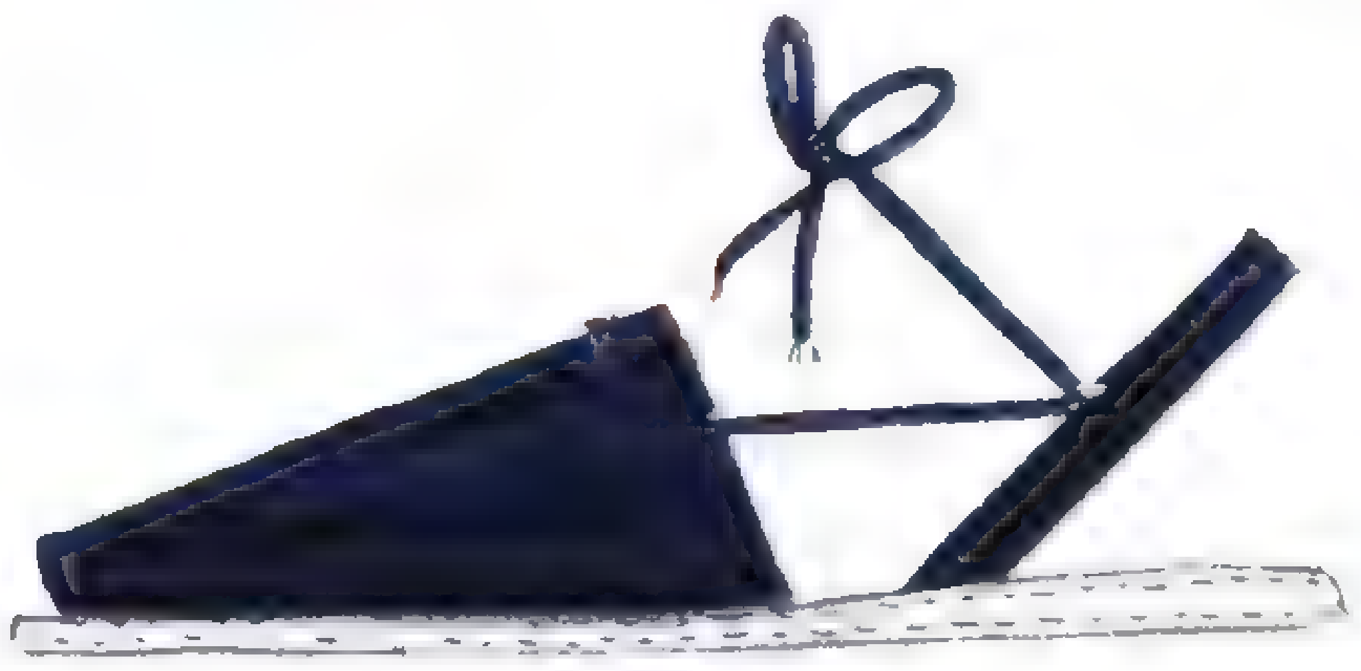
Note: Wine color knitted swim trunks with the side buckles for keeping trunks in place—



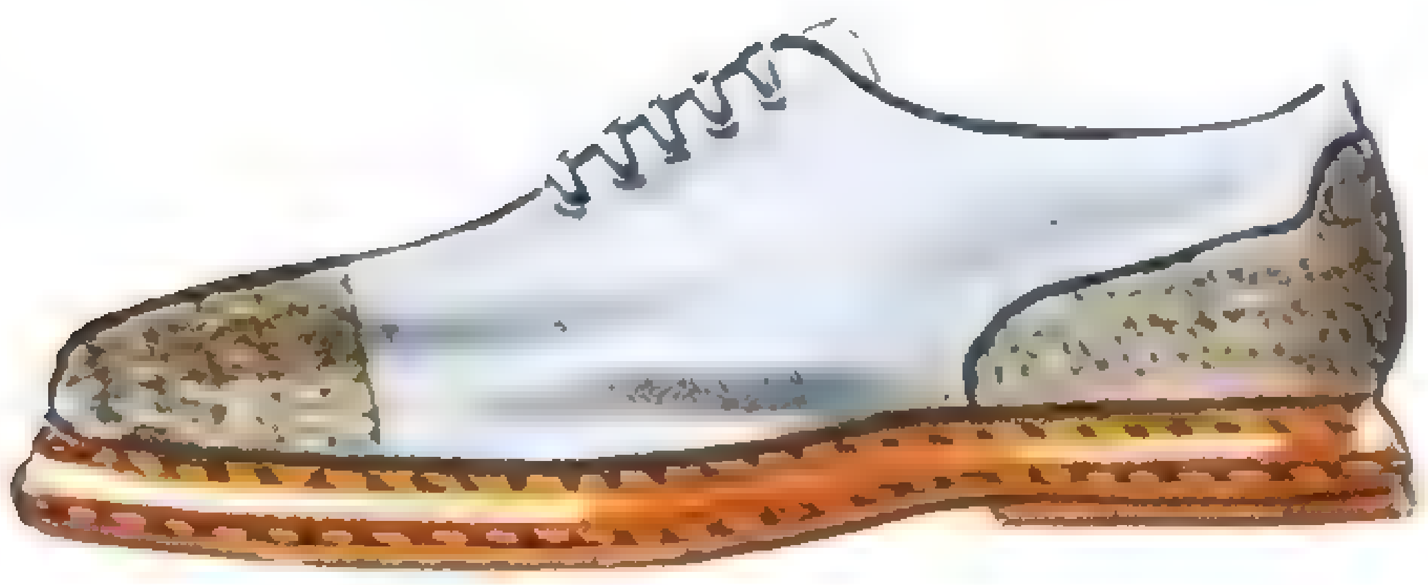
A popular horizontal stripe beach shirt—first observed on the French Riviera—



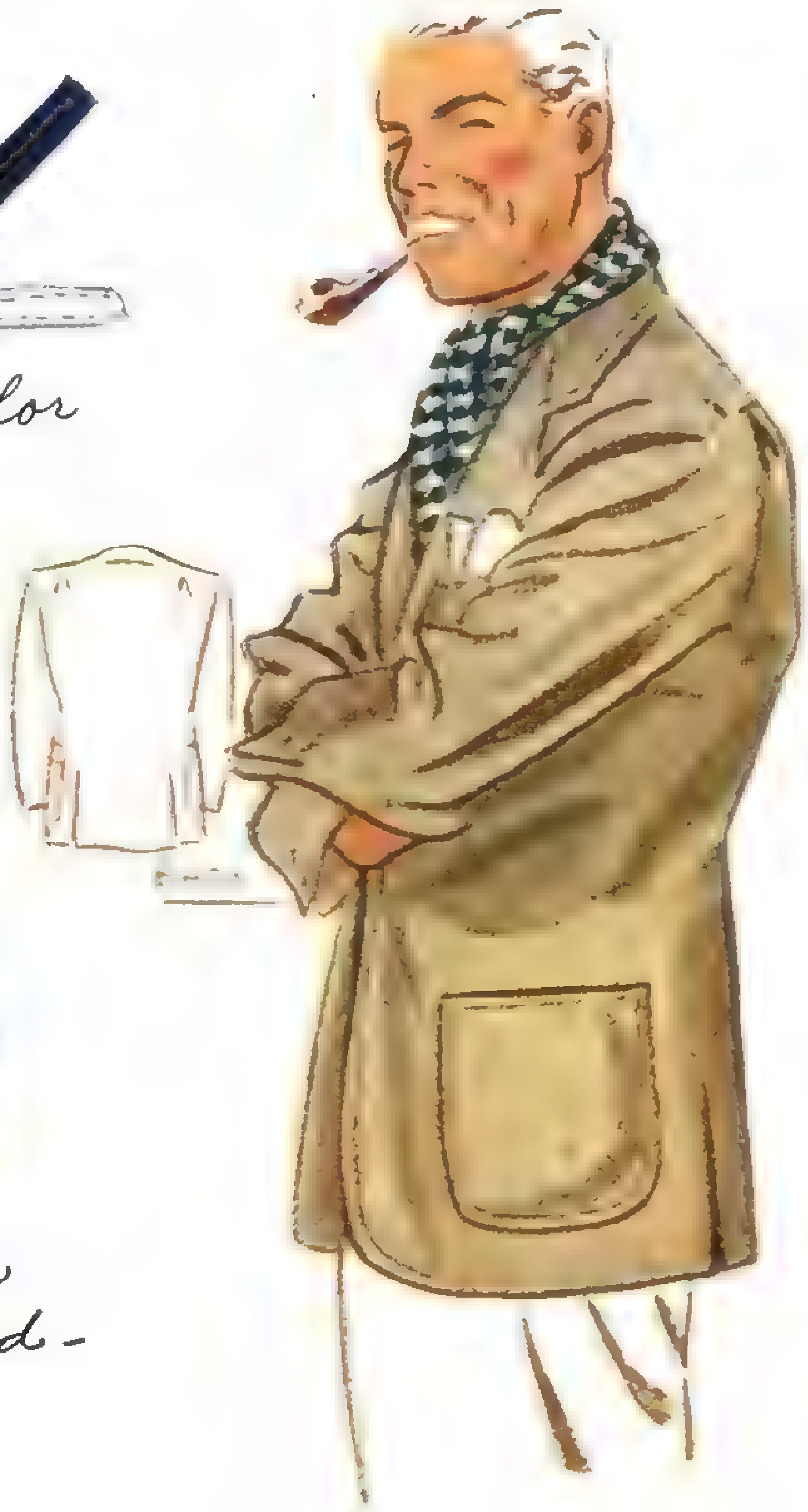
The Coconut straw hat with the blue Puggree cotton band was a favorite at Nassau this past winter—

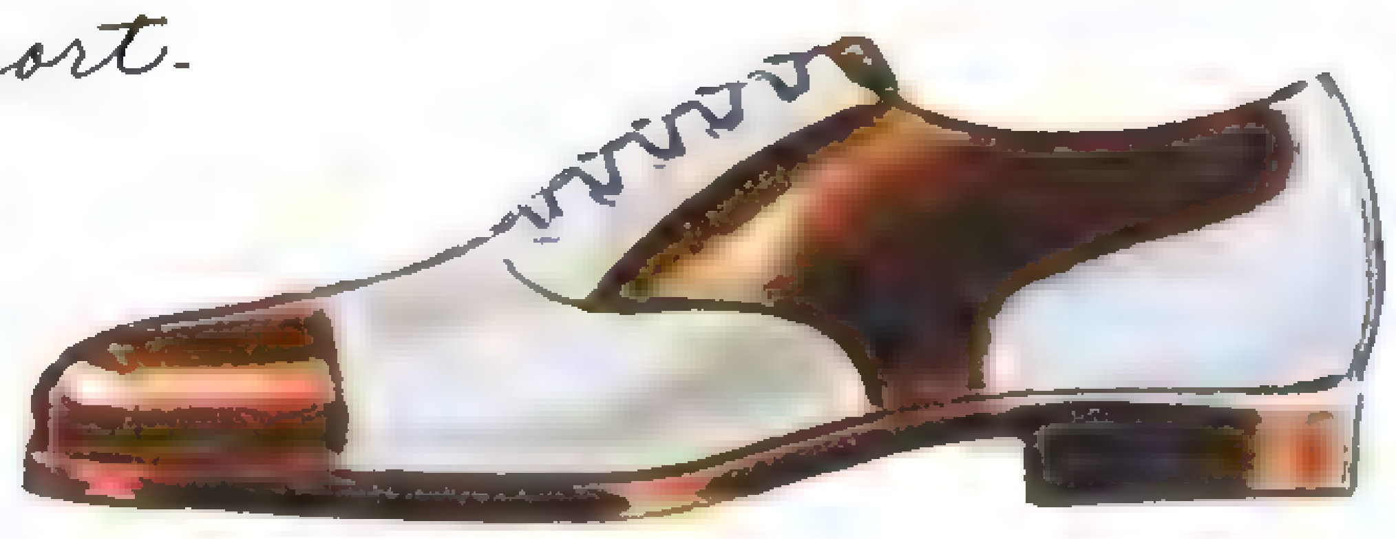


The popular solid color canvas Espadrilles

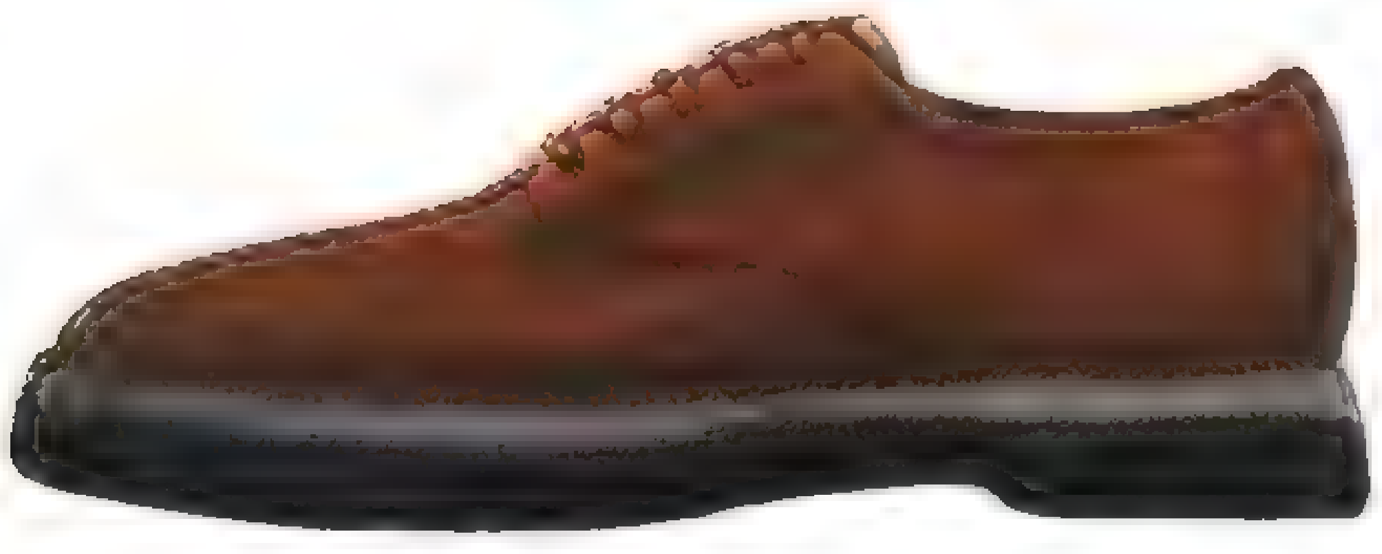


A canvas rope sole shoe, ideal for beach and resort.





A new brown and white sport shoe from England—



The brown suede Jai-alai shoe with black crepe soles and heels—

Smart men seen at Bermuda favored this Indian Cashmere jacket with two gatherings at each shoulder and two seven inch side vents—

ROBERT GOODMAN—

Love Life of a Communiste

Continued from page 85

"Yes sir," murmured the head waiter moving away without looking at Mary.

The waiter served a bottle of Haut-Sauterne. Belber and Mary looked into each other's eyes and clinked glasses. The wine exhilarated her. They had a second glass and then a third. The orchestra began to play an Argentine tango. Mary's whole body swayed to the music. She threw back her head and half closed her eyes with the voluptuous pleasure of the music and the wine.

"This is the way everybody shall live!" she exclaimed.

Belber judged there couldn't be a better moment than this to tell Mary he loved her. He reached for her hand and held it tightly. She returned the pressure and looked at him tenderly.

"Mary—" he began.

Then came the cataclysm!

A young man, hat pulled well down over his eyes had walked quickly and stealthily into the dining room. He went to the middle of the floor, suddenly jumped up on an empty chair, pulled off his hat and yelled at the top of his lungs:

"Down with the scabbing waiters! Don't patronize this place! This place is on strike! It pays starvation wages. You're all strike breakers! Down with the—"

That is as far as he got. Two detectives, the head waiter and the manager bore down on him together and pulled him from the chair. A dowager dropped her lorgnette into a plate of tomato bisque spattering the immaculate shirt front of the gentleman with her.

A thin young lady with an enameled nose and a metallic voice neighed like a mare at her escort who had up to then been falling in a stupor.

The effect on Mary was extraordinary. As soon as she recognized Joe Rubin, she turned white and when he started to speak she rose as though jerked from her chair by strings and stared at him. His first words made the situation clear. A tremor went through her body and the blood rushed back to her face as she realized she was patronizing a place that was on strike. She turned to Belber, an indescribable mixture of anger and contempt on her face.

"You tried to make a strike breaker out of me," she hissed. "You—you counter-revolutionary!"

Fighting and kicking furiously, Joe Rubin was being carried out of the dining room. With a little cry, Mary rushed after him between the tables, crying out, "Joe! Joe! I'm with you—Mary!" She disappeared through the doors.

Everybody stared at Belber and he stared at the pepper and salt shakers as the waiter placed on the table two portions of lobster thermidor. ⵌ

The Challenge of College Polo

Continued from page 67

Dillingham family and such recent recruits as Elbridge T. Gerry.

In these schools and others such as Penn Military, the game is partly played by men with their own ponies, probably from polo families or polo-mad prep schools. They are the chief feeding grounds for club polo and from them will come the internationalists and intersectionalists of the future.

However, it is the United States Military Academy that is the real cradle of college polo. Enthusiastic young poloists go out from it to the regular army service; eventually, when they have had their first jump or two in rank, find themselves assigned as military instructors at some freshwater college where a mention of polo is greeted only with a snicker, and proceed to turn the R. O. T. C. horses into polo ponies with amazing response from student body and public. There are plenty of universities and agricultural schools around the country where the polo turnout is fifty or sixty candidates, just about as big as the football squads. In fact, nearly every polo school reports more aspirants than can be mounted.

In view of this it is interesting to examine a little more closely the polo setup at the Point, where it has been an official sport since 1906. Ten carefully chosen men make up the varsity squad for Army, with ten on the plebe squad and eighty turning out for intramural polo. All mounts, of course, are supplied by the government; the athletic association bears the entire cost of equipment, even to personal garments of the contestants. Of course, that means football is supporting polo. That the day will come when this is reversed is an optimistic suggestion around the polo barns.

West Point can make a year-round sport of polo; the horses only get two months of rest. The season starts September 1 and ends June 12. That is because polo is both an indoor and an outdoor game (under slightly different rules). For Army it is not necessary to alter the rules, as the Academy has the finest riding hall in the country, 555 feet long and well surfaced, with the goals offset from the ends thirty feet, thus allowing the regular outdoor penalty shots and outside play. The game is in high favor, and places on the squad are much cherished.

Incidentally, the same rule of all cadets being eligible that is so much disputed in football, applies to Army polo. You will find famous polo names from other schools bobbing up again on the Point's squad. Such as Harry Wilson, who was on the fine Arizona University polo team of 1929 and who is a son of Colonel "Jingles" Wilson, who, like Colonels Lewis Brown and J. K. Herr and Majors "Red" Erwin, Charlie Gerhardt and C. C. Smith, was an ornament to West Point polo of earlier days.

Now turn to Oklahoma University and see an example of how the Army influence spreads the game. Oklahoma and Missouri are the newest members of the Intercollegiate Polo Association, which includes the charter members Yale, Princeton, Harvard, West Point and Penn Military. These seven are equalled in big league college polo by many non-members—Stanford, Arizona, etc.

Oklahoma is polo wild because army officers brought the game there, men like Captain J. J. Waters, Jr., and Captain George R. Hayman. Perhaps the fact that Will Rogers is a native Oklahoman and a patron saint of polo has something to do with it, but at any rate Oklahoma put itself on the map by sending a team East in 1931 that lost in the Intercollegiate finals to Army. The game has been played there since 1920, and enthusiasm, always keen among the students, has spread to the townfolks of Norman and to the big cities of the region. Most of the players come not from the wealthy but from the boys off the ranches. Any inclination they might have to become snooty because they are polo players is taken out of them by having to groom their mounts.

That is a variation from Penn Military, which gets along without government aid and where the polo players pay about $225 a year for the playing privilege on college horses, with about one-quarter of the boys having their own strings. Such is not the general rule; even Harvard and Cornell profit by the R. O. T. C. horses which are practically the only mounts at places like Ohio State, Utah, Iowa State, Chicago, Norwich.

The latter is one of the most poloish spots in the land and is pointed out as an example of what may be accomplished in developing college consciousness of the game. Norwich is located at Northfield, Va. Out of a student body of 215 it has a polo squad of twenty-five and its R. O. T. C. cavalry unit of sixty horses is available to any boy who qualifies, at no cost to him. More turn out for the sport than can be handled. The game has been played there since 1910.

Many things, it is granted, must be accomplished before polo can become widely successful as a college sport, but they are being brought about perhaps as rapidly as were the developments of college baseball from 1850 to 1885 or of college football from 1876 to 1920.

There must be, as one immediate necessity, some means of handicapping players as is done in club polo. That will be hard to work out satisfactorily. No harder than to equalize mounting. The team on R. O. T. C. horses is no match for the privately mounted squad from Yale or Princeton, even if they be equal, player for player. Perhaps the "nationalization" of all mounts sent to a tournament might be the answer. It will take terrific argument to persuade a boy proud of his own polo horses to let someone else ride them—yet that very thing is constantly done in international and intersectional polo.

Polo, of course, is an expensive sport. Since the squads may be much smaller, however, it is doubtful if it would cost much more than the running of university football. Football pays its way now and that of many another sport. When polo reaches the point where it is self-supporting in the colleges, when public attendance will pay for it, the greatest advance will have been made; from then on it is likely to challenge the place of football. That day is nearing for the big universities and will follow in due course in the smaller colleges. Just give it ten or fifteen years, plead the polo advocates. ⵌ

The Talking Encyclopedia

How to astound the dinner party with a flashy display of inert facts and scientific erudition

by DR. ERIC WOLFF CLARKSON

• ARTICLE •

Fashions in conversation have changed. No longer is the successful diner-outer, the man who has a choice of four invitaticns every evening, a fountain of opinion. Once, he could pour forth rhetoric in which he embalmed his private view on suffragism, prohibition, or the single standard of morality. Now such verbiage would be met with yawning. This is the age of science, and the diner-outer must come armed with facts. No one need be at a loss to fill the frenzied pause that falls upon the table if he will but keep an eye open to the achievements of historians, archeologists, ornithologists, ophthalmologists, and their ilk. A neat scientific fact, dropped into the conversation almost anywhere, will fill the yawning gap. And there is a scientific fact for every occasion.

Upon arriving, for instance, the guest, wearing tails, observes that his host is accoutred in a mere dinner jacket. To put his host at ease, he remarks:

"Ha! I see you honor our native American garb! A tribe of Algonquin Indians, you know, was named Tuxedo. Their name was adopted by the town of Tuxedo, and the dinner jacket derived its name from that town!" As the host offers to light his cigarette, the guest continues in the Indian vein:

"Did you know that Indians who make fire with a drill can produce a spark and catch it for use in less than thirty seconds? That's better than the average cigarette lighter. Put *that* in your pipe and smoke it!"

Handed a cocktail glass, one should hold it toward the light, and observe scientifically.

"Strange, isn't it? But glass, as we use it, is really a liquid."

"Ice?" says the host. And the guest replies,

"There are six varieties of ice, or crystalline water, but only one of these is the common ice that we know, which is lighter than water and floats on the surface of lakes. And by the way, if anyone accuses you of having ice in your veins instead of blood, he is pretty nearly right, as the living human body is full of ice, due to the enormous pressures which force the water in our bodies into ice condensation. Dr. Martinesco, of Paris, has just propounded this theory. The ice in our veins is not the type we see on lakes, as it is heavier than water. I suppose we might call it hot ice. So now you know why some women make you run hot and cold!"

The host pours, and the well-informed guest pursues:

"Whiskey, taken for snake bites, may kill the patient by alcohol poisoning or by lowering his resistance to the snake poison. It cures him only when the snake is not poisonous."

With this, the guest drinks, and remarks: "There is more oxygen in the water of the Atlantic ocean than there is water in the Pacific ocean."

The host comes up for air. The guests arrive, among them a luscious peroxide blonde, with her husband, whom one suspects of wearing a toupee.

Ready for every occasion, the scientifically conversant guest reminds the company: "Methods of coloring hair blonde, henna, or black were all known in ancient Rome. The ancient Egyptians wore heavy wigs, and as a result their skulls, as we find them, show symmetrical thin spots."

This he follows up with: "Soap was first used not for cleanliness, but to make the hair more attractive."

Dinner is announced, and the hostess modestly observes that dinner is nothing elaborate, just a sort of picnic. Never at a loss, the guest returns to the native American theme, remarking: "The Mayan Indians, you know, ate hot dogs, and thrived on them!"

Upon entering the dining room, one should observe, with scientific alertness, "Did you know that flies avoid entering rooms with red or yellow light?" And, seeing the candles on the table, continue: "Asbestos was known to the Greeks, who named it asbestos, which means unconsumable. They used it as wicks in the lamps tended by the vestal virgins, and as shrouds when cremating bodies."

Right then, the great-grandmother of the hostess will be wheeled in. The guest goes on: "And that reminds me, the reason that Egyptian mummies are so scarce is that they were valued highly as medicine in the middle ages. Boatloads of mummies were taken to Europe, ground up and sold in powder form." This is followed with, "By the way, it is a scientific fact that nobody dies of old age. Old folks have low resistance, and usually die of pneumonia."

Dinner begins. With the appearance of grapefruit, the scientist handily remarks:

"Grapefruit skins are used in synthetic rose and violet perfumes."

At this point, in any civilized dining room, the conversation will turn upon sex. Any of the following items are apropos:

Thousands of male mosquitoes were burned to death one summer when they mistook the hum of a laboratory electric furnace for the alluring song of the female mosquito.

The cold-blooded female python becomes a warm-blooded animal when hatching eggs.

Mules, thought always to be sterile, were the source of a shocking item in *Nature*. It seems that a mule got mixed up with a stallion and gave birth to two healthy sons within as many years. "Love will find a way," the conversational guest comments.

The ice has, by now, been broken. It has appeared that the ladies, including the blonde and the great-grandmama (who is deaf) are liberal-minded. So the guest may proceed with more intimate revelations:

Joan of Arc was completely undeveloped sexually. Henry VIII had syphilis and thus caused the death of all but two of his children. Bloody Mary Tudor was likewise afflicted. So was Christopher Columbus. And the same disease caused the insanity of Ivan the Terrible.

Growing more and more risque, the conversation will probably veer from sex to homosex. Someone will remark, "Why honestly, it's hard to tell whether some gals are women or men."

That's easy, the scientifically minded diner points out. A man's ring finger is usually larger than his index finger, while the reverse is true in women. Thus, one can always tell a man from a woman.

At this point there may be a lull. Someone remarks, "You scientists do such fascinating things!" The answer is:

"Oh yes. Did you know, for instance, that cockroaches are now employed as laboratory animals in place of dogs, guinea pigs, and rabbits? They take up so much less room."

The scientist continues in the insect domain, pointing out that:

Monkeys do not have fleas.

Fly wings and rag fiber make a high quality of writing paper.

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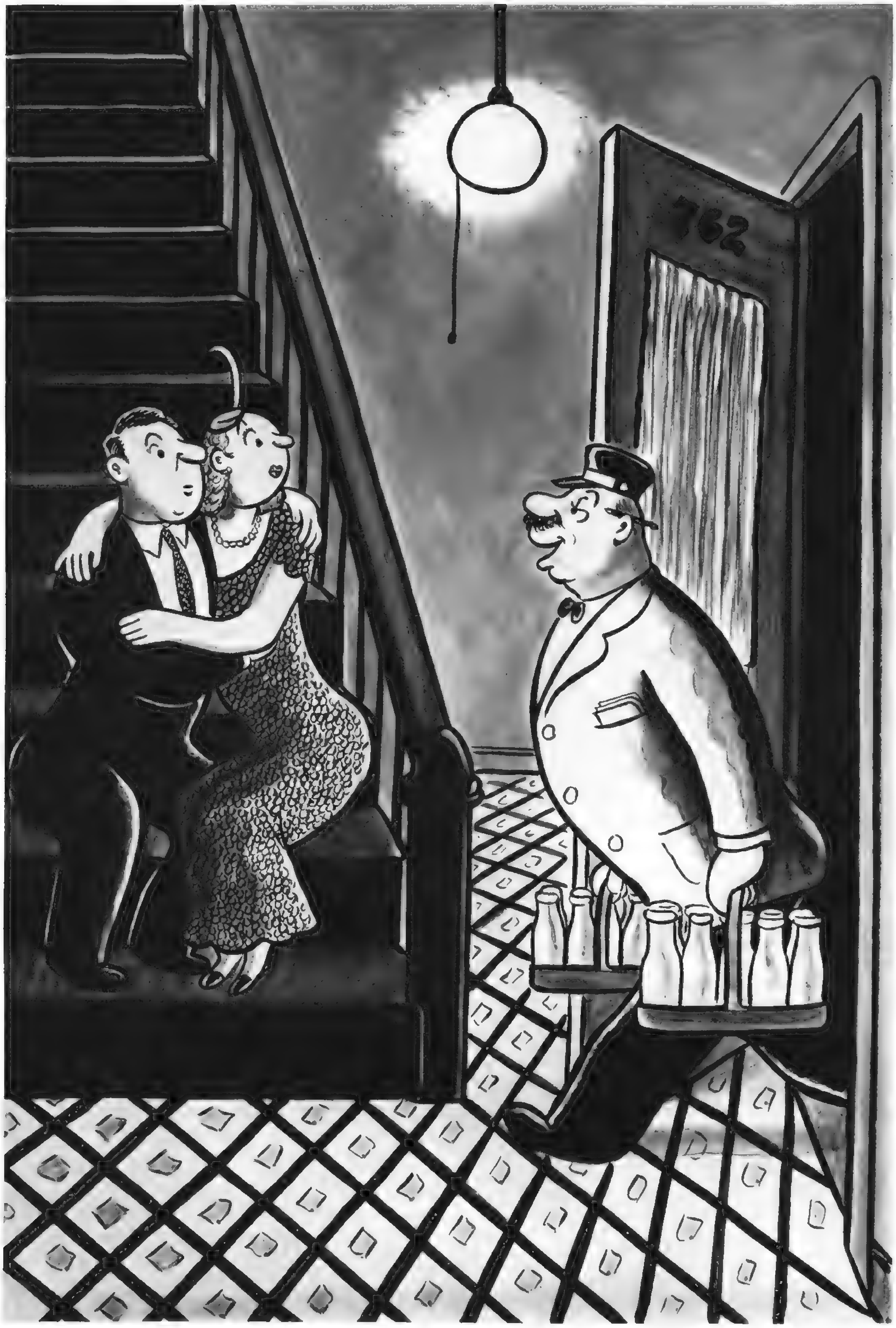

"Am I intruding?"

What'll You Have or Gin?

Continued from page 79

to. Finally, in France the Count de Morret, a son of Henry of Navarre (he was careless that way), worked out something called juniper wine, and the idea was borrowed and put to better use, in the creation of gin. The coriander and the angelica were additions contributed by the great genius, Mr. Anonymous.

Britain, taking up the new drink in a serious way—it came over about the same time as William and Mary with their Dutch furniture—at first was content with Netherlandish products and methods. But gradually a definitely English liquor was evolved. Less "malty." The juniper less assertive. This gin, further subtle-ized during the last few generations as "London dry," is the object of Englishmen's devotion and the standby of mixers the world over.

"It's what we call a 'silent' spirit," a veteran Scot explained to me the other day when I met him in his lab, surrounded by the cryptic nicknacks of science. "That is to say, our purpose is to keep things balanced so that no one ingredient gets the upper hand."

He is doing his making right here in America, and in a big way, with the largest establishment of its kind on earth.

"A matter of chemistry?" I ventured.

"That and nose," he amended, enlighteningly.

It seems that as far as chemical analysis is concerned, a couple of gins may be the living images of each other and yet prove appreciably different when you whiff them. That is, if you have a "good nose." He had acquired a hair-trigger nasal organ through accident of birth, having been born into the distillery business; his life, ever since his eighteenth year, had been lived among millions of gallons of good liquor.

"But don't you ever taste the stuff?" I asked him.

"Only when I'm drinking it for pleasure," he said. "In my work here, I go by the aroma, for the same reason that one's sense of smell is less apt to become dulled with the constant sampling that has to be done. Taste tires quickly, you know. For example, if you blindfold a wine-taster and set before him seven types of wine, such as sherry, burgundy, tokay, and so forth, he'll name them for you correctly—but if you shuffle the glasses and ask him to repeat the series, he will go astray, because of the fatiguing of his palate. That's why wine appraisers begin their work on an empty stomach and have to stop betweenwhiles and eat bread or something. For myself, I don't nibble between meals, but I'm checking constantly to make sure that the gin we turn out here matches what our company produces in England."

"And are they really identical?"

"Twins, let's say, to avoid controversy—for there are people who will claim they detect differences even if you pour them two glasses from the same bottle. What's your opinion?"

He put me behind the 8-ball with samples of gin from both sides of the Atlantic. I tasted them in my best professional manner, and found Tweedledum remarkably like Tweedledee. It would have taken a strawberry mark to have told them apart. If his nose knew, my entire olfactory and gustatory equipment (such as it is) didn't.

Emboldened by the bouquet, I asked further questions and learned that in gin-making there are Four Main Things, to wit:

First, the "base" from which the gin is made by re-distillation. This is grain alcohol. And grain alcohols, if pot-stilled in different parts of the world, seem to prefer originality to conformity; the mashes they are prepared from may be conscientiously similar and the processing likewise—nevertheless, local eccentricities crop out. Consequently, to obtain the base he needed our friend the Scot had to work out special corrections and modifications of procedure. Now though made for him in the Middle West, his alcohol speaks to you with a British accent.

Second, the recipe. Very secret. Safeguarded by a rule which for more than a century has permitted only three living humans to have knowledge of it at one time, this gentleman being its sole curator in America. Anybody who tried to crib it by chemical analysis would still be in the dark as to the way things are put together.

Third, the ingredients themselves. To fit the gin he makes, these herbs have to be of special quality not obtainable in the open market, and specially matured. I was shown bins and bins of them in a large top-floor storage room, with thermometers sticking up like pokers in their midst. The juniper berries, looking like slightly puckered huckleberries, were four years old and had come from the right region of Europe. (The British and American pharmacopoeias list them as kidney stimulants.) The tiny round buff-colored coriander seed (medically famous as de-flatulators) had been grown to order in Essex. The dessicated angelica roots, which were stringy hunks of husk and fiber that looked as though they had been mummified, had been dug up in the section of Saxony where soil and climate bring out the proper pungency as nowhere else—a strong aromatic odor which you get interestingly as you lean over the partitions. It's ginnier than even the juniper. Other ingredients, of a secret sort, may figure in the bouquet's individuality.

Lastly, the equipment. As compared with the quick and hasty contraptions of the Prohibition era, this outfit was positively awe-inspiring: two grand salles-de-distillery, each three stories high and each containing four balloon-bellied pot-stills, their tops towering up in samovarish style and connected across the ceiling to a row of equally tall cylindrical condensers. All of copper. Made in England and Scotland; riveted here. Tin-coated on the inside.

One of these brown babies in each hall was marked HIGH FEINTS and another LOW FEINTS, meaning "heads" and "tails." These units re-treat the stuff that comes over at the beginning of the distillation, and likewise the stuff toward the end, neither of which is up to the quality of the "middle." That is to say, when you start operations you sidetrack the first results into a tank for that purpose; then, later, when tests reveal that Grade A is arriving, you switch to the main line and let her ride until quality begins to taper on you, whereupon you shunt things off into the "tails" department. These odds and ends, too crude for polite society, are scientifically licked into shape so as to be able to join the party later on. All this testing of the "run" is done at spigots, with glass bowls under them, along a mezzanine gallery which overlooks bevies of tanks shaped like hat-boxes and lined with glass.

(I've seen authentic British distilling being done in this country with stills which are quite small. Even quaint-looking. Clever in their slow-going way, these neat percolators manage to turn out a gin which twitters the palate beyond cavil.)

Supplementing the list of Main Things there is the little item of knowing how. For mere apparatus doesn't automatically make good gin. There are details to cope with, such as the fact that alcohol boils at 170°, and water not until 212°, so that you are working between these two temperatures, with the ingredients coming in, one after the other, according to the individual boiling points of their essential oils. To keep matters under control requires artful figuring and juggling.

In the bottling department, where familiar-looking fifths were receiving their contents and being squinted through individually as they traveled past a magnifying inspection-lens with a light behind them, I noticed other products.

"We are the American makers of these too," said the Old Master.

They (partaken of) were Old Tom gin, sloe gin, and orange bitters. The Tom type, built with a view to "Collinses," is simply the standard stuff plus cane-sugar sweetening. The sloe gin is another example of addition: sloe plumlets (astringent fruit of the blackthorn shrub) are steeped in the liquor for a couple of months, giving it a maroon shade, and a special flavor. The orange bitters—you dash them into your gin yourself—are concocted from the bitter Spanish fruit which outside of Seville hang on trees as goldenly as do the tri-clustered spheres outside of New York hock shops.

Speaking of gin and orange bitters, one's emotions reach out inevitably toward vermouth—Italian if one's Martini is to be medium, French and Italian (fifty-fifty) if it is to be drier, and entirely French if it is to be quite dry. Whatever the proportions favored—whether its two-thirds gin be of the Tom kind, accompanied by three shots of the orangy embitterer, or plain dry gin and but a single squirt—the Martini, especially when three or four have been gathered together 'neath your waistline, is one of the pet pivots on which the world goes round. At the Piping Rock Club it leaves all other cocktails trailing. At the Cloud Club 'tis the top. Ditto the Anglers. At the ultra-exclusive Brook Club, where the members merely state that they wish a cocktail and the bartender has to know which kind, it's remarkable how many are in the Martini classification. As for New York's Yale, Harvard, and Princeton Clubs and similar places where college men foregather, they are literally hotbeds of bias.

The Old Nassauers, though, indulge in a digression called a Princeton Club Gin Daisy, consisting of 1½ ounces gin, 1 ounce lemon, ½ ounce orange, and a dash of raspberry syrup—frappéd and served in a Delmonico glass. Indeed, on practically every hand I

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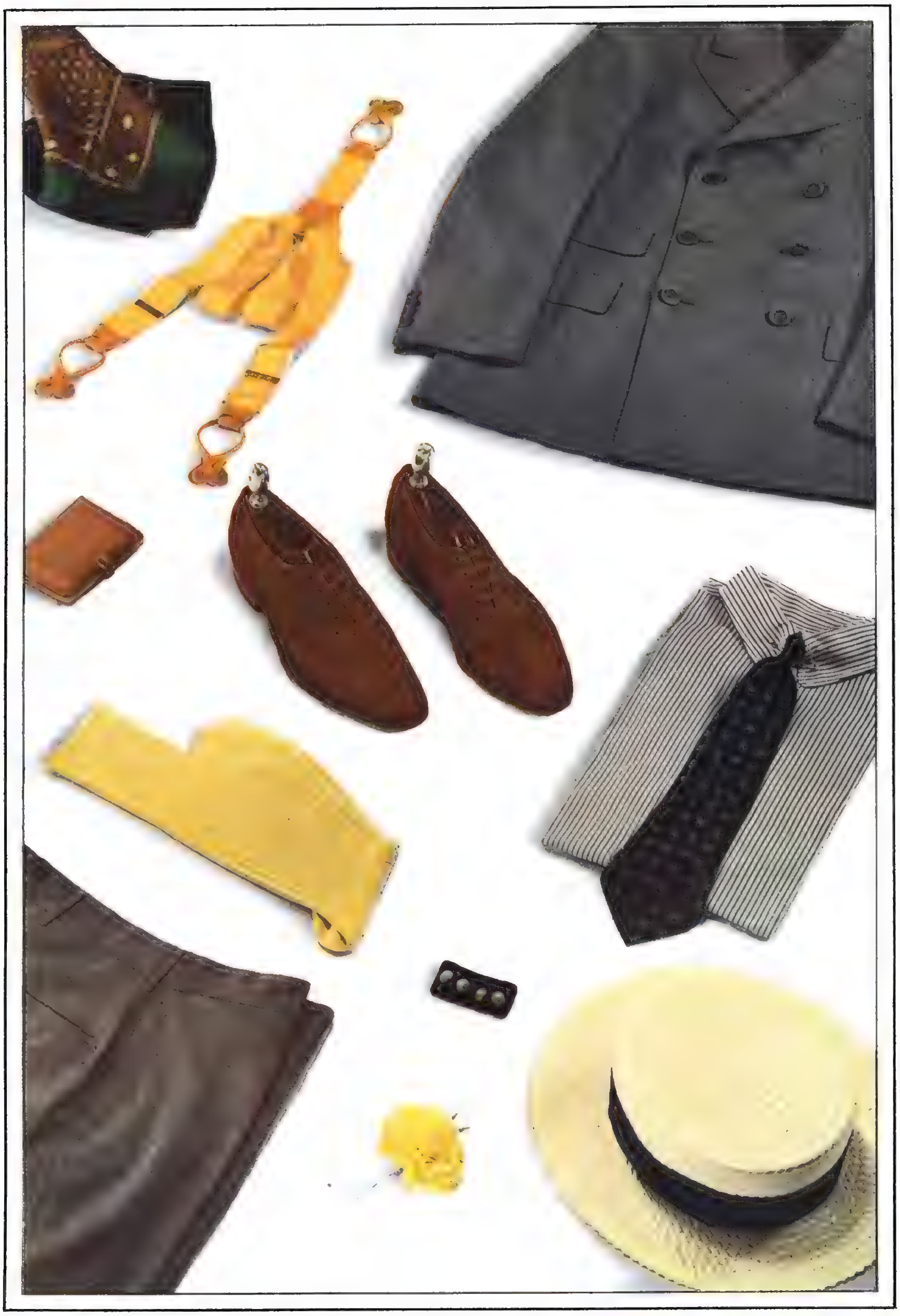
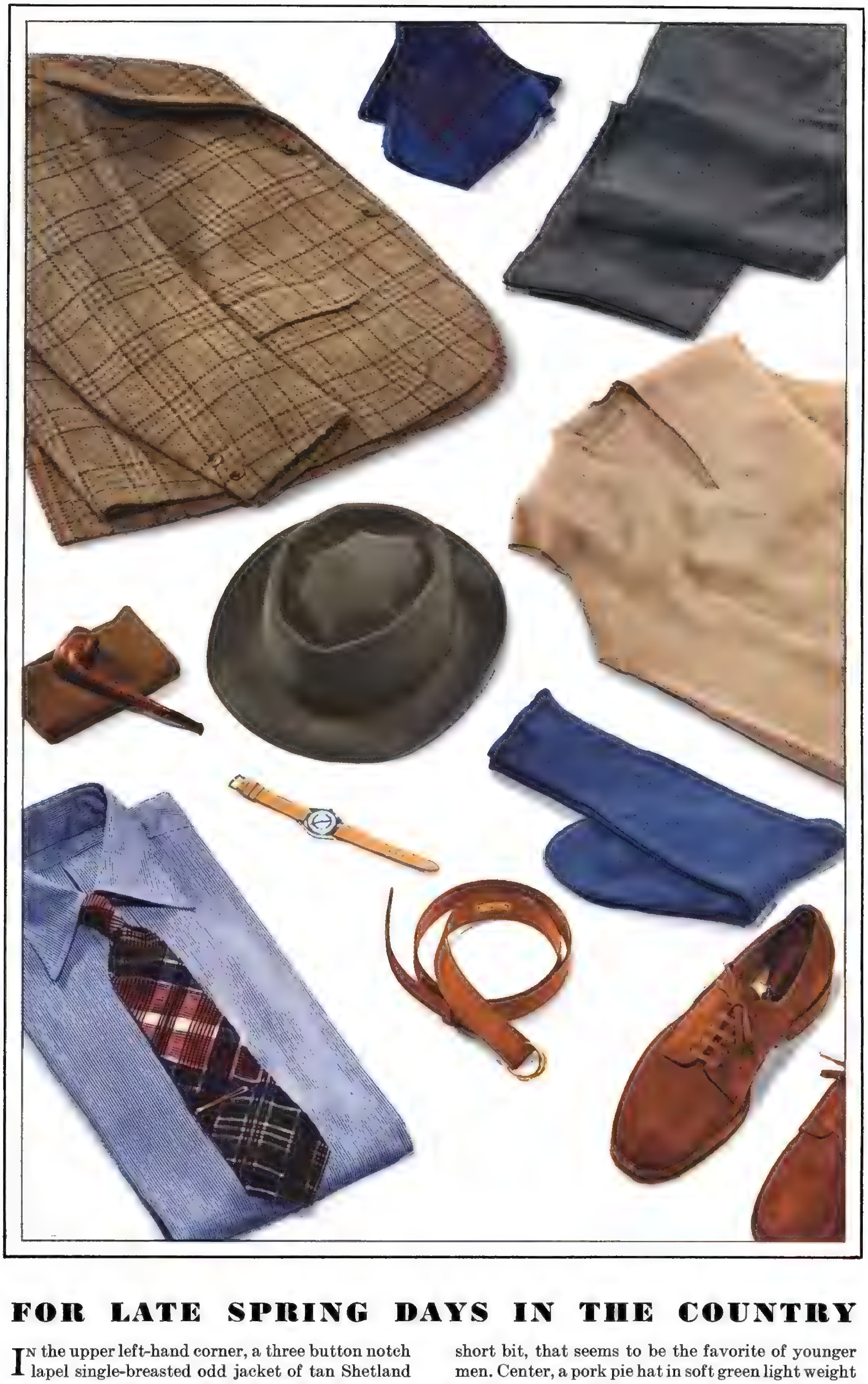


LATE SPRING AND EARLY SUMMER IN TOWN

In the upper left-hand corner, a green madder foulard silk pocket handkerchief, next to which are some braces in a rather breathless shade of yellow, and beneath which is a handsome and practically permanent (because it's made of pigskin) cigarette case. The suit itself is a worsted flannel in Lovat green with a faint over-plaid. Note that all three buttons button, and that there is an extra ticket pocket. Grouped below are other accessories which go well with this suit to make up a complete outfit. The shirt is the round collar attached model in grey and green stripes, worn with a black foulard tie with green spaced figures, a gold collar safety pin and green stone cuff links. The hose are light weight wool in a 6 x 3 rib and the wing-tipped shoes are of brown suede on a town last. The hat is a Sennit straw with plain black band and the yellow carnation boutonniere is a permanent one made of feathers.

(Send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire, 40 E. 34th St., N. Y. C., for sources of articles photographed)



FOR LATE SPRING DAYS IN THE COUNTRY

In the upper left-hand corner, a three button notch lapel single-breasted odd jacket of tan Shetland in a large Glen Urquhart plaid. It has flapped patch pockets and has a center vent at the back. Top center, a blue and red foulard silk handkerchief. Upper right-hand corner, grey flannel slacks, to wear with the tan Shetland jacket. Left center, a brown suede tobacco pouch, shown with a briar pipe in the conservative straight-stem model, with a comparatively short bit, that seems to be the favorite of younger men. Center, a pork pie hat in soft green light weight felt. Right center, a light weight sleeveless sweater in the natural Shetland color. Bottom row, a pin check broadcloth shirt with India madras tie and gold tie clip, a wrist watch with large second hand, a brown suede belt with cinch buckles, blue 6 x 3 ribbed wool hose, and brown suede blucher model country shoes with crepe rubber soles and heels.

(Send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire, 40 E. 34th St., N. Y. C., for sources of articles photographed)

What'll You Have or Gin?

Continued from page 116

notice propensities towards side-excursions, cocktailers supplementing their drowned-olive activity with farings afield after Mammie Taylors, Pink Ladies, Clover Clubs, and the like—incidentally cooling themselves with Collinses and keeping green (with lime) the memory of Col. Rickey.

Unfortunately what might otherwise be a unanimous state of cheer is marred by certain malcontents—drinkers who feel nostalgic for the old speakeasy and its pretty poisons. To their interiors genuine gin is too polite, too wholesome; fails to supply that horseshoe impact between the eyes, or that interesting sensation of one's liver and lights turning over at first sip. And so they sigh for the dear old bathtub product, insisting that *that* had something to it, a real plumbing taste.

Frankly, London Dry was never designed for cauterizing the entrails of such Tarzans. It isn't even uncouth. It is a beverage in the distillation and rectification of which all rawness is censored out, so that the final liquor issues forth pure and throat-broken, its bouquet complete. Sipped five minutes later, or five years, the taste is identical, as per brand name. And, thanks to noses in the know—plus the fact that gin is a recipe product, not a "special region" affair—brands across the sea are being duplicated over here for the benefit of mere American mouths, which present lips lovingly, eager to couple.

ADVICE TO THE DRINKLORN

Dear Wine and Liquor Editor:

When the guest you're taking out to dinner chooses fish and you order beef for yourself, is there any one wine—red or white—that would go with both?

G.T.L.

Answer: According to gourmets there isn't. The thing to do is to order half-bottles—a dry white (*not* Sauternes) for the fish, and a red for the beef. Failing this, your only recourse is to emulate the denizens of white wine regions and accompany your meat blondly.

Dear Wine and Liquor Editor:

I am having a swell girl in to look at my collection of seaweed and would like to mix her a drink. What would you suggest as the best and quickest way of getting her to listen to reason?

J.V.M.

Answer: An Alexander (⅓ gin, ⅓ Crème de Cacao, ⅓ Cream, agitated in a shaker) has been known to promote sweet reasonableness. And there's always champagne. ⵌ

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Mr. Mackall must have his fun—but it's only fair (to those who brood about such things) to reveal that these two letters are phonies that Mr. Mackall wrote to himself. His intention was to suggest that he really will answer any questions about drinks. Any.*

Shutter Pushers

Continued from page 64

from Frisco to Mexico; i. e., the line in the mountains where the earth's crust had slipped in some great turmoil of the past. It had never been done and it would be so helpful —and that was enough for Wayne Fisher. Stocking up with a carload of film, he packed his camera into his plane and took off. And when he got back and had his stuff developed, he turned over to the Institute a movie which made many scientific hearts dance delirious jigs.

Plenty of other men make a neat combination of their work or their avocation with photography. Leslie Howard, the film star, is one of those fans with a dozen different cameras. And any time Howard is missing from the set, he can usually be found perched among the topmost rafters trying for a modernistic angle shot of something which has caught his eye down below. In hobbies, Eugene Klein has earned himself quite a reputation by merging his interest in stamp collecting with photography, an excellent combination; and up in Alaska, Father Bernard Hubbard, the famous "glacier priest," has won international recognition by his application of the camera to his hobby of mountain climbing. His recent pictures of the hitherto unexplored Aghileen Pinnacles on the Alaskan Peninsula will be talked about for some time to come.

Others have followed the natural thought of applying their cameras to the jobs, professional, industrial, artistic or commercial. Among them, consider Dr. Roy Waldo Miner, of the American Museum, and Dr. William Beebe, both with their amazing underwater color pictures; or Cass Gilbert, with his step-by-step architectural studies; or Norman Bel Geddes, with his color work in stage settings; or J. Horace McFarland who has built up the world's finest library of flower photographs; or Prof. Arthur Allen, of Cornell, who has done the same with birds; or Dr. Francis Carter Wood, of Columbia, with his photographic cancer research; or Allen Mogenson, with his 16 mm., motion picture time studies in industrial operations; or J. V. D. Bucher, with his camera explorations of the moon; or Carl Akeley, the farm boy who discovered Africa and blazed a trail for a thousand camera addicts to follow.

Such a list would be longer than Carnera's arm and still fragmentary. The quickest way to cover the ground is to ask, "What is your job or your hobby?" And whatever the answer, there is a field for the camera.

Of course, there is no law which says your photography must be justified by some tie-up with other interests: often it is better for you if they are as alien as possible. The Lord knows I'm not in the fish business and don't even own a pet goldfish, yet I've spent so many hours standing around the Aquarium trying to catch those devils with a camera that there's no longer any need for the fallen arch test on me. Three solid hours I waited for one shot of a pair of Grunts—three hours that could well have been devoted to earning a little more money for my poor, starving wife. But who cares about a passing whim like money when there's fun to be had?—especially the kind of fun which culminates in gingerly lifting a dripping negative from the hypo and discovering, in a mad delirium, that you *did* get the picture!

I like that kind of stuff, myself: Photographing elusive, fugitive fishes; or strong-minded cats who cannot be bullied into doing what you want instead of what they want; or mischievous apes who are apt as not to take away your camera and play with it themselves; or carefree rabbits who calmly swallow half the background when your back's turned—and blandly kick you in the stomach when you remonstrate. Have you ever been kicked in the stomach by a hefty Himalayan buck? Huh! You have no conception of the pleasures of photography!

Interesting as this pet field is, however, it is but a small part of the lure for the shutter pusher. As a classification, pictorial photography probably outweighs all other camera pursuits among serious amateurs, as the activities of thousands of camera clubs indicate. And whether you lean toward landscape, portraiture, still life or genre work, the rewards of pictorialism are great for anybody with the art sense and the discriminating taste to appreciate them. Many visitors to the Century of Progress Exposition realized this, perhaps for the first time, when they saw the impressive collection of photographic prints on display there. Representing the cream of the efforts of pictorial workers the world over, this year's seven hundred or more prints were culled from over five thousand entries, all submitted at the owner's expense and with no hope of any prize beyond the distinction of "being hung" in this exhibition. They ship their pictures all over the world: to London, Madrid, Paris, Warsaw, Budapest, Antwerp, Ottawa, Tokio, Prague—wherever the important shows are held. And the most tangible reward any of them gets is a stamp on the back of a successful entry.

For the artist, that's ample reward. And considering the time and energy involved you would be amazed to see the number of extremely busy and important people who devote their leisure to this gratifying pursuit.

Surgeons and medical men, for example, who top their fields are never bothered with idle time on their hands, yet in the current list of prominent pictorialists I find the names of twelve different doctors. Up among the leaders in both quality and quantity is Dr. Kyo Koike, of Seattle, with 122 prints in 37 different salons. And topping him by a wide margin is Dr. Max Thorek, of the American Hospital, Chicago, with 226 prints in 43 salons out of a possible fifty. Indeed, Dr. Thorek tops them all at all weights and distances with a five-year record of 1,074 prints hung in 201 exhibitions exclusive of one-man shows.

What it emphasizes is the fact that amateur photography must be a fascinating pastime to become such a consuming passion with men of that caliber. It seems to say that the amateur who has allowed his interest in his camera to lag is an awful cluck, for there is a world of exciting things a camera can do besides collect dust on a closet shelf. The moral of which is, "How is it with you and the Lord, Brother?"

Are you a backslider?

Then get busy with the duster! ⵌ

The Man Who Read Sea Stories

Continued from page 69

The rumble of a car going down the street could become, in that magic place, the moan of the making gale; another cosy, blessed gale. The quiet room that housed him so silently as he read—that had never known a sound more violent than a dropped shoe—would have shivered its timbers if it had known how he could stomp up on deck in his sea boots, answering to, "All hands, to shorten down! In royals and t'gallants! A-l-l-l h-a-n-d-s."

But no more! The dream that had made it real, made it thrilling, was over. He was never going to sea. He was never going wandering. He was going to stay home and be a sick old man and die in a ditch.

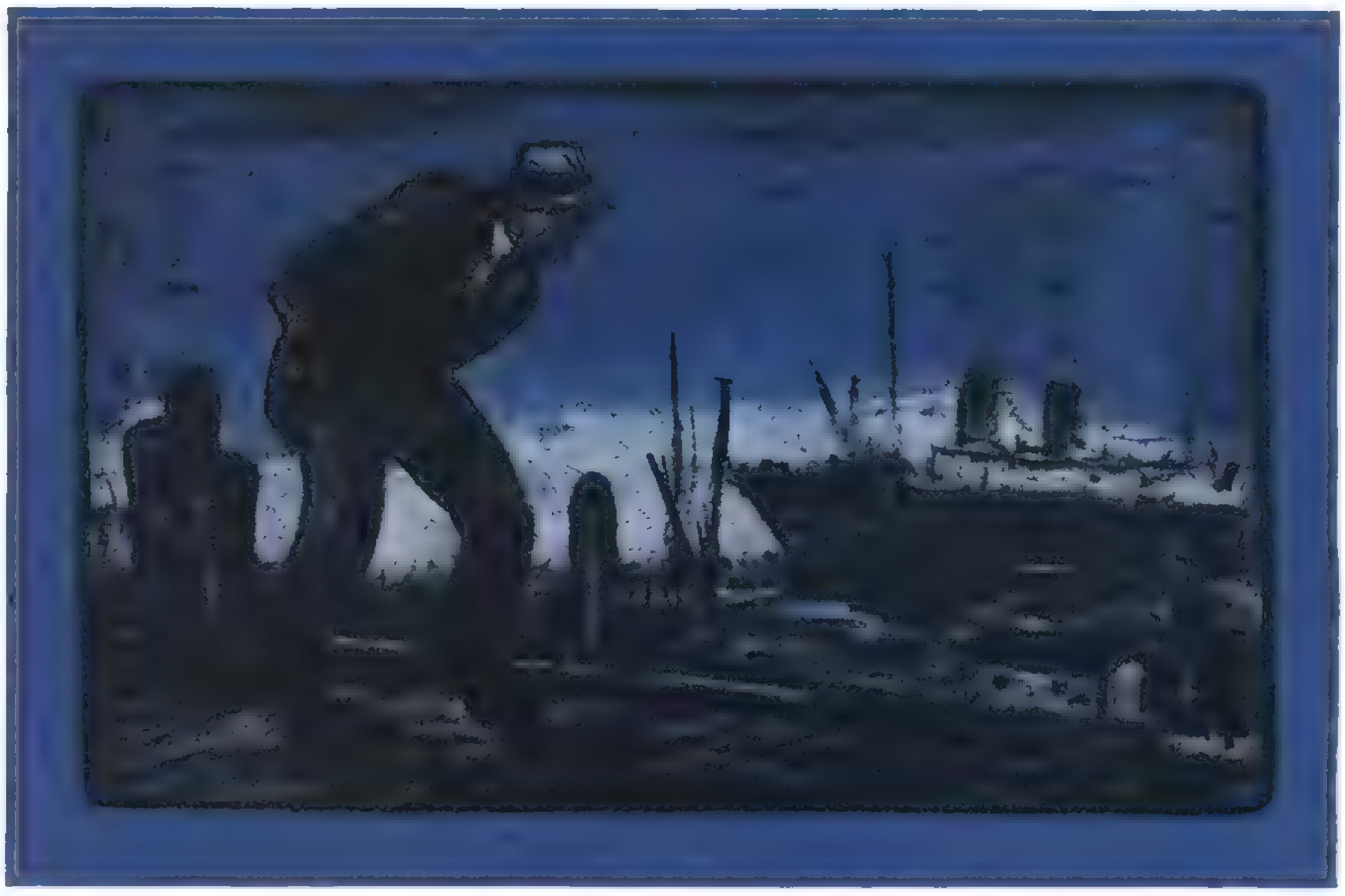
Suddenly his hunched shoulders straightened. His back arched until it seemed his chest would burst out its ribs and his clenched hands crushed his hat against his throat. With one swift flash of pain like the plunge of a cutlass, the heart that was "like an old winch" stopped and he was finished with living.

He slid quietly from the beam and, in a long, swift plunge, disappeared down into the dark recess of the forward compartment, dead as a stone. There was only a dull thud as he struck. Then there was silence that lasted unbroken while the moon crossed the sky and dawn came and the yard whistles commanded the riveters to begin.

* * *

"This fo'castle head covered by noon, you men," the riveting foreman commanded.

The hammers beat out their deafening staccato. The plates found their stations until only the last piece that fitted up into the nose was left.



"Blast me, Bill," a riveter said, "there goes me glove. I dropped it."

He peered down into the darkness of the forward compartment.

"A long sea ride for your glove. It's gone now as if it were in the bottom of the sea," his mate said. "There's no hope for it now this side of ripping the bow plates or the bulkhead wall out of her. Be waiting about when they break her up a hundred years from now and you'll get it."

"It'll ride where ere she goes." Bill said.

"Snug and dry, it'll go to sea. The skippers will come and go. The Scowegians and the Limies, and the home boys; they will be on her and off her, but your mitten's signed on every voyage."

"No matter," Bill said, "we'll finish this last piece, me with one mitten."

The hammers jumped and pounded. The last rivet came home. Bill spat on it, "phew," and hit it, dead.

"There's your blinkin' deck," he said, "and nothin' but an iceberg or a rammin', nose-on, against Gibraltar 'll get it off." The scraping of Bill's heels overhead as he walked away left the silence as profound as the darkness where the little man was. He was on his knees, his chest arched as it had been when he died. His body fitted the curve of the plates and his cheek lay against the very skin of the vessel. He had his hat in his hand—still humble he was, though he was entombed in a sepulcher fit for a Nelson—and he seemed to be listening like a lookout in the dark, quietly waiting and listening for the voyaging, his voyaging that he was to get in after all, to begin. #

One Was a Fool

Continued from page 104

"Was that an epigram or an invitation?"

"Don't be silly," I said. "You're intelligent enough for us to discuss you impersonally. I meant what I said and it was neither an epigram nor a suggestion. You're still beautiful and I think it would be something in the nature of a sin for you not to experience something of life and love before it's too late."

"You always had the same idea," she said, "but you used to express it more naïvely."

I was exasperated and I lit a cigarette for want of something to say.

"May I have one?" she asked.

I held the lighter close to her. She was smiling and I discovered that the look in her eyes that puzzled me as a youth still puzzled me.

It seemed she was making fun of me and yet her eyes were innocent of amusement or derision.

"Got any sweethearts?" I asked.

"No," she said.

"Keeping company with any male of the species?" I asked.

"I see Gordon," she said, "occasionally."

"Oh yes, Gordon," I said, "you probably meet in the library and discuss books. He always did remind me of my maiden aunt."

She laughed musically.

"He's a nice man," she said.

"Too nice," I said, "what would be good for your soul would be one not so nice."

"I should hate to leave you alone with my youngest sister," she said.

"All right," I said, "we'll drop the subject. After all, it's none of my business."

I turned the car and drove back toward town. She hummed to herself and I tried to think of something to say. When she puffed her cigarette I could see her eyes shining in the dark and it seemed she was smiling.

I started thinking of how thrilled I used to be when we rode together ten years ago. Suddenly it came to me that things hadn't changed at all. I stepped on the throttle and turned the car toward her home.

"Don't be a damned fool," I told myself. "You came out with her to talk over old times on the paper. She's just a friend."

I couldn't shut my mind up, though. It kept telling me things that I didn't want to hear.

I kept hearing her say, "That would have been the time to find out" and I wondered what she would have done had I kissed her ten years ago.

I wondered what she would do if I kissed her now.

I tried to throw the thought out of my mind but it wouldn't stay. It kept bouncing back and each time it was harder to get out. I began to believe that my timidity had cheated me of something years ago and now was the time to make up for it. I realized that I'd never forgotten her.

"You're a man thinking with the brains of a seventeen-year-old kid," I told myself. "You're a bigger fool than you used to be."

I stopped the car in front of her place.

"Don't be a fool, now," I told myself. She started to get out.

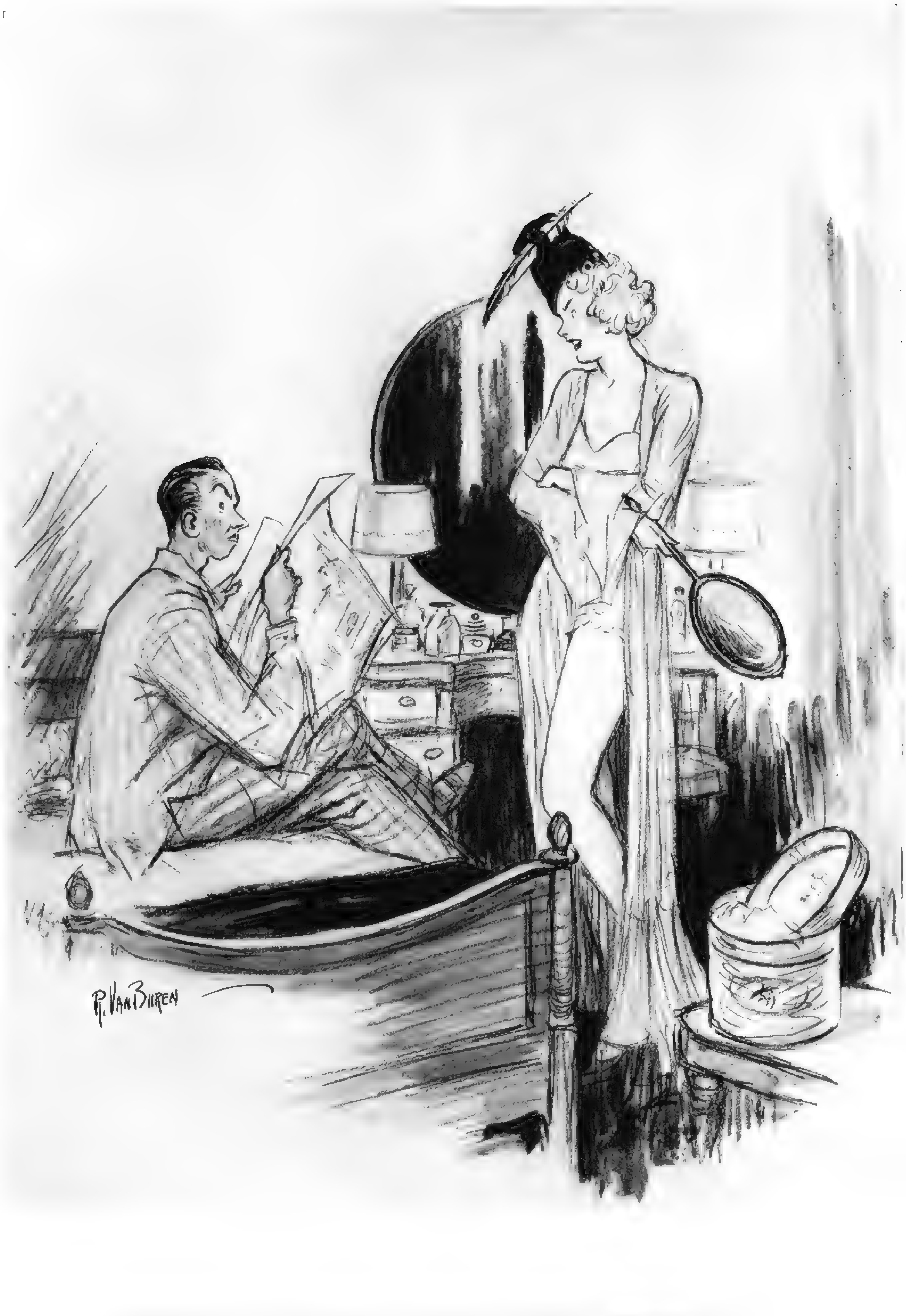
I caught her by the arm, pulled her to me and kissed her. Her lips were cool and flat against her teeth.

She got out of the car and the light from an electrolier shone upon her. Her eyes were faintly amused.

"Well," she said, "good night. And give your wife my regards."

"Good night," I said.

I drove off with that look in her eyes still burning into me and I felt like a naughty boy who had just had his hands spanked. #



"Well, am I to take your word or Harper's Bazaar's?"

The Machine Age

Continued from page 62

Well suh, White Capm, I tuk out right now. I got me to disheer co'ner whe' I is at now. I even got my ol' eye on anudder co'ner in case dey make de complain about me again. On'y I don' sca'sely think nobody will. 'Ese folks is pow'ful good to de ol' man an' gi' em clo'es an' vittles. Sundays an' Chris'mas gif' an' Easter an' such as dat I does good, an' so I doesn' have to be obliged to dat son-in-law fo' nothin', ol' as I is.

What mo', it be so pleasant to sit yuh when de sun do shine, an' study on how it ain' so long to wait now ontell de time come fo' me to go up yonnuh to de Throne. I been saved, an' I goes to church every Sunday de good Marster send. I don' hear so good no mo', but de Lawd ain' studyin' about does I hear every word de preacher say. He know I loves everybody, excusin' dat son-in-law of mine, an' I got no hate in my ol' heart fo' 'em, even so.

I doesn' know about how it gwy be in heavm, on'y I does make sho it mus' be a beautiful place. No mo' does I know who will I see when I gets dere, account de good Marster cain' be bodder' wid lookin' up a ol' black man's kinnery fo' em, n'r neither my white folks 't's gone ahaid. I sits yuh by de tree on de co'ner, an' I thinks how mebbe it be nice was I to run on ol' Marse Joe Montgomery up yonnuh, an' be wid 'em like in de bygone time, wid him not lettin' none 'em angels whup we on'y he ownse'f. An' times I think mebbe it be pow'ful nice to meet up wid my wife what daid so long back; meet up wid her in de warm moonlight by de black shadow of de sugar cane standin' tall in de fiel' an' rus'lin' in de night win', jes like it was whe' I firs' lay livin' eye on her. An' times I think I rather be jes like I is, not rushin' an' strivin' like when I was young an' stout, but sittin' in some co'ner of a gol' street whe' de white angels takes care of de ol' man an' see he don' go hongry neither nekkid; sittin' quiet an' peaceful like I does now'days, an' not worryin' de good Marster to do me dis an' do me dat when He got all de worl' to study 'bout. I plenty satisfy wid de way He takin' care of me now.

So I wouldn' choose to ride in de cyah, suh, thankin' you jes' de same. Fo' a true fack, I got de fun'ral all pay up in de Guarantee Hope Bury 'ciety, an' it gwy be a autymoble fun'ral. When dat time come, suh, an' not befo', I gwy ride de autymoble; ride 'em to de bury groun', so Gawd'll know de ol' man really showin' respeck. Account, was I to ride to Glory in de same way I been ridin' 'round disheer earth, dat wouldn' be nothin'. But when Gawd see de autymoble fun'ral, he gwy say:

"How come de moto' cyah? Ain' walkin' good enough fo' dat ol' nigger?"

An' I's gwy look up so joyful, an' say: "Walkin' was good enough Lawd, when I on'y go back an' fo'th on de earth, 'sociatin' wid mens. But when I rides to'ds you Throne of Glory, de on'y fitten way to show You how thankful I ever was to You fo' takin' care of me was a autymoble, account dat is de one thing I ain' never rid in befo'."

Da's how come I ain' got no fear of de damp, neither de chill, an' got to be 'scused from ridn' in de cyah, White Capm.

But thank you, suh, so much. #

The Dictator

Continued from page 81

Welfare. In appearance it was just an ordinary, well-made cabinet, with its usual stupidly-thoughtful expression. It was about 3 feet wide and less than 4 feet in depth but it was big enough to serve as the cemetery for a hundred thousand lives.

The Grey Cabinet bore two short inscriptions:

CATALOGUE OF THE SUPERFLUOUS

Character Records

The Catalogue contained several subdivisons, among them the following:

Subject to Impressions, But Not Able to Differentiate

Passive

Lacking centers

The characteristics were brief and concise. Occasionally there were some ironical remarks by the specialists, but in such cases Ak, the President of the Council, never failed to make a marginal note on the document, reading: "The superfluous should not be insulted."

We reproduce herewith some specimen records:

Superfluous Number 89452

Physical condition medium. Is in the habit of visiting acquaintances who don't want him and feel no interest in him. In his youth he seduced a married woman. The greatest event in his life was furnishing a home for the woman he married. Weak-headed. When asked to tell the most thrilling experience of his life, he related his casual visit at the Hotel Ritz in Paris. Within 24 hours.

Superfluous Number 15625

Physically sound. Mechanic. No particular friends. Type of least resistance. Mentality below par. Subject to the primitive disease: fear of life, fear of liberty. On Sundays and holidays stupefies his brain with strong drink. Pretended to be active during the Revolution: he wore a red tie and kept buying potatoes because of his cowardly fear of hunger. Proud of his proletarian origin. Fond of cream for his coffee. Beats his children. Daily life grey, prosaic. Within 24 hours.

Superfluous Number 19201

Speaks eight languages. Whatever language he uses, his friends are always bored. Has a passion for studying the mechanism of cigarette lighters. Very self-confident. Seems to have acquired his self-assurance from his philological studies. Demands the greatest respect from all who come in contact with him. A windbag. Entirely indifferent to the higher values of life. Is afraid of beggars. Sweetly amiable with people, purely out of innate cowardice. Is fond of killing flies and other insects. Rarely receives friends. Within 24 hours.

6. THE COUNCIL

President Ak and his Council of Public Welfare were assisted in their labors by a large staff of specialists, among whom there were physicians, psychologists, technicians, inspectors, social workers and journalists. All of them worked intensively and rapidly. There were days when a couple of specialists sent as many as five hundred persons to their doom. The Grey Cabinet was bursting with records.

The offices of the Executive Bureau of the Council resembled a veritable beehive. Work continued there from early morning till late at night. Men kept coming and going, issuing orders, signing papers, sending out execution squads. Scores of clerks sat at long tables writing busily, hardly taking time for lunch.

President Ak was at a separate desk, his hard, narrow eyes staring at something apparently visible only to himself. His hair was turning grey with strenuous thinking and planning, but he was wont to keep his thoughts to himself.

7. AK'S DOUBTS

One morning the members of the Council of Public Welfare entered Ak's private study to make their daily report. To everybody's surprise Ak was not in his accustomed place. It was very strange, as the President was famed for his extreme punctuality and settled habits of work.

He could not be found. Messengers were sent to every part of the city. The telephones were kept busy. But President Ak could not be found.

Late that afternoon Ak was accidentally discovered in the Grey Cabinet. They found him sitting on the paper graves of the executed, evidently in deep thought.

"What does it mean, Comrade President?" his colleagues asked. "What are you doing here?"

"Can't you see—I'm thinking," he replied wearily.

"But why here?"

"It's the best place for it. I am thinking of the executed, and nothing is more productive of thought than the records of their extermination. These documents here are most informative."

Someone gave a short, dry laugh.

"Don't laugh!" Ak upbraided him sternly shaking a record in his face. "The study of the lives of the murdered has taught me a great deal. Yes, a great deal," he emphasized. "A crucial moment has arrived. I am thinking of new ways of progress. You people have shown that you can glibly prove the superfluity of a human life. Even the most stupid among you can readily mouth a few convincing formulae. But I am sitting here and wondering whether our methods are right."

He sighed deeply, then added, speaking very low: "Where is the right way? When I study the living I come to the conclusion that three quarters of them should be exterminated. But when I study the dead I begin

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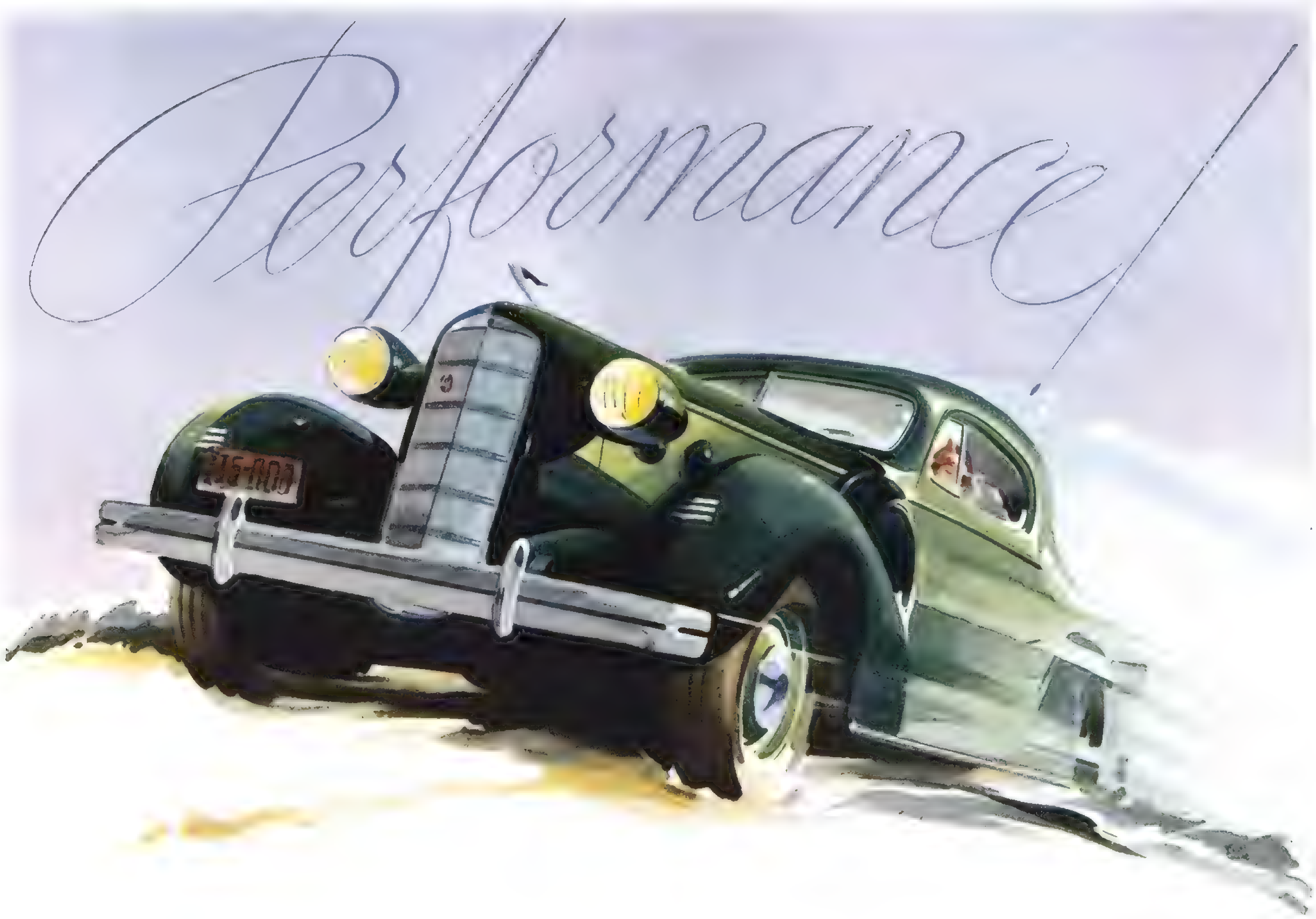
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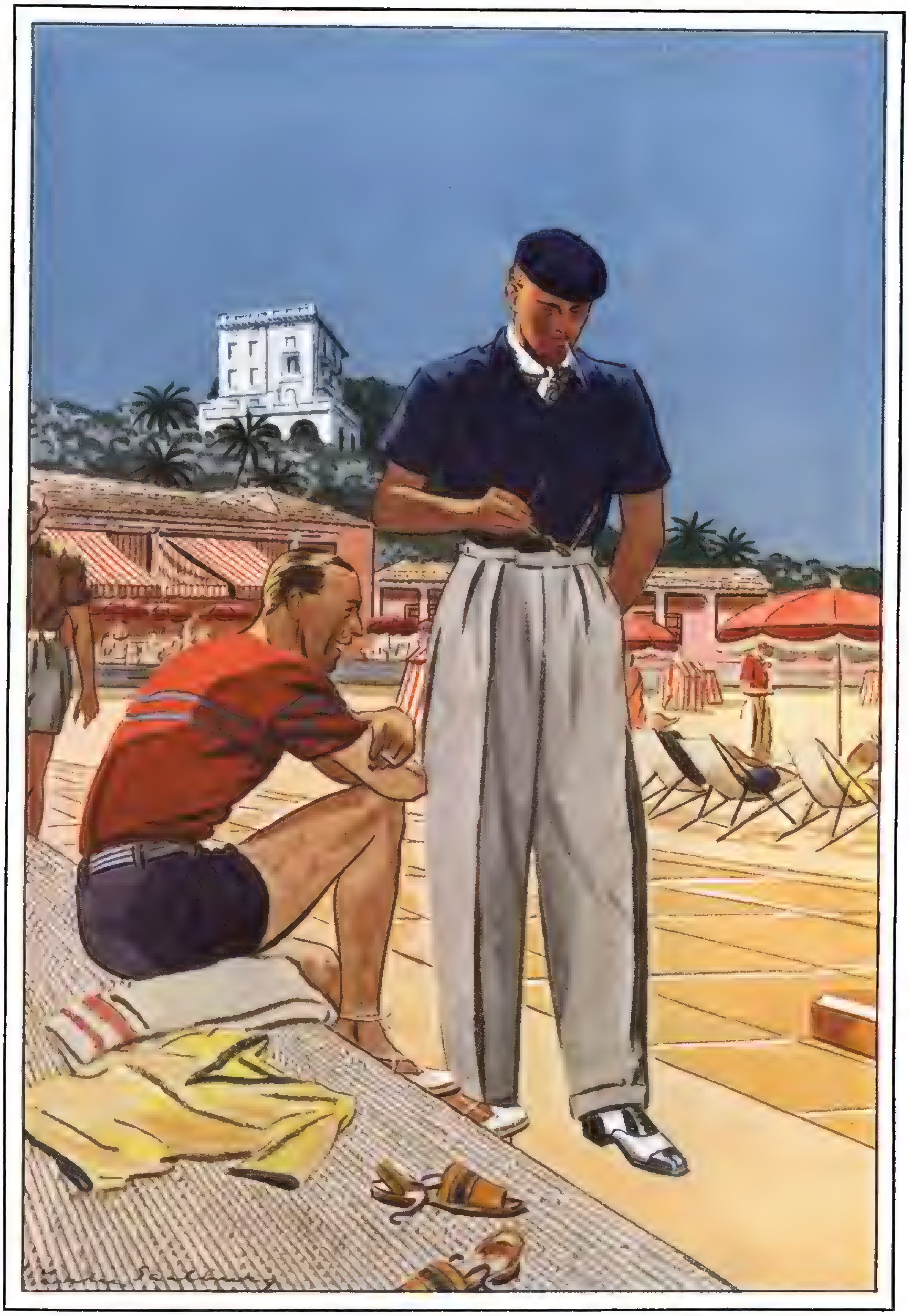

ON THE BEACH WITH THE SONS OF RICHES

When the gilded playboys turn to bronze under the winter sun, that's when summer's beach fashions are born. For example, these things which were prime at Nassau are now par for Nantucket and points thereabout. The seated figure shows a silk and wool beach shirt, worn with a pair of blue sailcloth beach shorts, with a pair of knitted swimming trunks underneath. Note the twine belt and the white canvas espadrilles. The standing figure wears what is almost a resort uniform, consisting of the perennial navy blue polo shirt, grey flannel slacks and black and white sports shoes. A white silk handkerchief is worn loosely knotted at the neck. A blue beret completes the kit. In the foreground you will notice a light-weight wool beach shirt and a pair of twine beach sandals with leather soles and heels. These, of course, are shown as alternative choices.

(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 40 E. 34th, N. Y.)

The Dictator

Continued from page 122

to doubt my judgment and I feel that it would have been better to let them live and to—to pity them. I don't know myself—it is, yes, it is the great tragedy of human history."

He grew silent, a distracted look on his face. Digging down into the mountain of death records he began to read one document after another, aghast at the incredible poverty of their contents.

The members of the Council of Public Welfare retired quietly, without a word. They knew it was useless to say anything, and they did not dare to argue with their President. They all felt that a crisis had come—that progress would take a new turn. It did not please them at all: Everything had been working so smoothly, in an orderly and systematic manner, and now—what was going to happen now?

8. THE CRISIS

President Ak disappeared.

A thorough search was made, but Ak could not be found. Some said he had been seen on the outskirts of the city, sitting in a tree and weeping. Others claimed that Ak had been seen in his garden, crawling on all fours and eating worms.

The activities of the Council of Public Welfare began to lose their former vim and energy. Somehow things did not work right in the absence of Ak. Presently trouble started. Some citizens barricaded their doors and refused to admit the examiners and specialists of the Council. Others even dared openly to defy the executioners. Soon the situation grew very serious. Cases of disobedience and resistance multiplied. Finally some of the boldest inhabitants decided to arrest the chief dignitaries of the Council and to subject them to the test of superfluity.

Wild excitement reigned in the city. Superfluous citizens, already condemned but not yet executed, began to appear on the streets, contrary to the strict orders of the authorities. It was well known that the appearance of a condemned on the streets was an offense invariably punished by immediate death. Moreover, the condemned behaved with the greatest impudence, as if they had a right to live. They ignored the decisions and commands of the Council and nonchalantly took up their former lives again. They indulged in their customary recreations and some even celebrated marriages. The government and the press declared that it was nothing short of anarchy.

On the streets the people rejoiced. "At last! At last! Hurrah!"

"Hurrah for life!"

"Three cheers for the condemned!"

"Down with the superfluity tests!"

"Down with the Council!"

"Down with the murderers!"

"Don't you think Citizen, that life has become a bit easier now, after all? There's a good deal less of superfluous human junk now. There's more elbow room, so to say."

"Shame on you! Do you mean that the executed had no right to life? Why, I know a great many that should really be done away with, but *they* are still among us. Yes, indeed! Let me tell you this, my good man, some of the best and noblest men have been eliminated. Believe me, I know what I am talking about!"

"That may be so, Citizen, but mistakes are liable to happen. By the way, tell me, do you know what has become of Ak?"

"Search me! It's very strange, though!"

"Ak was seen up a tree and weeping all the time."

"Nonsense, man! Ak is crawling on all fours in his garden and eating dirt."

"Is that possible?"

"My wife swears her mother's cousin saw him with her own eyes."

"I don't believe it!"

"Old women's tales!"

"What is it? About Ak?"

"Oh, to hell with Ak!"

"T'hell with him! Serves him right!"

"No more Ak for mine!"

"You rejoice too soon, my friends. Ak is to return this evening, and the Council will take up its work in earnest now."

"What? What!"

"Where d'you get that?"

"How do you know? Who told you?"

"Never mind who told me. I know it all right. There's too much human rubbish left yet, that's what I say! We must get rid of it. We've got to clean our city thoroughly. It's not half done yet!"

"Th'hell you say!"

"Don't you talk to me like that or I'll—"

"Look, look, fellows! They're putting up posters again! There, on the corner!"

"Oh, my God!"

"I'll run over and see!"

"Let's go over and read them, boys!"

"Make way! Make way! The posters!"

"Lord in Heaven, have mercy on us!"

"Out of the way, everybody!"

9. NEW POSTERS

Men carrying posters ran through the streets; behind them were others with large buckets of paste. The new posters were of a pink color, their contents simple and clear:

FELLOW-CITIZENS!

It is hereby announced that every inhabitant of our city has been granted the Right to Life. The order goes into effect at once.

The Council of Public Welfare has been abolished and its destructive work suppressed. Its place has been taken by a new Commission to be known as THE CONTROL OF HUMAN HAPPINESS. Citizens, rejoice! You are, each and every one of you, precious beings. Your right to life is self-evident and incontestible, henceforth and forever. It is your sacred duty to enjoy and be happy.

THE CONTROL OF HUMAN HAPPINESS has appointed special Committees, consisting of three members, with instructions to visit every inhabitant of the city at least once a day. They will respectfully congratulate the citizens on their Right to Life and prepare the records of happiness. You are kindly requested to aid the Committees in their study of happiness by giving them the most detailed information. The Records of Happiness will be kept in the Pink Cabinet and preserved for the benefit of future generations.

The Control of Human Happiness

10. THE CHANNELS OF LIFE

Gates and doors were thrown open. Windows and balconies became alive. Voices grew merry. There was laughter, song, music. Stout young ladies pounded the piano.

From early morning till late at night gramophones whizzed. Vile old violins, clarinets and trombones helped along. In the evening the men took off their coats, sat on the verandas with their legs spread wide, listening to the radio and belching their profound contentment.

The streets of the city were crowded. Young fellows went joy-riding with their girls in autos, cabs and on motor-cycles built for two. No one feared any more to leave his house or to be seen on the promenade. In the cafes it was almost impossible to find a vacant seat.

But the most rushing business was done by stores where mirrors and looking glasses were sold. The people became obsessed by the passion of watching their reflection. Photographers and portrait painters worked overtime.

Self-admiration and self-esteem grew enormously. Quarrels and fights multiplied. The hot words usually exchanged on such occasions now assumed a peculiar form:

" 'Twas sure by mistake that you were overlooked by the Council of Public Welfare, superfluous junk that you are! Too bad they didn't complete their job!"

"You bet they didn't complete it, or *you* wouldn't be here now!"

On the whole, however, such little matters did not affect the general tenor of every-day existence.

The inhabitants indulged in more food and drink than before; their mothers, wives and sweethearts prepared a larger stock of preserves, and the demand for warm underwear increased very considerably, because the people were now more careful of their health.

The Committees of the CONTROL OF HUMAN HAPPINESS conscientiously visited the inhabitants and questioned everyone about his life, joy and happiness. Many stated that they were getting along very well indeed, and they took great pains to convince the official inquirers how greatly they enjoyed living.

"Look at me," some would exclaim, "don't I look fine! I'm all right! Yesterday I weighed myself. Gained eight pounds in two weeks! Not bad, eh? Knock wood!"

There were some, however, who complained that THE CONTROL OF HUMAN HAPPINESS did not pay sufficient attention to the necessities and comforts of the citizens.

"Just think of it," a young man protested, "the other day we got into a street car—my wife and I—and not a single seat to be had! Outrageous! We had to stand several minutes. It's evident that the city is still overcrowded! Too much junk left! They should have eliminated it at the right time, that's what I have to say!"

An old gentleman grumbled: "Be sure to note down, Mr. Inspector, that neither yesterday nor the day before was I congratulated on the fact of my existence. It's

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The Dictator

Continued from page 125

a shame! Such neglect! You don't expect *me* to come to *you* to receive congratulations, do you?!"

11. AND THEN—

At the headquarters of THE CONTROL OF HUMAN HAPPINESS everyone was feverishly busy. At the long tables the clerks worked like bees. The Pink Cabinet was bursting with the Records of Happiness. The documents described the lives of the inhabitants in every detail. Birth dates, marriages, christenings, love affairs and adventures—everything was chronicled at length, frankly and truthfully. Most of the Records read like veritable novels. Presently the citizens requested THE CONTROL OF HUMAN HAPPINESS to publish the Records for general circulation. There was a tremendous popular demand for such reading matter.

President Ak was at his desk, as before. He sat in silence, evidently in deep thought. His back had become more bent, and his hair had turned white.

From time to time he would walk over to the Pink Cabinet and sit down on the Records there, as he had formerly sat in the Grey Cabinet.

One morning Ak jumped out of the Pink Cabinet, shouting: "They must be exterminated! Yes, exterminated! Destroyed! Killed! Killed!"

He gazed fixedly at the men writing at the long tables, recording the living with the same zeal they had recorded the dead. With a despairing wave of his hand he turned and rushed out of the office.

Ak disappeared. Disappeared forever.

Various stories were circulated about his disappearance. Conflicting stories that before long became legends. But Ak was never found.

Ak had killed off many inhabitants of the city. Ak granted the Right to Life to those that had survived. Ak wanted to kill the inhabitants off again.

But the people, among whom there were some good men, some of indifferent quality, and some very poor human material—they continue to live to this day as if Ak had never existed and there had never been any perplexing problem about the Right to Life. #

The Talking Encyclopedia

Continued from page 114

A centipede usually has about twenty legs, rather than one hundred.

As the various courses are served, tasty little remarks may be fitted to almost any type of food. For instance:

Spaghetti: The difficulty of finding horsehair has driven many birds to substitute string in their nests.

Frogs legs: Small tadpoles develop into complete frogs about the size of flies when fed with parathyroid extract.

Sugar: Honey is used to make golf ball centers. Oil and honey were the Roman equivalents for butter and sugar.

Butter: As late as the seventeenth century, butter was sold in the drug shops of Spain as ointment.

Chicken: The first bird conservation law was enacted by Moses, in 1500 B.C. Chickens, when they run, really stick out their heads and then catch up with them.

Perhaps at this juncture the guest will hear the hostess ringing the bell for the maid. He may happily remark:

"Did you know that the Chinese once had a process for making bells out of cast iron? Alas, the art is lost."

The man with the toupee burps.

"Gas warfare was used in the battle between Athens and Sparta, in the fifth century B.C.," the well informed guest observes, to call attention away from the burper's embarrassment. "There was a strange case in Texas recently. A family of goats was found to faint when frightened by a sudden loud noise. They would get absolutely rigid, and would keel over if touched."

A nice random remark to throw in at this juncture is: "Crickets chirp four extra chirps per minute for every degree of rise in the temperature. A wind, however, will disturb their tempo, making it unsafe to tell the temperature by their rate of chirpings."

"Will you have cream in your coffee?" asks the hostess. And the guest resumes:

"Pasteurization of milk was first done in secret, not for reasons of sanitation, but by dealers who wanted to sell old milk. Coffee berries, you know, were used as food and medicine before the beverage was ever thought of. When coffee was introduced into Europe it was said to be a remedy against colds, hysteria, and toothaches."

A nice remark to go with the after-dinner liqueur is that a bright blue snake with pale yellow spots is neither the result of the D.T.'s nor a snake: it is an angleworm found in the Philippines.

When the hostess proposes Backgammon, the guest reminds her that Backgammon boards dating from 3000 B.C. were found without dice, until recently, when one die of about the same age was found in Mesopotamia. The die is like those used today, except that opposite sides do not add up to seven; instead, four opposes five, and two is opposite three.

Upon arising from the dinner table, the conversational guest remarks that Charles V of Spain ate himself to death. #

The Roar of the City

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time at night and on Sundays for the Art Students League and the museums. He would draw little sketches for the papers and earn three, four and five dollars per sketch. Burton Rascoe, then on the *New York Tribune*, was one of his customers. Once he worked three weeks drawing only muscles and got twenty dollars at the end of it.

For six months he drew pictures for *Vanity Fair* and worked a spell for *Harper's Bazaar*. For John Murray Anderson he produced a series of theatre curtain cartoons used in the Greenwich Village Follies. He designed the curtain for Paramount-Publix's first vaudeville show. With Cleon Throckmorton and Robert Edmond Jones he worked on the sets for the revival of *Fashion* and all by himself did a curtain for Otis Skinner's *Sancho Panza*. At the same time he was painting, and one of the earliest Marshes may be seen in a Greenwich Village restaurant which paid seventeen dinners for it; Betty Burroughs, the first Mrs. Marsh, helped him eat some of those meals.

The young man from Yale had been in New York but two years when W. E. Hill persuaded *The Daily News* to tie up Marsh for three years at $12,000 a year in the expectation of making him a second W. E. Hill. After paying him for four months at this rate and not knowing what to do with him, *The News* set him the task of covering the town's vaudeville shows, sketching the performers and giving a percentage rating to the acts. It was during this period that he began studying in real earnest at the Art Students League, under John Sloan, George Luks and finally under that teacher to whom he considers himself most deeply indebted, Kenneth Hayes Miller. It was this way. As an illustrator with a job to do for a paper or a magazine Marsh was wild about the teeming life of 14th Street and Times Square, the burlesque shows and the Bowery flop houses. But he thought that all this was subject matter not noble and dignified enough for paint. When he prepared to paint, he put on a stuffed shirt, so to speak, and tried to record an empty landscape—empty for him that is—which he thought was what one was expected to put on canvas. He thus produced what he now refers to as drivel for the slicks. Miller taught him, and by more than mere lecture and advice, that it was possible to make something plastic and permanent out of the market place, and Marsh has never forgotten his debt to Miller.

Today, having long since discarded the stuffed shirt attitude towards painting vs. illustration, he is an integrated man. He is in the heart of the vortex where there is always serenity, no matter how wild the tumult of life around it. Not since Miller showed him that 14th Street too contained the raw materials for art has Marsh had a studio anywhere else.

With all his painting, Marsh does a raft of stuff for the magazines, without which his income would be painfully small. His

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Lost Log of a Honeymoon Cruise—

TWO lives to live—and no other time will ever mean so much to both of them as this brief interval. The glorious morning when they awoke at sea... Her smile as they tramped the deck... His gallant, possessive gesture of introduction...

They'll grow older. The scenes, the smiles, the gay happenings will gradually fade. Lost log of a honeymoon cruise!—lost opportunity to make the record true and clear and everlasting. Because nobody thought to include Ciné-Kodak "K" among the wedding gifts...

Recording important events in movies is as natural today as driving a car or turning on the radio. The "K" makes it just as simple. Press a button—you're making a movie. Then, as your skill increases, the "K" responds to every demand... Loads with full 100 feet of 16 mm. film. Price $125, case included; without case, $112.50.

See the "K," and the movies it makes, at your dealer's—for someone, this will be *the* wedding gift. Eastman Kodak Co., Rochester, N. Y.... *Only Eastman makes the Kodak.*

CINÉ-KODAK "K"

EASTMAN'S FINEST HOME MOVIE CAMERA

Extra equipment for the "K" includes four telephoto lenses, for close-ups of distant action; the wide-angle lens, giving breadth of view in close quarters; and filters for cloud effects and scenics.

The Roar of the City

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magazine assignments have given him precious clues for some of his best pictures. Once he spots a place on a sketching expedition, he returns to it, like the criminal to the scene of his crime, until he has drawn every detail of it in his sketches and on his brain. And to the hounds of criticism who bay "Illustrator!" at every Reginald Marsh exhibition, he retorts with something not much more elegant than "Boloney!" But what the doters on pure pattern in painting don't know is that Marsh discards picture after picture because it doesn't come up to his own sufficiently difficult standard; that he will say of a picture you may be admiring, "Yes, but I've still got to do a lot of work on it to lift it up out of illustration." He knows his job better than the aesthetes. But whereas they would have him, or anyone else, discard reality, the offending reality of the city streets, he takes the harder way of making that reality the material of art.

One has the feeling, in looking at his best pictures, that nothing is excluded and everything is organized in them. There is a roar of sound from his crowd scenes. One can almost smell his Bowery. The life he has captured gives you the impression of trying to force its way out from the boundaries of the frames within which he has imprisoned it. His subway trains in motion move. And with all his sense of crowd, he has a keen sense of individual character. In his paintings and etchings of stripping acts, for example, the bulk of the canvas or plate may be taken up by a nude or nearly nude woman, but each male face in each audience, small in scale as it is, is a character portrait, confession and revelation.

Incidentally to his main design and perhaps unknowingly to himself, he is the painter of the city woman in what might be termed her wench capacities. The large-breasted female in Ten Cents a Dance almost reeks with a sense of the briefly purchased public embraces of an evening of men. There is nothing particularly enticing about the tinselled, semi-nude (and apparently perspiring) females in the Texas Guinan night club picture. And as for the stuffy dowagers in the opera box (They Pay to be Seen) Marsh makes his comment on them with sufficient clarity, even if the comment remains implicit. You are compelled to prefer the honestly working naked lady in the companion piece, They Pay to See. The nude women in burlesque shows have, among other advantages, that of providing Marsh with models whose "sittings" don't have to be paid for. At the Coney Island and Rockaway beaches he has struggled to record human flesh on a scale it is no exaggeration to call epic.

He is not exclusively interested in female flesh. He has painted a score of pictures of men without women, and his best among them. The Metropolitan has a gem in this class, The Bowery, painted in 1930. His Belmont Hotel (a Negro flophouse near the waterfront) is a close second in quality. He has made a breadline into a great bas-relief of somber paint and in another oblong of pressed wood he has told the story of a Hoovertown in the gas house district. Daumier may be the inspiration of his Second Avenue El, but Marsh has no reason therefore not to be proud of it. ("Please don't call me the modern Daumier or the modern Hogarth," he had asked.) The riotousness of the Harlem dance halls has been, thus far, a little too much for him and there are a few Coney Island pictures in which he has transferred the tumult of the mob at play without being able to arrange it. He has sometimes rushed at his subject matter without seeing it steadily and seeing it whole; that's why there are so many pictures in his studio with their faces turned away from you, pictures that the exacting Mr. Marsh himself will never allow to be exhibited. He paints far beyond the capacity of the market to absorb his wares—as which artist doesn't?—and in a quiet fever of anxiety not to allow any phase of metropolitan activity to escape his scrutiny and his sketch book.

Examples of his work, in painting, etching and lithography, may be seen at the Metropolitan, Whitney, Brooklyn and Newark museums, at the Phillips Memorial Gallery, and he has works also in the private collections of Mrs. John D. Rockefeller, Jr. and of Edward Root (Elihu Root's son). Marsh is himself a collector, via the barter system, but some years ago when he received a heap of money all at once he spent it on the pictures of living men whose work and whose example have meant most to him. There is hardly a non-American picture on his crowded walls. He believes that even in art America isn't poverty-stricken, and you can't use the pictures of Reginald Marsh to disprove that claim. ᚙ

The Low-Down on Rifle Shooting

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that the target is 400 yards away the hole is set at the 400 yard mark and the fluctuation of the trajectory is thereby automatically taken care of. The rifleman can then aim right on his target and, providing that the top of the front sight is in the very center of the tiny aperture through which he is squinting, he may hit it. Also, he may not, for there are a number of other things to be considered which will be mentioned presently.

Wind is one of them, mirage is another, irradiations of light from the metal of the sights and barrel, position of the sun or its complete absence, canting of the weapon, whether the shot is level, up or down hill, and at the longer ranges, even the glare from the face of the marksman are all things to be considered, for they all contribute in making an appreciable difference in the point of impact. Mere breathing while aiming is fatal to accuracy and pulling the trigger is equally absurd. It must be squeezed, by the simple process of slowly closing the entire hand, so that the sportsman is really unaware of just when his piece is to be fired!

And even then, if he has foolishly wrapped his thumb around the stock, instead of laying it along the side, he will probably discover, and with unpleasant abruptness, that the recoil has driven his thumb against his nose hard enough to break it or else damned near put out his eye. The recoil of a discharged rifle, taken up properly by the soft shoulder muscles, is as nothing. Taken up improperly, it is a hell of a wallop, no matter where it lands.

But to return to the last of the sights—the telescopic. It is just what the name implies, a short, usually low powered telescope, the interior of which has been fitted with crossed hairs, used in lieu of other sights. Set the 'scope to correct for windage and elevation, center the crossed hairs on your target, and cut loose.

There is a lot to be learned before any powered sight can be used to maximum advantage but all manufacturers tell their customers what those things are. They will also mount your 'scope for you for an insignificant charge. This sight is very useful in many parts of the East, where large game is either not abundant or non-existent for it enables the use of a small calibered, high powered rifle on small game at greater ranges than would be possible with the naked eye.

All right. So much for sights and learning the point blank range of your rifle. Having acquired that knowledge, what next? Well, being able to aim the rifle is a reasonably necessary attribute to its use. The term used by riflemen, however, is "holding," not aiming. Whenever you read in fiction of the gallant hero snapping his rifle to his shoulder, pulling the trigger—and then hitting what he aimed at!—you have read of a major miracle, for none of those things are compatible with accurate shooting.

In holding there are three general positions to be assumed: the standing, or off-hand; the kneeling or squatting; and the prone. The last of these is by far the best and if properly assumed will enable any man to hold his sights on a target with the immobility of a twenty-ton cement and steel mechanical testing mount. However, in ordinary hunting, the prone position is not always possible; indeed, the off-hand position is frequently imperative because of the short period of time during which the target is in sight.

In deer hunting, especially, the target is in sight such a brief time that many states have permitted the use of guns loaded with buckshot, but it is possible to hit a fleeting or temporarily visible target with a rifle if one can really shoot the weapon well.

An early Expert Rifleman's course which we fired in the Marine Corps embraced shooting at targets so perfectly camouflaged against their background that they were completely invisible. That shooting was done at ranges up to 500 yards—yet we got hits and lots of them.

Fifty percent hits were necessary to qualify, and if instructors consistently failed to qualify a reasonable number of the men

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Tortured by a Tele-phoney?

. . . light an Old Gold

Old Gold
CIGARETTES
THE TREASURE OF THEM ALL

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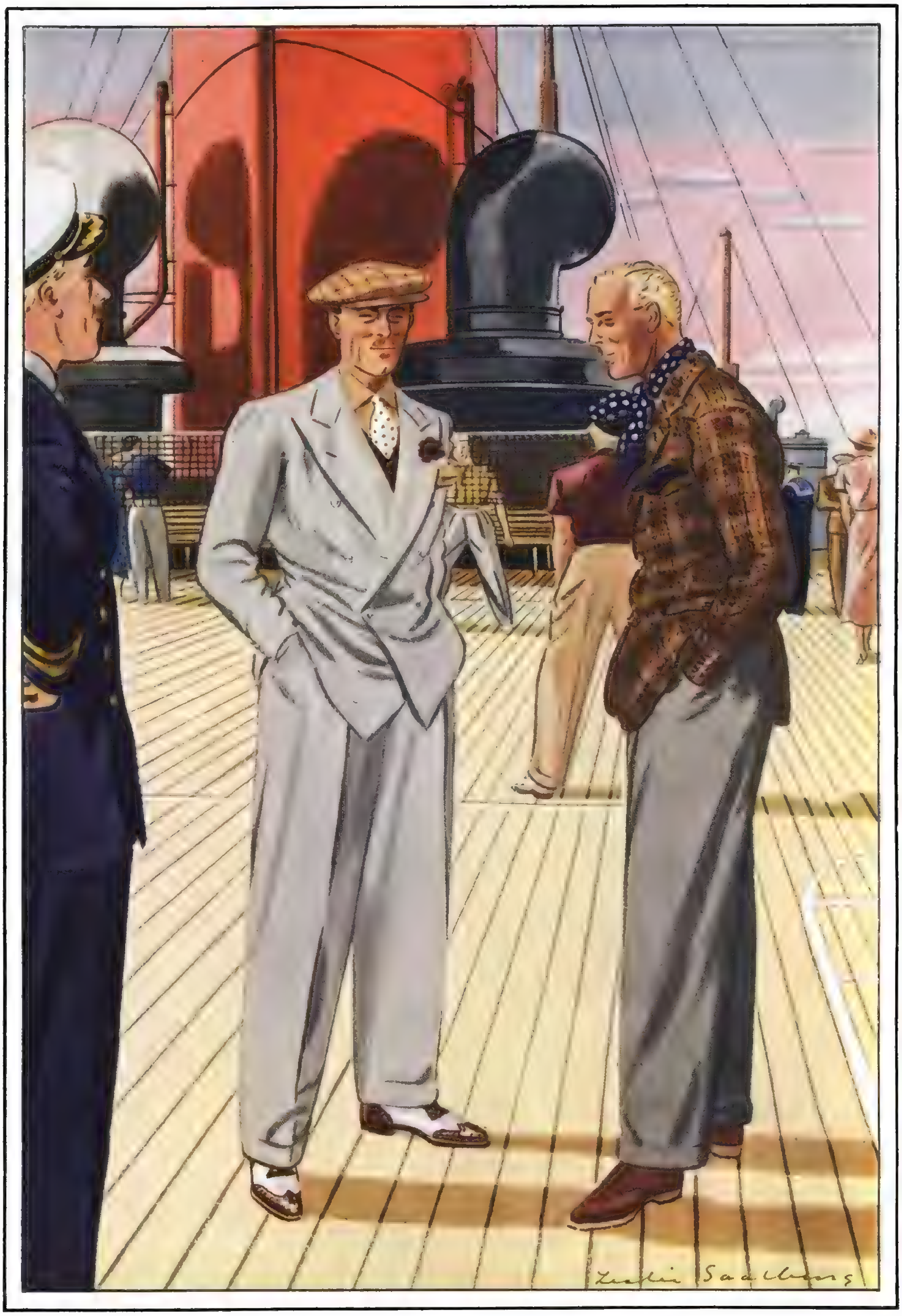
When a pointless phoner ruins your beauty-sleep by calling late, talking long, and saying nothing . . . don't hang up. Light a smooth Old Gold. Its genial fragrance will make the dumb-cluck sound witty.

ONLY FINE OLD TOBACCO *can give that natural aroma and fragrance*

AT TRYING TIMES. . . .TRY A *Smooth* OLD GOLD



FULLY DRESSED AND IN YOUR RIGHT MIND

PARDON us if we seem to use a fashion page headline to plug Mike Fessier's new novel, but he's a discovery of ours. Besides, if you're the kind of person who's interested in clothes of this kind, then you don't need a headline to tease you into reading this. The outfit on the left is a grey flannel double-breasted with the long lapel roll to the bottom button, worn with a light-weight oxford soft shirt, light-weight wool tie, brown sleeveless sweater, brown and white sports shoes and a Harris tweed cap with colored over-plaid. The other outfit has a jacket of Glen Urquhart plaid Shetland with grey flannel slacks, brown suede blucher shoes with crepe soles and heels and, out of sight, a light-weight polo shirt. A silk foulard square is worn tied nonchalantly at the neck, obviating the necessity of collar and tie. Thus, with jacket and muffler removed, this is a suitable outfit for deck sports.

(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 40 E. 34th, N. Y.)

The Low-Down on Rifle Shooting

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whom they taught they abruptly ceased being instructors.

The secret of that apparently impossible stunt, however, laid in shooting at the spot where we knew the target must be, in relation to some visible object, hoping that the damned thing happened to be there at the time—for, just to make things a bit more difficult the targets were both bobbing up and down and moving across the range! And that, please reflect, was considered just the usual test for everyone, not only the veritable Deadeye Dicks.

In off-hand shooting the rifle should be supported by the finger tips of the left hand beneath the stock. This has the obvious effect of lengthening the fore-arm distance and thus making it possible for the marksman to jam an elbow into his loosened belt. It is an excellent support and furnishes surprising steadiness—provided breathing is dispensed with momentarily.

In this position the rifle itself can be controlled easily by the right hand, and as the open sight is almost sure to be used, the aiming point must be either above or below the target, according to whether it is nearer or farther than the point blank range. As it is almost always nearer, getting hits is easy, for the average target in hunting is both relatively large and easily dropped.

Squatting or kneeling is the position to be assumed for most close range shots if there is time to do it, and close range is any distance up to 400 yards. If the legs are crossed exactly in the manner of a tailor squatting upon his work bench it will be possible to rest the elbows upon the knees and assume a position that can be made remarkably steady—after a few boulders and logs (that a moment before had been merely pebbles and twigs) are removed from beneath the seat of the pants.

Kneeling is the position assumed with the right knee only upon the ground, with the left elbow resting upon the bent left leg. It affords more steadiness than the off-hand position, but not so much as the squatting attitude—but to dismiss any idea that neither of these two positions is particularly good, permit me to invite attention to the fact that all service marksmanship courses include firing at a nine-inch bull's eye at 300 yards, either squatting or kneeling; and I have repeatedly seen "possible" scores made under these circumstances.

On one memorable occasion I saw an entire Marine Corps Team of ten men make a team possible at this range, with every shot in the black bull. A comparable situation would be ten men firing ten shots each at the head of a groundhog three city blocks away—and collecting one hundred animals for the pot!

The prone position is the one that is best fitted for all 'round shooting of whatever sort, however. It is easy to assume and affords enormous stability. Lie down with the extended body at an angle of about fifty degrees to the left from the line of fire.

Spread the feet about eighteen inches or a little farther, with the toes pointing outward. Rest the elbows so that they support the body weight, peer through your sight, scrouch down until you're comfortable in the position—and there you are.

However, taking the prone position properly is only the beginning of things. Let us assume, for purposes of illustration, that you are out in Wyoming or Idaho, where you are likely to get a shot at anything from a moose, elk or bear to a mountain sheep or goat. Your game—which we can further suppose to be a bear—is on a slope across the valley you just entered after clambering up three thousand feet of what the guide assured you was just a little foothill, and the beast is downhill from you, about 800 yards away.

There is no cover. You can't safely get closer, but don't let that range disturb you. If the animal were eight miles away and you could still see it, you should also be able to hit it, if only your rifle would carry that far. Slip into the prone position, and carefully set your peep sight at the estimated 800 yards.

Then *pretend* to fire several shots at the bear by simulating every motion you expect to make when you actually shoot, except putting a cartridge into the chamber of your weapon!

Any "buck fever" you may have entertained will leave you as soon as you discover, by virtue of your pretense, that the shot is going to be an easy one, after all.

But you suddenly recall that you are shooting downhill and that downhill shots are likely to carry a little high. Cautiously drop a little from your elevation by bringing your peep sight 25 yards lower.

Again you squint through your peep sight—and for the love of all the Apostles, look at the target, not the sights!—and you notice that there is a slight haziness, almost a distortion, in the bear's image that was not previously apparent. And about the same time you realize that your nice new gun-metal sights are not shine-proof, after all; so, with a match or so, smoke them up thoroughly, both front and rear, until they are completely covered with soot. The next time you look at that bear, patiently feeding on the distant slope, it will look considerably better.

But there still seems to be something slightly cock-eyed about it, and as you speculate about what it is, you realize that the high sun (despite the apparent chilliness) is causing visible heat waves to dance upwards from the bare rocks. Once you notice them at all, they become very evident.

Fortunately, it is nothing to worry about. Those heat waves are known technically as mirage, and can be compensated for by a slight raising of the elevation—so back your sight goes to an even 800 yards again. Probably by this time you are either grinning with elation or fuming with annoyance, but if so it makes little difference—for you have yet to consider the wind. And you'll have to consider not only its direction but its velocity before you can hope to hit that bear, so you may just as well become resigned.

Practically all rear sight mechanisms have an arrangement to compensate for windage. They vary in type, but the manufacturer will surely have let you know all about the one he put on your rifle. You will have to remember what he told you and then estimate the velocity of the wind yourself. The general rule (never expressed quite this way, incidentally) is that one mill of the sight will move the bullet one inch away from the aiming point on the target for every hundred yards of range.

As a mill is an indefinite measurement consisting of 1-1000 of the range, you can appreciate that the rule is both flexible and useless unless you happened to make your rear sight yourself. On this windage question you're absolutely on your own (don't even trust your guide) but it's a reasonably safe procedure never to change very much. After all, even a strong right-angle wind is not going to blow a high velocity bullet very much from its course in only 800 yards.

All this time that damned bear has been slowly ambling about, turning up logs and stones in its search for beetles and fat, white grubs—and you are justified in wondering if it is about as far away as it was. Take a chance on it and get flattened out for your shot. You're ready at last.

Take a deep breath. Exhale it, and breathe no more while aiming.

Remember not to flinch by either drawing your shoulder away from the butt of your rifle, or crowding your shoulder up against it when you think the discharge is coming.

Press the butt of the rifle tightly against your shoulder and keep it that way, for if you don't the "whip" of the muzzle end of the barrel will throw the bullet completely off the target.

Make certain your rifle is not canted to one side or the other (it's usually to the right) for if it is your bullet will be thrown in that direction considerably—quite enough to provide a complete miss.

Crowd your cheek tightly against the stock of your rifle—there is often a raised cheek-piece for that very purpose—for it will serve to keep your eye fixed in your aligned sights and target more easily.

Look at the target! You'll see the sights, too, never fear.

Don't forget that your right thumb must be laid along the side of the stock, and not around it or across the top. A broken nose a long way from a medico is not pleasant.

Hold on the bear's body—not his head. Anticipate that you are going to hit the heart, for then if you are only close you will still put a slug through his viscera and drop him. A head shot, if missed, is usually a clean miss and the game escapes.

Then start squeezing that trigger slowly—oh, so very, very slowly. Don't dare breathe! Keep holding on that bear's guts!

And then, when you least expect it, there will be a hell of a "Crack!" somewhere around, and you will realize with amazement that you have fired your rifle without having been exactly sure just when it was going off! And—if you're still interested—the chances are 100 to 1 that you have hit the bear.

The kick of the rifle and the "jump" of the piece have momentarily destroyed your vision—so slam another cartridge into the chamber and be prepared to fire again if that bear is still on its feet. *Then* look to see what's happened. Hot damn! It's down!

And now is the time for caution, for

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The Low-Down on Rifle Shooting

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likely the beast isn't dead. A wounded animal will nearly always stagger to its feet at least once after being hit at that range, unless killed outright. It may even charge; in fact, it probably will if you are close enough.

So lock your rifle and walk—don't run, the creature will wait—toward your game, ready to fire off-hand if it does get up. But if you have shot as well as you should have, after all that preparation, it won't.

And the next time you hear some living-room Orion or Nimrod tell about a remarkable shot that he never made at all you can cherish the memory of one that you know damned well you did make. It's a grand feeling.

Now, it happens that there are a number of other elements in excellent rifle shooting beyond those mentioned, but you'll learn about them gradually, if you continue to shoot as often as you conveniently can.

For instance, there is the trick of dipping the nose of each cartridge into vaseline before slipping it into the chamber, so that the lands and grooves of the bore will be well lubricated by the very passage of the bullet.

Provided you can hold well enough to take advantage of the improvement, your hits will be considerably nearer your aiming point—but watch your elevation if you do this. You will have to drop a few yards to compensate for the loss of friction within the barrel.

Then you can, if you like (and learn how) set your rear sight with a micrometer, but there are relatively few marksmen able to hold sufficiently close at even the mid-ranges to justify that refinement.

You will learn, too, (and likely by unpleasant experience) that it is important to use the same ammunition when actually hunting that you used when practicing. Obviously, a bullet that weighs a few grains more or less than another, or one that has a hollow point, rather than a soft point, will not travel the same path because of wind resistance. The amount of powder contained in the cartridge case varies with different makes of ammunition, as well. And the point of impact will vary accordingly.

It is imperative that you learn by experience how to judge and gauge the wind by studying the mirage between you and your target. Glasses will help enormously in this, but they are not essential.

Learn what to do when shooting in a following wind, a head wind, a right angle wind, a diagonal wind and most of all in a "fish tail" wind, which is one that blows both ways between you and what may easily be that moose you have been aching to get for several years.

The knowledge isn't difficult to obtain and I'd tell you if it weren't for the long-established fact that it is elusive information unless acquired by practice.

Shots fired beyond the mid-range distance will vary enormously due to light changes on the range. Bright sunlight can be compensated for by raising your sight setting slightly—and if the sun is well to either side or directly overhead, move the windage gauge toward it, as well. Incidentally, there's an important axiom that few hunters know: "Move both elevation and windage correction for light *into* the sun." It's frequently the slight difference between a hit or a miss, and in hunting, only the hits count.

If, when aiming at a middle or long range target, there seems to be a peculiar lack of sharpness or clarity in the image of the beast, try rubbing mud or moistened soil under your right eye and on your nose. If the light is bright, it may well be that the reflection from your own sweaty face has formed a "screen" between your eye and the target.

But before firing your first shot—anytime, anywhere, at anything—look through the bore of your rifle from the chambered end and assure yourself that it is entirely free from obstructions.

Cleaning rags, short metal brushes, even bark, twigs or forest mast that gets inside the barrel will cause your rifle to explode and blow your left hand to hell-and-gone.

And always be sure, too, that your chamber is empty or that your rifle is locked, or both; and never, never, never point the muzzle of your weapon at anything unless you deliberately intend to shoot it, when, and only when, it is the proper thing to do.

Happy hunting! ⧺

You're Wrong About Alaska

Continued from page 57

We headed for choice king salmon grounds, which would have taken us a short distance out into the Pacific. As we started out, the water became a little rough. She started a slight roll. Seasickness?

At this point, I remembered being told that while on board I was in full command. I gave my first executive order, "Turn her around."

The next best spot in that vicinity for king salmon was near Sitka. About sixteen miles from this small village we fished during one afternoon, trolling with spoons from the aft deck, which resulted in a catch of fifteen king salmon, averaging between thirty and forty pounds.

They give an excellent fight, and often you have that feeling that you have hooked bottom.

Silver salmon are really more fun, although a lot smaller. They averaged eight or nine pounds. These were caught with a casting rod from small boats, using a spinner.

They leap straight out of the water and go in all directions. In one afternoon, four of us casting from two boats, landed forty-three. And they told us that the big run would not be in for two or three weeks.

Humpback salmon were plentiful, but do not strike a bait. A Bureau of Fisheries man showed us one stream in which he estimated we saw within a few hundred yards fifty thousand salmon (humpies).

One unique experience was harpooning hardshell crabs. In small boats we each carried a long bamboo pole. On the end of this was taped a large barbed hook which had been straightened out. In four or five feet of water we could see these crabs on the bottom, running like mad. We speared about thirty-six of these and missed twice that number.

Halibut were plentiful in many spots, also sole. Both were caught from the aft deck while at anchor.

We went as far north as Glacier Bay, within a few hundred yards of Muir Glacier, the face of which is three hundred feet high and approximately a mile and a half across. We watched huge blocks of ice fall off, responding to the noise from our high powered rifles. As we neared the face of this glacier, we encountered a lot of floating ice, which was not only blue but cold. (Aha! But I did wear my long underwear.)

Occasionally a hair seal would stick his head out of the water a hundred yards away. I was fortunate in hitting one of these with a 30-06 Mannlicher, and gaffed him before he sank. The hides make good trophies, and if you can spare his nose and whiskers, the Alaskan Game Commission pays you two dollars bounty—a menace to salmon.

Thar she blows! We were within twenty feet of two very large whales.

We stalked whales for several hours on two occasions. Unfortunately our boat had no dude whaling gear like that which her sister ship carries.

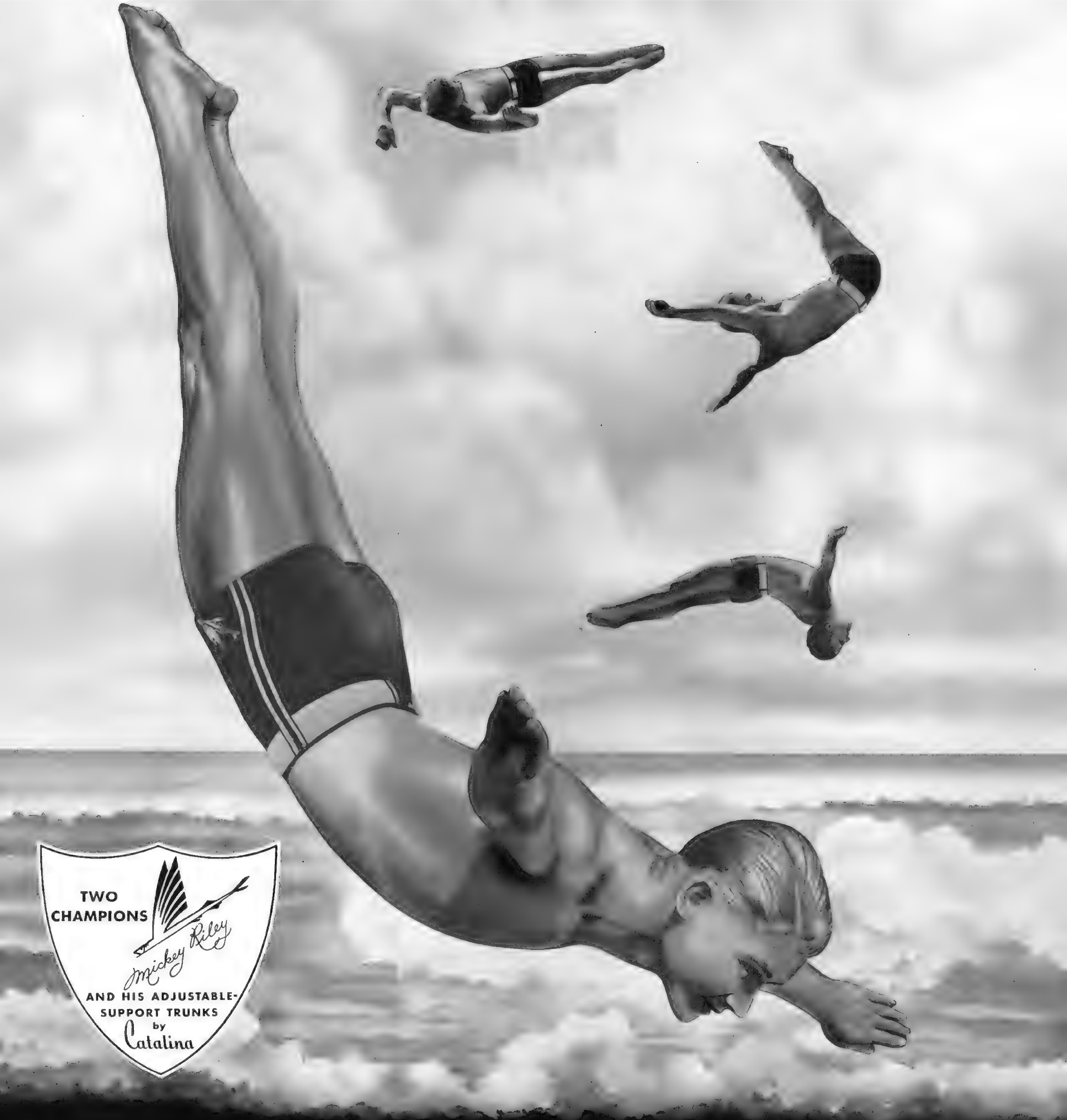
At Juneau we picked up hunting licenses. Brown bear season was not to be open for ten days, but we heard that black bear hides were prime in a certain section south of Juneau. In three days we bagged two large black bear, and captured one live bear cub. Brown bear and black bear do not inhabit the same island, consequently we saw no brown bear on this hunt. Black bear were plentiful.

We saw many mountain goats, but due to the season they were still pretty far up.

At no time on our entire trip were we uncomfortably cold or extremely warm. Flannel shirts with windbreakers were sufficient even in our coldest weather. We were sleeping under blankets at all times, even the night we heard news flashes on our radio that the temperature had hit a hundred and four in Chicago. The towns are close enough together to enable the chef to keep fresh vegetables and cream at all times. The boat carried full fishing equipment for the entire party, together with all necessary guns, ammunition, etc. In fact, they furnished everything necessary for the entire trip but our personal clothing.

It's a peach of a trip if you can do it right. I'd like to go back next year.

P.S. I never did see an Eskimo. ⧺


TWO CHAMPIONS
Mickey Riley
AND HIS ADJUSTABLE-SUPPORT TRUNKS
by
Catalina

Two Champions in action! Mickey Riley, all over the sky-line, in a few of his 43 incomparable dives . . . and the incomparable "Mickey Riley" Swim Trunks which he designed with the built-in ADJUSTABLE support, perfected by Catalina! Custom-fit throughout, for the life of the trunk. Why be satisfied with less!

Catalina SWIM TRUNKS

Spirit of Madrigal

Continued from page 52

room when Puisan hastily joined Sanmof.

"*Monsieur*," he said, "your formula 'a short poem expressing, with the greatest precision possible, a gallant thought meant to please a lady,' pleased me immensely. I feel like trying it myself. If you agree, we shall improvise each a madrigal, dedicated, naturally, to our charming hostess. She shall decide the winner of our tournament."

There was astonishment, applause, laughter. It was decided that the two poems should be composed in less than five minutes, and the two champions retired to opposite corners of the room to write. Puisan scribbled a few words, then looked out of the window into the street.

"Five minutes are up, gentlemen," Madame de Tozanges said, clapping her hands.

"Youth must be served," Puisan commented, "the honor is yours."

Sanmof handed the judge, with his most seductive smile, a sheet torn from his notebook. Madame de Tozanges scanned it and cried: "I must kiss you, it's too beautiful!" and amid applause and laughter, she kissed the poet. Puisan laughed like the rest, and the lady turned to him: "I warn you that you are beaten in advance. In any case, I don't fancy you at all as a poet!"

"You never can tell," the banker replied, holding out a folded piece of paper.

Madame de Tozanges read it with widening eyes.

"Oh!" she said.

And she read it again, with a grave expression.

"Is that sincere?" she asked, forcing a smile.

"Absolutely," Puisan declared. Then he added: "You concede me the prize?"

"Say rather that you have won it," she murmured.

There were shouts.

"Read it, read it aloud!"

"It cannot be read!" Madame de Tozanges protested, slipping the paper hastily into her dress. And everyone uttered scandalized exclamations.

At midnight, Puisan offered to take me home in his car. As soon as we were alone, I questioned him.

"Whatever could you write so great, so impressive, so irresistible?"

He looked at me a moment, with his cold, calculating eyes.

"You are young, understanding and discreet," he said, "so I can tell you. Here's what I wrote: *Pay to the order of Madame de Tozanges the sum of three hundred thousand francs.*" #

What's Good in Paris?

Continued from page 55

there with George Seldes recently. It is famous above all for its hors d'oeuvres. The proprietor, Monsieur Bicard, got the bright idea that most people like hors d'oeuvres better than anything else for lunch, and he has made a fortune through the simple expedient of giving them more and better hors d'oeuvres than you can get anywhere else in Paris. First you are presented with a caviare canapé and a bit of smoked salmon on toast. Then the hors d'oeuvres proper are served in three separate courses, first sea food, comprising shrimps, oysters, and various kinds of anchovies, sardines, and herring; then the *charcuterie*, about fifteen different varieties of ham and sausage and *paté de foi gras;* finally the vegetables and salads. The price of the hors d'oeuvres complete is 13 francs, or, at present exchange, about 75c; if you do not follow them with another dish, the price jumps 4 francs to about $1.00. Other specialties of M. Bicard, superlatively luscious, are the *Sole des Abbesses* (19.50 francs), which is sole with mushrooms and tomatoes; or *rognons de veau du Relais*, (17 francs), veal kidneys *sauté* with sauce *Béarnaise;* and the spitted roast chicken with cream sauce.

From the Relais de la Belle Aurore to Lipp's, on the Boulevard St. Germain, is a distance of about 20 blocks, 20 generations, and 20 miles of history. Lipp's is a beer restaurant, and incomparably the best place to drink beer in Paris. The food is cheap and good and consists largely of *choucroute garnie* (pork chops, sausages, and sauerkraut). The beer comes from the Hatt brewery of Strassbourg and is trademarked Kronenbourg. Lipp's sells about 15 hectolitres a day. You can order it in four sizes: *demi* (half a litre), *distingué* (one litre), *formidable* (three litres), and *catastrophe* (five litres). It takes two waiters to carry the five-litre glass. The proprietor disapproves of your ordering a *catastrophe*, not, I hasten to add, because he thinks it will do you any harm, but because he says the beer at the bottom of the monstrous glass will get warm before you can get down that far. Ernest Hemingway took me to Lipp's for the first time; it was in about 1926 and he told me about the "thousands and thousands of words" he had cut out of *The Sun Also Rises;* he drank three *formidables*.

The Auberge Chanteclair is on the Rue Helder near the Opera. I like it extremely. It is built in the country style around a huge fireplace where the chickens are roasted; the waiters are amiable, especially the one in the tall cap who carves the sausages in the hors d'oeuvres; the open white wine, a *Pouilly-Sue-Loire Vieux*, is so dry it is almost bitter, but thoroughly sound, and costs only 8 francs a pitcher. The things to have at Chanteclair are the hors d'oeuvres, which are not quite as abundant as at the Belle Aurore but almost as good; the *Poulet rôti à la broche* (roast chicken at 13 francs an order), and the very good ice cream, usually served as a *bombe*, and better than any other I ever found in Paris. The Chanteclair is crowded and it is best to get there early for lunch or reserve a table. It prints, an interesting innovation, the complete recipe of its *plats du jour* each day.

The best place for SNAILS in Paris is the Écu de France, near the Gare de l'Est. The best place for ONION SOUP is probably the Chop Negre, on the Rue du Faubourg Montmarte. The best place for FROG'S LEGS is the Petit Paillard, Rue de Duras.

If stranded near the Opera, try DROUANT, an ancient and honorable establishment. If stranded on the Champs Élysée, LUIGI'S is not bad, if you do not mind an admixture of American influence. If stranded near the Place de la Republique, by all means try the FOUR SERGEANTS OF LA ROCHELLE, where the red wine selection is both modest and superb. On the Île de la Cite, or near it, is the AUBERGE DU VERT GALANT, the favorite Paris restaurant of that good publisher and gourmet Eugene Saxton of Harpers. Try the peasant chicken and *pot au feu*. If stranded in Montmarte, incomparably the best restaurant is a small and inconspicuous place on the Rue Lépic called VIEUX LOGIS. It was discovered by Paul Scott Mowrer, then the Paris correspondent of the Chicago Daily News, and I always approach it trembling, because so few people know it and go there that I fear it may have gone out of business. The ANE ROUGE, on the way up to Montmarte, is expensive and fashionable but thoroughly satisfying. The best American restaurant in Paris used to be Morgan's CHICAGO INN on the Rue Duphot. The best Russian restaurant is the CANETON, near the Bourse. It keeps a superb Chambertin, '23.

Once on every trip to Paris I go out to La Villette on the way to Bourget, about fifteen minutes by taxi from the center of town, to have a beefsteak at the Cochon d'Or, 192 Avenue Jean Jaures. This, for its particular specialty, beef, is the best restaurant in Paris. You have never seen such steaks. They go by the name *Coeur de filet de boeuf* and they cost about $1.50; they are five inches in diameter and four inches thick; they are cooked black outside, then brown, then red, and in the middle almost blue (when a Frenchman wants a steak very rare he orders it "blue"); they are spirited and tangy with flavor and smooth as milk.

The proprietor of the Cochon d'Or buys the prize steer at the Paris cattle show every year. The last one cost 18,000 francs. The steer is kept on tether, fed a bit, shown off, and finally killed. The Cochon d'Or takes all the prime parts and sells the rest to other restaurants. The tail is made into a flywhisk.

Finally, there is Prunier's, 9 Rue Duphot, primarily a fish restuarant and like Scott's in London as good as any restaurant in Europe in its chosen field. It is expensive, and do not expect to get a good dinner there for less than $2.00 to $2.50. Prunier's serves forty or fifty different kinds of oysters, mussels, and clams, as well as eel, sturgeon, shrimps, prawns, octopus, and lobster. Among fish proper you may have *filet de barbue*, or *merlan Colbert*, or *rouget* grilled with butter and anchovies, or sole in a number of styles.

Readers of this series will know by this time that this author is afflicted by ham, in all forms, as by a mania; let them also know that he ranks just one thing in Europe higher than ham, and that is smoked salmon as it is served at Prunier's. Order *saumon fumé de Hollande*. It is a dish of authenticity and distinction. Eat it with black bread and lemon; it looks like petals from a tiger lily; it is unique and sound.

Paris and Prunier know all about you and your stomach. Let them have a chance. #

"I'm glad people are taking up the *Manhattan* again"

Most Popular Cocktail, According to 177 Barmen

	Manhattan	*Martini*	*Old-Fashioned*
In New York . .	45	26	9
In Buffalo . . .	5	6	4
In Rochester . .	4	2	1
In Chicago . . .	28	29	18
	82	63	32

● Manhattans *should* lead in the Popularity Stakes. Because vermouth is the greatest of all apéritifs, whether it's mixed with whiskey—or gin. Here's the most popular Manhattan recipe: ½ *rye (or Irish) whiskey,* ½ *Italian vermouth, dash of bitters, maraschino cherry.*

Most of the bars we have visited use Martini & Rossi Vermouth. You probably use it at home because it has been the standard all over the world for generations. But when ordering elsewhere it is safest to specify the whiskey *and* the vermouth. Vermouths do differ and poor vermouth will spoil a Manhattan as surely as poor whiskey. There is no substitute for Martini & Rossi if your palate is sensitive. Write for free booklet, "*6 Civilized Cocktails—6 Simple Canapés*" to W. A. Taylor & Co., 17 Laight Street, New York.

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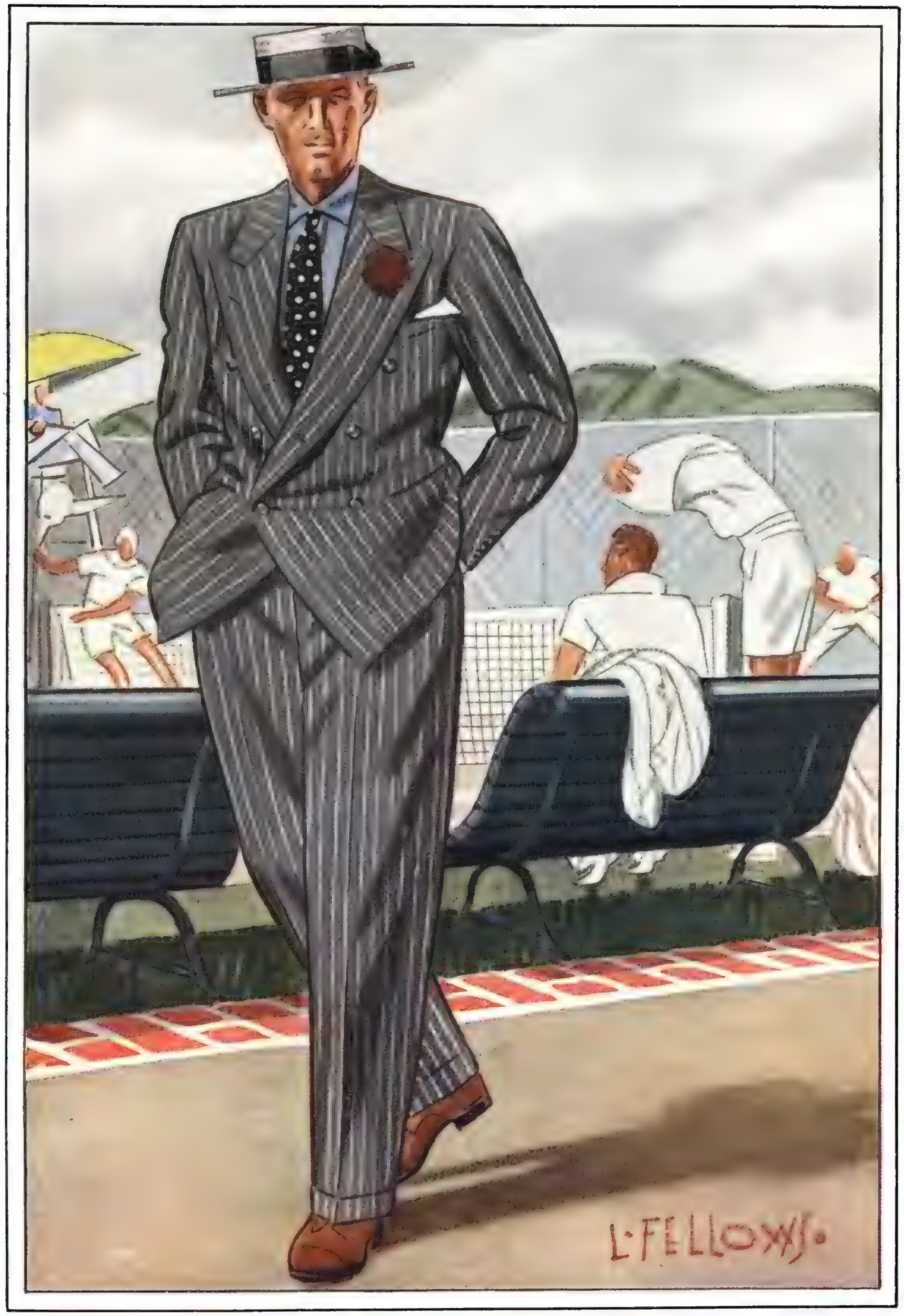

JUNE PICK OF THE SUIT-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB

If you're going to buy just one outfit this month, then this is the one outfit to buy. This suit is a prior preferred fashion item of this season. It's a flannel with white chalk stripes spaced about three-quarters of an inch apart. It's equally good in this rather dark Cambridge grey, or in navy blue. Notice especially the long roll of the lapel to the bottom button. The Duke of Kent has obliged, via the news pictures, in giving this fashion touch a powerful acceleration, and it is now popular with well-dressed men everywhere. The shirt is a lightweight blue oxford with soft collar attached in the widespread model that was originally launched under the cachet of Kent's big brother. The tie is a black foulard with white polka dots, and the knot is relatively large, to fill the wider opening. The Sennit straw hat is the shape that is known in England as a boater. The shoes are brown suede.

(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 40 E. 34th, N. Y.)

Men, Women and Marriage

Continued from page 51

is that of competition between the sexes. This competition which is unknown among animals, even among those insects in which the male cheerfully allows himself to be eaten by the female while he performs the very act of copulation, is a product of our economic organization. In matriarchal, communistically organized primitive communities such competition is unknown. In all patriarchal communities it is present to a greater or lesser degree.

Sexual competition begins with the masculine assumption that all females are inferior, and therefore may be used as so many chattels. This runs counter to the human spirit and develops the psychological traits of rebellion and treachery in the maligned females.

In our present civilization in which women have become more or less emancipated by virtue of their ability to earn their own food supply in the open market, this sexual competition is tremendously intensified. There are a host of men who believe in the innate superiority of their sex, and utilize every opportunity to "down" women. There are women who agree with these men, and compete with them passively by making themselves so weak and helpless that their men are not only compelled to think for them, but also provide them with the necessities and comforts of existence. There are other women who go to the opposite extreme and demand not only equal rights and opportunities with men, but also extra prerogatives as the right of their conquest.

A few modern women have reached that enviable psychological maturity which enables them to be true comrades, without relinquishing their truly feminine traits or foregoing the responsibilities of psychological emancipation. Perhaps the greatest number of women want both the chivalry of feudal bondage plus the liberty—usually irresponsibility—of emancipation.

Comparable to these four types of women, there are four types of men. There are the belligerent males who believe in the God-given superiority of the masculine sex. To them all women are slaves of higher or lower degrees. They believe with the famous Weininger that the best woman that ever lived must always be inferior to the least man who ever trod the *trottoirs*. There are other men who are so intimidated by the rising tide of womankind that they are perfectly willing to concede the victory to the embattled females. For them every woman is a challenge, every woman a potential ogress who will devour them.

There is a third type of man who has attained psychological maturity who is willing to share with his woman not only the pleasures of life but also its responsibilities. He is rare.

The average man, like the average woman, looks on the relations between the sexes with muddled feelings derived in part from his traditional education, social taboos, and in part from the movies, the tabloids and the actual pressures of his economic situation.

The marriage bed is the arena in which these multifarious sexual conflicts so characteristic of our changing world unfold in a kaleidoscopic pageant of competition, parasitism, mock heroics, pathos, sadism, argumentation, repression and general unhappiness.

It requires no seer to prophesy the eventual dissolution of the holy bonds of matrimony when a Belligerent He-man meets an Emancipated Woman. The odds, conservatively estimated, are one thousand to one against a successful marriage. Each is challenged by the other's apparent power, each hopes for the eventual knock-out victory, and neither will throw in the sponge until insult has been heaped upon vilification, and black eyes freely bestowed and received by both combatants. Our legal machinery unfortunately is so outlandishly inappropriate to our times that it aids and abets the sexual struggle that so often proves disastrous in modern marriage. Many a husband and wife would be willing to call quits after an honorable and more or less sportsmanlike contest of connubial competition, but the law, in many of our still uncivilized States, aggravates the situation by demanding blood on the sand of the arena. Collusion, perjury, detectives, soul-scorching publicity in the tabloids, together with unjust victimization by means of unsound alimony laws add their bitterness to the unhappy experience.

Nor do we need to hire a soothsayer to foretell that a man who is married to a woman who has a lust for domination acquired at the hands of nagging, bossy, authoritarian parents, is going to rebel and "hop the fence" once he realizes that he has been "sold out" to his wife's inferiority complex.

Much, if not all, of the adultery in the world is a subtle form of revenge. The same unfavorable odds, naturally, hold good where it is the man who enslaves his wife for the purpose of giving his masculine superiority a properly drab foil. In both cases the partner either rebels openly, or sabotages the marriage by passive resistance. Sexual frigidity and impotence are common forms of rebellion. The sexually frigid woman says, in her psychological "organ jargon": "Yes, I am your wife, legally, but you do not really possess me!"

An ideal marriage is a cooperative venture, in which the partners have made an approximately equal investment, and draw approximately equal dividends from the resulting *We, Inc.* In such a marriage the partners are not forever snooping about to see whether the other partner has drawn a few more pennies in dividends, nor are they forever boasting how much more they have invested in the business. Unfortunately such unions are rare. Most of them could better be labeled the *I and You Company*, or *I, Inc., and Wife*, in which no one has audited the capital investment, no one knows who holds the majority of the common stock, in which *In-Laws, Inc.* is often a hidden holding company, and in which the putative partners are often working secretly against each other. The struggle for prestige and dominance probably wrecks more marriages on earth than are held together by the grace of good fortune in heaven. Many a woman gets her "last word" on legal bond in Reno, and many a man pays for proving that he was "right" in hard earned alimony dollars. Where competition for prestige enters into a marriage, the odds against its success are overwhelming!

If ignorance of the art of love and the technique of contraception wreck marriage in the beginning, and if competition on the bridge of the connubial bark often results in shipwreck on Prestige Shoals, many a marriage pounds to pieces on the treacherous rocks of romantic infantilism long before it has finished its appointed journey. The wrecks of romantic infantilism are the more tragic because so often such marriages apparently set out to sail their tragic course under the best omens, amid traditional rituals, the fanfare of romantic trumpets, the bubbling of champagne and the glamour of orchids. Apparently everything is shipshape, the course clear, the auspices most propitious. Deep down in the unconscious of the skipper or the first mate, however, lurk the germs of disaster which do not become apparent until the ship is caught in its first storm. The odds were against them from the start.

A fat book could be written on the dangers of romantic infantilism. The Roman bard who first penned that immortally fraudulent motto *Amor Vincit Omnia* lived in a far off happy time when lovers were not troubled by such mundane and unbucolic considerations as depression cuts in salaries, income taxes, the high cost of gowns, gin, cooks, maids, camps, commuting, insurance and other similar more or less indispensable gadgets of modern civilization. He had never heard of mother fixations, "silver cords," inferiority complexes, mothers-in-law! In those days lovers were content to love and let love, and no one had heard of bridge post-mortems or back-seat drivers. Golf-widows were unknown, and none had ever heard of the mythological Joneses, keeping up with whom so plagues our modern civilization. Careers for women were unknown, and no husband ever had a nervous breakdown because his wife made more money out of her hobbies than he did out of his business!

In those far off happy days there were no psychiatrists to tread where the gods turned aside on cautious heels. Who had ever heard of falling in love with a mother-image, apparently embodied in a nice young girl, and then punishing that girl with all the fury of the unloosed elements when she failed to attain the glories of that unconscious image? What ancient lover, dallying with his love in the grottoes of Capri, enslaved his love with the subtle tyranny of "Because I love you, you must do what I say"?

Perhaps in those days love was simple, and complexes, like measles and taxicabs, were unknown. Is it the curse of our civilization that our pampered and coddled girls fear motherhood because it would spoil their figures? Is it our unhappy economic state that makes women sell their bodies for the sake of a mythical "security" while unconsciously making a mental reservation that love and affection shall not be the price of that security? Is it our Christian tradition which has squeezed the joy out of love, the pagan sense of play that makes love beautiful? Love used to be a game.

Continued at top of page 140

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Some facts that may prove interesting to people who still think "gin is gin"

How much should you pay for a bottle of gin?

That depends on how good the gin is and where you buy it.

Gordon's is the world's favorite gin. More of it is sold than any other kind.

In England, Gordon's Gin costs the consumer the equivalent of three dollars and twelve cents per bottle.

In New York you can buy a bottle of genuine Gordon's Gin for as little as $1.75.

Yet—it is the same gin; same formula, same quality, same inimitable flavor as the Gordon's you would get in England.

The only difference is price. That is regulated by the tax.

Is Gordon's Gin as made in America, as good as the imported Gordon's Gin?

We challenge any expert to say that Gordon's Gin made in this country is not as good in every respect as the Gordon's Gin made in England.

We say this confidently because there *is* no difference. It is all exactly the same.

All genuine Gordon's Gin is made strictly according to the original formula which is now 166 years old.

Not more than three people have ever known this formula at any one time during the history of this business.

To ensure the quality of Gordon's Gin we have erected the largest gin distillery in the world at Linden, New Jersey.

The man who is in charge of Gordon's Gin distillation in England came to this country to oversee the operation.

The Gordon stills were imported from England where they were made according to our own secret specifications.

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Gordon's is a little higher priced than other gins for the simple reason that it costs more to make Gordon's.

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Pour a little in a glass and sip it slowly. Compare that smooth, delightful quality with the raw, harsh bite of cheaper gin.

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But if you want the best gin the world produces, *buy Gordon's!* After all it only costs a penny more per cocktail.

GORDON'S DRY GIN COMPANY LIMITED
LINDEN, N. J.

Men, Women and Marriage

Continued from page 137

Now it is a business, a solemn business run on the principle of "*Caveat emptor!*" And where marriage and love are based *solely* on economic considerations, the odds against happiness are incalculable.

Whatever love may have been in the days when it was crowned with myrtle, marriage today has become a task for two grown-up, psychologically mature partners. It requires knowledge, art, technique, good will, a sense of social and personal responsibility, a certain economic success, a basic self-esteem, an independence of spirit, together with a relative freedom from the tyranny of unconscious complexes. Even with these premises the sailing is not always easy.

But how many people do you know who are equipped with these fundamental prerequistes of marital success? How many do you know who, although not fully equipped, are armed with the magic wand of a sense of humor which might tide them over the first rough going?

Look at the people who are marrying! Boys who want their wives to be a combination of mama, nurse, mistress, stenographer, siren, clothes-horse, mother of their children, financial support and cheering section all rolled into one superhuman female! How many young girls there are who marry expecting that their husbands will be combinations of Andrew Mellon, Rudolph Valentino, Albert Einstein, Bobby Jones, Jack Dempsey, papa, the family physician, and the mechanic from the garage! People get married for no other reason than that their glands are mature! Successful business men get married because they are temporarily *non compos mentis* after the sixth Bacardi. Women get married to men because they tango so beautifully! Other women marry men because they like their shirts, their cars, or their Scotties! Women marry honest men because brother Jack needs a job in the prospective husband's office! I have seen women marry in order to spite a rival, and then proceed to vent their infantile rage on the unsuspecting husband. I have seen stupid men marry brilliant women because they were too lazy to get an education for themselves—to their eternal regret! I have seen stupid women marry intellectual giants because they had a penchant for having literary lions in their private menageries. I know one man who revenged himself on a dominant mother by marrying a prostitute because he knew it would break his imperious mother's heart. It did—but it cost him one hundred thousand dollars and four years of medical treatment.

Such cases of romantic infantilism could be multiplied without end by anyone who deals intimately with his fellow human beings. The tragedies of sex and love are often unavoidable, yet anyone who has read this bare outline must see that a great many of these tragedies are unnecessary. If it were as difficult to get married as it usually is to get divorced, and as easy to get divorced as it usually is to get married, many of these tragedies would be avoided. Since society at large frowns on such common sense measures for preventing its own unhappiness, it remains up to the individual to exercise at least as much caution in choosing his mate as he would in buying a new automobile or betting on a prize-fight. There is no doubt in the world that a good marriage brings out the best in both partners, fructifies their lives and gives them a meaning.

There is also no doubt that a bad marriage is the greatest destroyer of peace of mind and good sound sleep that has ever been invented by the devil. St. Paul said it was better to marry than to burn. As a psychiatrist I can add that it is better to marry and make mistakes than not to marry and become mentally unbalanced. But, before you marry, make certain that you are adequately prepared to navigate your matrimonial bark past the rocks and shoals I have just pointed out to you. A man who "takes a chance" when the odds are stacked against him is a fool. ⧺

No Extradition

Continued from page 109

the heavy tail; the powerful, vicious jaws finish the work. Many times it was only the dexterity of Don and Dod that saved us, for the crocodiles could have tipped our light dugout as easily as I could a matchbox. Even the jaguar, coming down to the river-bank at twilight to drink, is no match for them.

In the canoe, Garner was surly. He would rarely answer a question, but occasionally he burst into profane argument. What kind of damned fool did I think I was? How much good was this business going to do me when there was no extradition? I never answered him; I wondered when he would realize our purpose, and what he would do when he did.

We reached the mouth of the river with almost a day to spare. It was late Sunday afternoon, and before this time Monday, the *Estrella* would steam around the bend to receive my live cargo. We made our last camp, and I sat by the fire awhile, planning how to time our activities next day. Garner, knowing we had neared Puerto Cortez, grew more and more sure of himself. He mentioned other instances where extradition of refugees had been attempted, and how dismally such attempts had failed. He swore that no power on earth could get him back to the States. Finally he fell asleep, and I lay down until it was time to relieve Dod, who was on watch the first half of the night.

The steamer sailed at noon from Puerto Cortez. By two o'clock she would be within sight of the mouth of the Ulua. At twelve-thirty, I directed Don and Dod to break camp. We repacked our light equipment and stowed it carefully in the dugout so that it would not hamper our movements. I took Don aside for a moment and in whispers we confirmed our plans. I reminded him that when we sighted the ship and she slowed down, he must cut Garner's bonds, since I could not be sure that the captain would take a bound man on board. In those days, the masters of steamers in that trade were autocrats, subject only to their own moods, and I did not want a detail to handicap our success.

We shoved off, and gained the center of the stream. Here, just above the bar, there was a long swell, and it was no easy work to keep the light canoe headed out to sea. And again there was the contant peril of the crocodiles—sly, armor-clad monsters, waiting.

Garner was uneasy. We worked in silence for an hour or so, keeping the canoe poised for quick action. I watched the horizon eagerly, and finally spied a tiny, widening line—the bow of the *Estrella* just rounding the bend.

Garner, at that moment, was occupied with his bonds, trying to ease the chafing of the ropes on his wrists. Then, as I watched, the steamer stood out full against the sky, two miles away. This was my signal. . . . Now for the hard and dangerous work of crossing the bar.

"Cut his ropes," I called to Don, as Dod and I started to paddle.

Garner twisted about, his gaze swung abruptly toward me and past me to the ship. He reared as Don slashed the ropes on his hands and feet, and then jerked away. In an instant, my whole purpose dawned upon him. He stood up suddenly. He darted one more glance at the steamer and, for a second, a look of despairing frustration settled on his face. An indescribable sound rose from his throat, and then his arms went up, his head down, and he dove into the clear, blue-green water.

There was a stroke of his brown arm, another, and then, as we watched, dark shadows swerved up to him. Not one but a score of gaping mouths rose from the darker depths as if the huge monsters to which they belonged had been lying in wait for just this victim. The powerful jaws, bristling with tusk-like teeth, snapped shut on arms, legs, head, body.

We in the canoe shuddered with terror, and yet could not take our eyes from the horror below which held us in a spell of strange fascination.

But it was over in a moment. The maddened crocodiles, each with an unbreakable hold on the prey, thrashed and tugged—once—twice—and then up from the water there rose a sound of rending bone and tearing flesh which no hunter coming upon a tiger at his kill has ever heard, which perhaps has not been heard on this earth since the days when man, with hideous torture rack, tore fellow-man limb from limb to save his infidel soul.

Awed, shaken, silent—we turned the canoe and paddled with precipitate, unthinking haste from the splotch of crimsoned water to the haven of the shore.

* * *

A month later, I heard from the Sheriff. He had seen the dugout turn back into the river mouth, and he asked why I had failed. I answered him guardedly. "Tell Randolph," I wrote, "that crocodiles sometimes make excellent jailers." ⧺

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TWIST..and they never bunch—never bind nor chafe you—never cramp your speed, your stroke or your style.

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Your dealer has these new shorts. He's ready to give you convincing proof—to show you right before your eyes—that the "All-Ways S-t-r-e-t-c-h" Shorts work with precision and perfection to give you the most amazing underwear comfort you've ever known.

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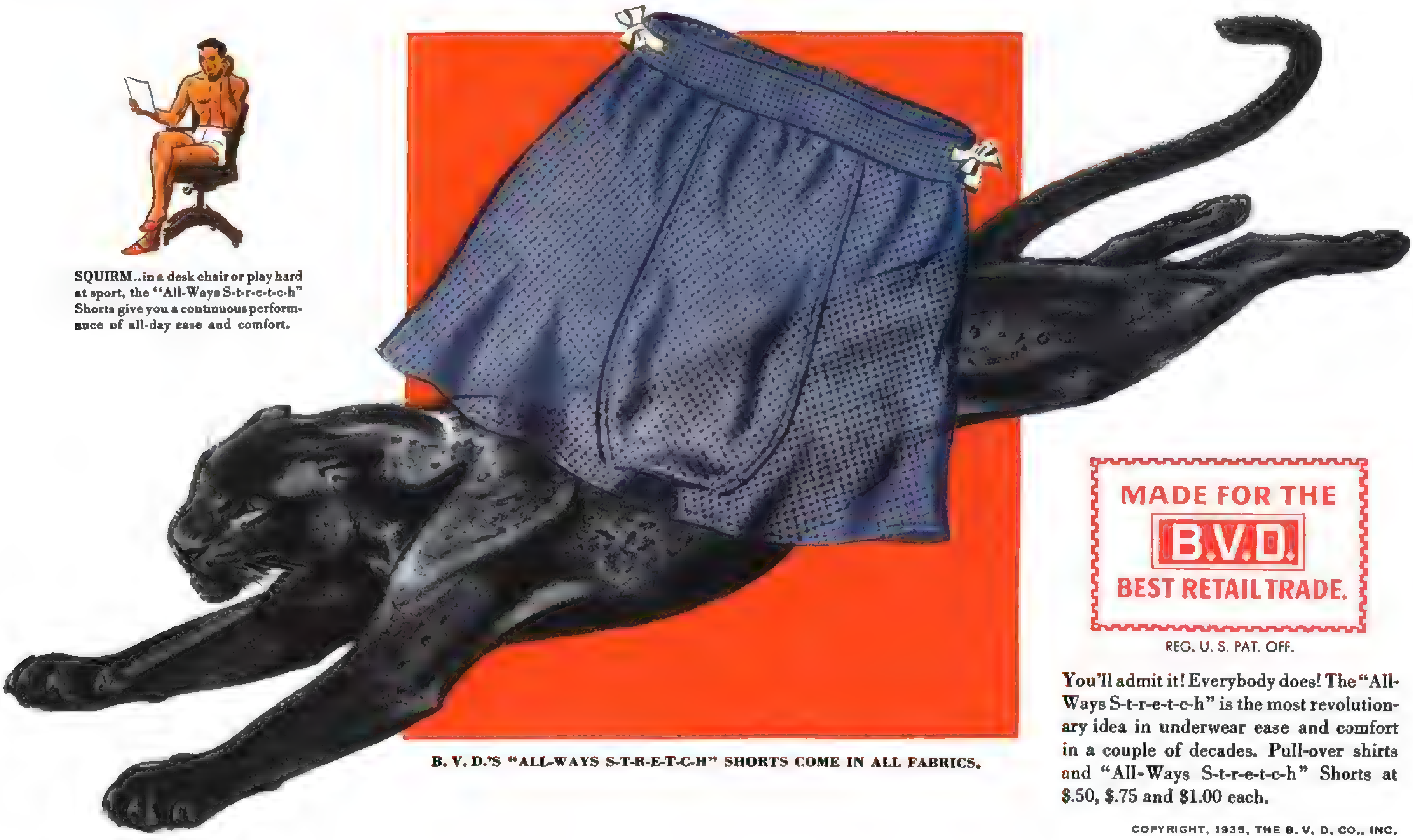

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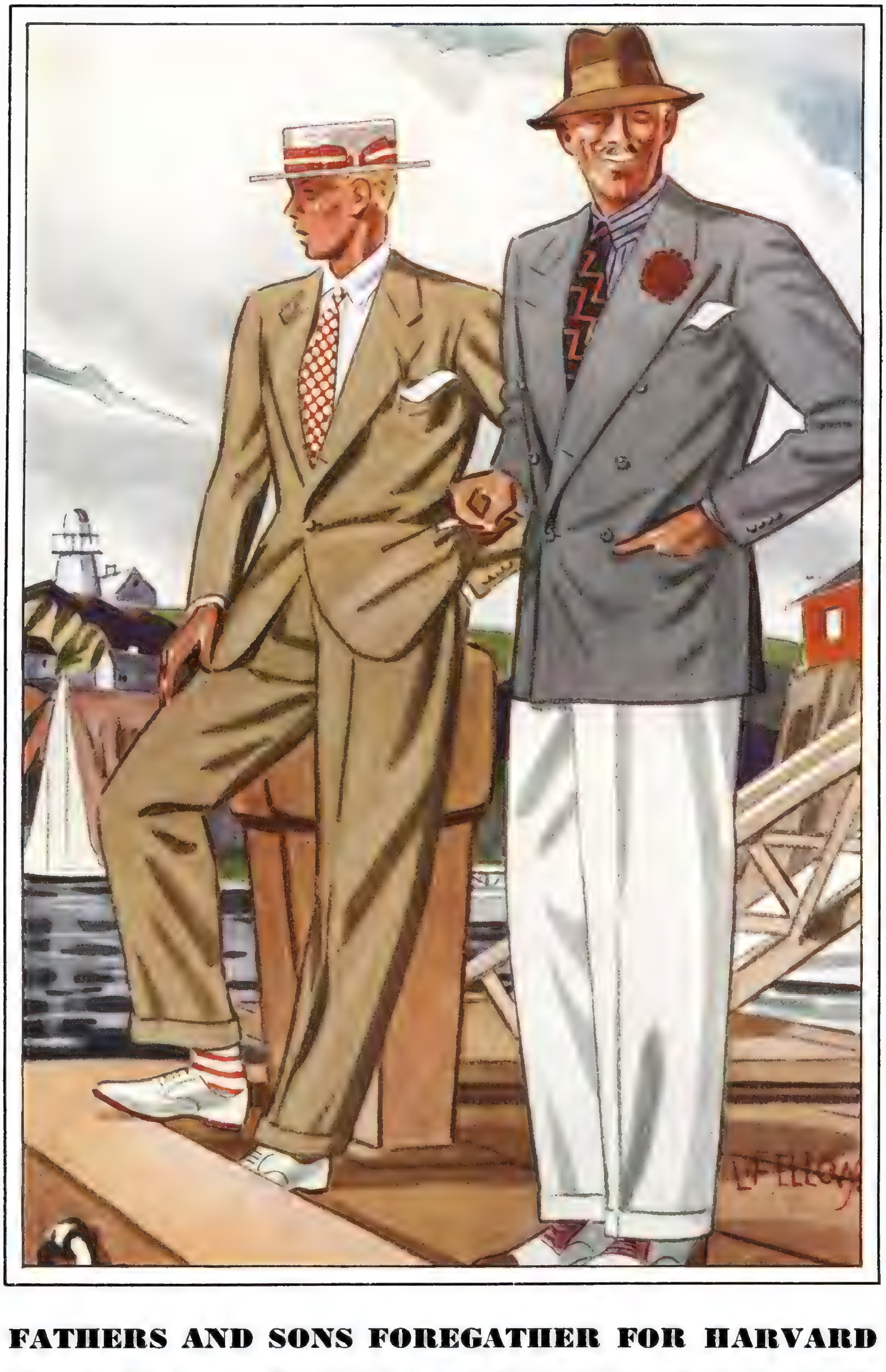


FATHERS AND SONS FOREGATHER FOR HARVARD

There's a shoht cheeyah for Haahvuhd in both these costumes, although in basic detail they are both right for both sides of the embattled lines that draw up at New London to watch the Harvard-Yale classic. Anyway, papa's carnation is Harvard red, and there's a Cantabridgian cast to the color scheme of son's accessories. Yale men may solve this dilemma by substituting a blue cornflower for the Harvard red carnation—and so on throughout. The younger man's outfit consists of a gabardine suit, with the waistcoat left home, a white oxford button down collared shirt, hounds tooth cotton tie, horizontal stripe lisle hose, white buckskin shoes with red rubber soles and heels, and a Sennit straw. The other outfit has a grey flannel jacket, white cricket cloth slacks, broadcloth tab collar shirt, guard's tie of the Royal Artillery, combination last sport shoes and a brown snap brim hat.

(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 40 E. 34th, N. Y.)

The Listening Post

Praise for the newest and best all-American opera, and the start of an argument on Brahms

by SIGMUND SPAETH

▪ MUSIC ▪

MARIA MALIBRAN may not be the Great American Opera, but it is just about the most interesting and entertaining one yet written. Robert Simon and Russell Bennett, between them, have managed to do things with words and music that no other Americans—or for that matter operatic writers in general—have dared to try.

For one thing, they allow much of the text to be spoken, over a lightly orchestrated musical accompaniment, believing obviously that it is important that the words of an opera be understood by the hearers. They seldom descend to recitative, and they become lyrical only when the mood demands it, or when the characters are represented as actually singing, not speaking. Moreover they have religiously avoided the verbal artificiality and tonal insincerity characteristic of so much "grand opera." They do not hesitate to introduce witty and humorous lines (again far removed from the lumbering horseplay that passes for comedy on the operatic stage) and they build up a set of characters that suggest human beings instead of the mechanical puppets to which opera-lovers have become accustomed.

All this makes for a convincing realism such as the musical stage too seldom enjoys, even in the lighter and more popular examples of singing drama, a realism, incidentally, which has been almost totally absent from previous attempts at American grand opera. You can easily believe in both the story and the people of the Bennett-Simon *Malibran*, and your ears are not likely to be either bored or offended in the process of listening.

The two best tunes in the opera are Bishop's *Home, Sweet Home* and Rossini's *Una Voce Poco Fa*, from *The Barber of Seville*, both used to prove that the heroine, the glamorous daughter of the great Garcia, could actually sing as well as history says she did. These are legitimate borrowings, under the circumstances, and they give the performance of *Maria Malibran* a touch of melodic inspiration and reminiscent familiarity that must be admitted as exceedingly helpful. There is also a strain from Weber which works in nicely over a typical Bennett orchestration in the manner that he has used so successfully in some of the Kern operettas.

But after making his obeisance to these worthy composers, Mr. Bennett proceeds to write some perfectly good tunes of his own, one supposedly inspired by the song of a passer-by, another addressed to the local fire department, and still another which delightfully parodies the banalities of a fairly modern Tin Pan Alley. It is in combining this absurd effusion of a moronic lover with *Home, Sweet Home* (in reprise) that the composer achieves one of his most successful effects of counterpoint.

A great part of the score, however, makes no attempt at sustained melody, but comments in a crisp and lively fashion on what is being said and done on the stage. Mr. Bennett favors the strings in his orchestra, and generally avoids instrumentation or harmonies that would be out of place in the period of which he is writing. That period represents the New York of the early nineteenth century, when the fascinating *Maria Malibran* (née *Garcia*) flashed like a meteor across the scene, enchanting America as well as Europe with her singing, only to be involved in an unhappy marriage by her unscrupulous father, and to die tragically at twenty-eight.

Mr. Simon's book follows history up to a certain point, and then introduces a charming and credible romance with a young New Yorker, Philip Cartright, who steps out of the life of the prima donna at the moment when she might have renounced both her husband and her art for him.

Meanwhile the stage is peopled with such personages as the poet, Fitz-Breene Halleck (who immortalizes the fire department), D. C. Etienne, a music teacher, and once actually a conductor of the Philharmonic Society, Mrs. Prescott, a veritable Mary Boland of opera, Cornelia Bayard, the Dorothy Parker of her day, and Jacob Von Post, who considers himself a song-writer as well as a lover.

It should be noted that this highly successful American opera was given its premiere not at the Metropolitan, but at the Juilliard School of Music, which in another season will amount to the same thing. Admirably staged by Alfredo Valenti (Alfred Kaufmann to you), with original and beautiful settings by Frederick Kiesler and an excellent student orchestra directed by Albert Stoessel, *Maria Malibran* introduced two unusually good coloratura sopranos, in alternating casts, Helen Marshall and Josephine Antoine, supported by other voices that were more than adequate.

This department is disposed to prophesy that the new work will soon find its way to the Metropolitan Opera House, as well as to the screen, both of which would find Lily Pons a natural for the leading role. It may need a little fixing here and there, but it has the makings of permanent success. As Mr. Simon himself might say in an unguarded moment, "Honi soit qui Malibran."

CURTIS VISITS THE BIG CITY. Further evidences of the imagination and artistic integrity that may soon be expected in our more pompous and stodgy opera house were brought to New York recently by pupils, graduates and faculty members of the Curtis Musical Institute of Philadelphia, when they performed *The Barber of Seville* in English at the same theatre that was shortly to introduce *Maria Malibran.*

In this case a youngster named Margaret Codd, in the part of Rosina, gave unmistakable notice that there are plenty of good coloratura singers in this country, and that some of them can also look pretty while doing their stuff.

This road production of the Curtis people had sufficient novelty to make it entirely worthy of the Juilliard traditions, and to place it quite outside the conventions of what is generally considered grand opera. The translation of Natalia MacFarren proved that both the jokes and the musical effects of Rossini could be preserved in the transition from Italian to English, and the stage settings of Dr. Herbert Graf turned the whole thing into a colorful *Chauve Souris*, with the result that eyes and ears alike found it easy to take.

Fritz Reiner was a tremendous asset at the head of the orchestra, and in addition to Miss Codd's singing and acting there were highly effective stage performances by Abrasha Robofsky, as Bartolo, Eugene Loewenthal, as Basilio, Albert Mahler, as Almaviva, and Donald Beltz, as Figaro, the Barber. "Opera with its face lifted" was the description of one delighted listener.

THE METROPOLITAN SEES IT THROUGH. Gatti-Casazza's final season at the Metropolitan Opera House will probably be remembered chiefly for the rise of Kirsten Flagstad and the recognition of Lotte Lehmann. Through the magic of the first of these two singers, Wagner's *Tristan und Isolde*

Continued on page 149

The Candid Cameraman

Analyzing the film in which the dangerous subject of strikes was fitted into Hollywood's pattern

by MEYER LEVIN

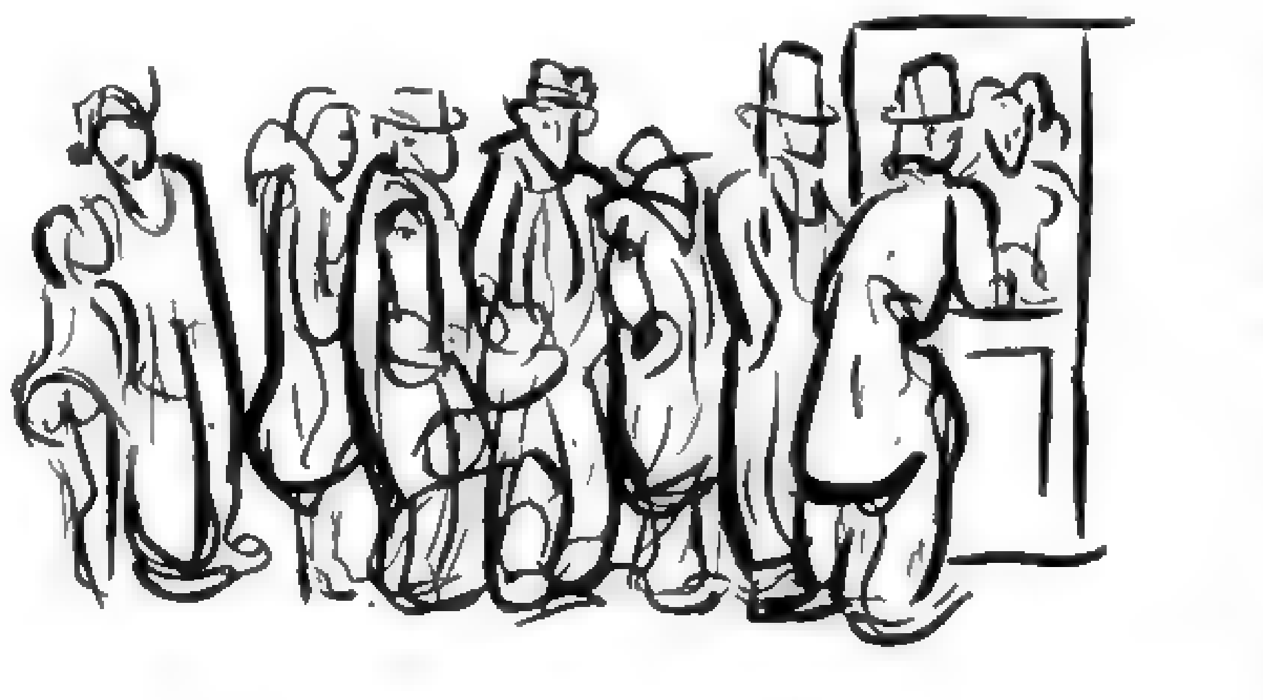
• MOVIES •

A Man's Guide to the Movies

GO OUT OF YOUR WAY TO SEE

Black Fury: In a class by itself, this picturization of a strike in a coal-mining town has Paul Muni, America's best actor, portraying a Polish-American worker who is good natured when let alone, but terrific when aroused. See the full review in a further column.

Chapaev: A Russian film with English titles. See it if it comes anywhere near your city. Propaganda aside, it is the most entertaining and amusing of Russian photoplays. Built around a characterization of the leader of one of the guerilla bands of fighters that sprung up during the revolution.



A simple, fierce fellow, not at all modest, laughable and lovable. About the serious business of war and revolution, but amazingly light-hearted. There is a sequence just before the battle, where the "general" is sprawled on the floor over a map, and his orderly hangs over the edge of one of those Russian ovens.

"Could you lead a real army?" the orderly asks. "Sure, why not?" "And if you were given a whole front?" "Sure, I could lead it." "And suppose you had all the armies in the whole war?" "Well, why not? With a little study, I could lead them." "But what if you had all the armies in the world?" "Ah," replies the naive general, "that I couldn't do. I don't know languages." And again, when, with the aid of a few potatoes, he shows where a general ought to be during the battle. He'll slay you!

Private Worlds: A perfect cast in what may really be called an intelligent photoplay. Deals with the doctors of a mental sanitarium, and captures that thin scarey line that divides the sane from the insane. Helen Vinson, portraying the woman-who-must-always-be-destroying-someone, gives the finest characterization, epitomizing a type that everyone has seen walking around and making the spectator draw the obvious conclusion. Claudette Colbert's steadily charming performance of the woman doctor is distinguished by unusually good use of voice.

Joel McCrea is very recognizable as a hot headed young psychiatrist, and Sam Hinds does an incisive bit as a doctor who was once a patient of the same asylum and whose clipped, barbed remarks are the sanest words uttered in the place. Another memorable small-parter is Esther Dale, whose gossipy, trouble-making matron is a gem. The most talked of, and most effective scene is that in which Joan Bennett, a lonesome wife, begins to hear voices. "Sally! Saaaallly! Sally, Sally Sally!" they call, echoing, whispering, shouting, from outside, from upstairs, from behind her. Daring, and shivery. But above all, the film has unity, pace, and veracity.

GO ALONG TO SEE

The Bride of Frankenstein: Splendid pictorial composition and dramatic lighting make this a worthy successor to Frankenstein. Ernest Thesiger, as Dr. Pretorius, a slimy savant, nearly steals the picture from monster Karloff.

The Devil is a Woman: Marlene Dietrich cuts loose and overacts the part of a shrugging, mincing Spanish beauty who digs her heels in the heart of the man who worships her. As usual, Von Sternberg overloads his story with startling camera artifice.

Go Into Your Dance: Finally, Al Jolson and wife, Ruby Keeler, get together in a back-stage musical and prove almost as fresh a team as Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers. The story is stale, the picture is long, and the production numbers are not so hot, but Ruby Keeler has never been more innocuously attractive. There's something so typical of the clean-girl-in-show-business about her that I, for one, can watch her for hours trying to figure out what makes the charm. Maybe it's those nicely rounded legs.

Les Miserables: Don't expect too much, and you'll enjoy it. The proportion of the picture is destroyed by that man Charles Laughton; just stick his face in a corner of the screen once and the rest of the picture seems dull. Even the versatile Frederic March can't hold his own against Laughton; as a consequence the villain becomes the hero of the story, which upsets the pattern of interest. Pretentious and big, the tone is no better than that of *The Count of Monte Cristo;* the touted sewer scene is disappointing, but on the whole the picture holds interest.

Naughty Marietta: A pleasant-enough musical with Jeanette MacDonald, Frank Morgan, the wife-plagued governor, and a hero with a nice voice. All about how a cargo of brides was brought to New Orleans, and a princess amongst 'em.

GO ALONG (with misgivings)

Case of the Curious Bride: Warren William as the sleuthy lawyer in a wisecrack and shivers detective piece. Competent entertainment, with echoes of *The Thin Man.*

$10 Raise: The fussily droll Edward Everett Horton as the wormy book-keeper who falls into a puddle of oil and turns.

Princess O'Hara: Light comedy Damon Runyon with honest gangsters, a taxi war, horse-racing, and Jean Parker driving a hansom cab. Very funny when Leon Errol and Vince Barnett try to revive the ancient art of horse-thieving.

Traveling Saleslady: Business rivalry between toothpaste firms. Hugh Herbert at the top of his usual bent as the goofy inventor of a cocktail toothpaste. Joan Blondell still has that shape. And much slamming of hotel-room doors during a buyer's convention.

WASTE

One Night in New York: Franchot Tone trying to play a lad from the sticks who gets involved in a hotel murder, and plays detecatif. Works pretty hard to get that light touch. He ought to go back to New York and save an actor.

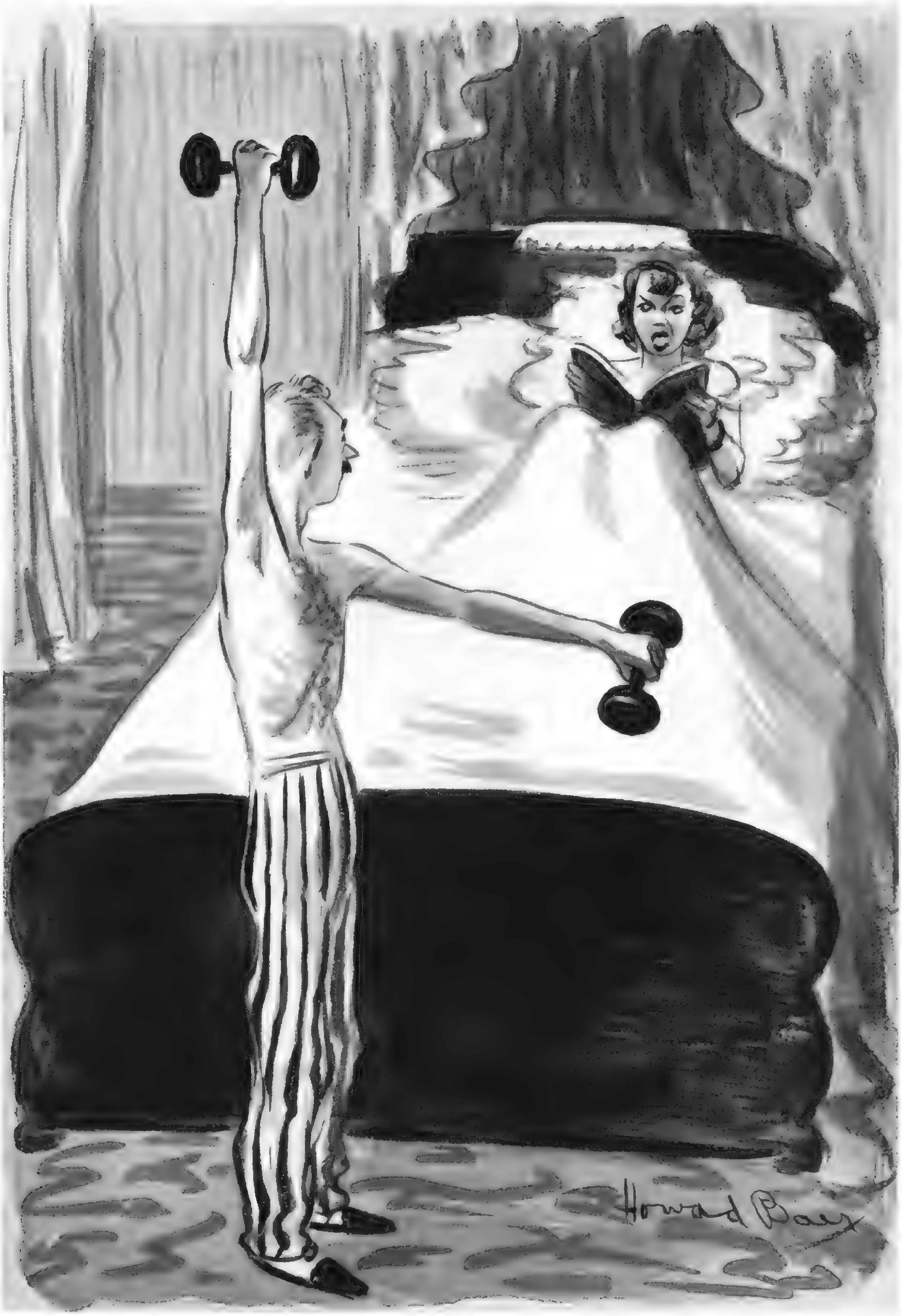
* * *

BROTHER, IT'S DYNAMITE!

So far as this department is concerned, the seneschals of cinema may close their books right now and award all the palms in the conservatory to Warner Bros. for their presentation of Paul Muni in *Black Fury.* If we get a better picture than this in 1935, this will indeed be a banner year for filmgoers. *Black Fury* is better acted, directed, written, than any picture of last year; and as the acting, direction, dialogue, swing into a single meaning, the photoplay possesses a reality rarely attained by an American production. *The President Vanishes* is the only other recent picture which, while remaining in the field of popular entertainment, even pretended to have something to say. *Black Fury* is far ahead of *The President Vanishes.*

In the category of art-films, there have

Continued on page 181


Howard Baer

"Say, what are you trying to do, scare me?"

The Music-Box Review

Just a sucker for a Strauss tone poem à la Boston Symphony but he gets his money's worth

by FRANK BLACK

• RECORDS •

I GUESS I'm just a sucker for a Strauss tone poem! However, I present with much joy the Boston Symphony Orchestra, under the direction of its distinguished conductor, Serge Koussevitzky, in a most beautiful performance of *Also Sprach Zarathustra.*

Up to now this has been probably the least understandable tone poem by Strauss, but this recording should clear up everything. Here is a great work played by a great orchestra, most painstakingly prepared, as any musician would be able to tell from one hearing of the record, and flawlessly recorded. Whatever minor defects may have occurred during the playing are so completely overshadowed by the whole conception of the work that they hardly count. Such things as the lower tympani in the introduction being a little flat must be glossed over in the face of such a fine performance of the whole work.

To get back to Richard Strauss who, after all, is only the composer—a fact which seems to be overlooked nowadays by many of our conductor-virtuosi who interpret and miss, and misinterpret to their own great glory and long-haired satisfaction—to get back to Strauss, I have often wondered how he kept up the flow of vitality which pervades most of his works, and certainly all of his tone poems. Of all his works these stand out as the top, and of them all, *Also Sprach Zarathustra* is probably the most complex. Not all the great composers were great orchestrators but to me here is the greatest tone colorist we have ever had. He has been accused of adding so many instruments to the orchestra, and mass formations, and plays, runs through center, and huddles, by other composers who say, "Well, if we worked with that big a group we could do it, too," that somebody should give them the ball to pass once in a while and see if they can make a first down with it.

Strauss' idea in writing this was simply to pay homage to Friedrich Nietzsche's genius, which, he thought, found its greatest exemplification in the book *Thus Spake Zarathustra.* He did not intend to write philosophical music, but simply to convey the mood or "idea of the development of the human race from its origin through the various phases of its development, religious and scientific, up to Nietzsche's idea of the Uebermensch." These are Strauss' own quotations, but I don't believe them. I believe you can get religious musically but when it came to science he introduced (pardon me) the most scientific thing in music—a double fugue. Just so that we understand one another, and you won't accuse me of being balmy or screwy for bringing up this fugue subject again, I'd like to give you the layman's explanation of just what a fugue is (the idea not being mine, but I think it is good)—a composition in which the voices come in one by one and the audience leaves all at once.

In fact, when most of the composers wrote in the contrapuntal style and happened to discover a melody, the greatest problem was for that melody "to be fugued or not to be."

All this may seem facetious in talking about a work as great as *Zarathustra.*

In the section titled *Of the Great Longing* there are passages of very stirring beauty, and the method that Strauss uses to build his climax, and his genius in the scoring of these passages is really remarkable. There are some climaxes that pull you out of your seat, others that sound just like a multitude of human voices chattering and muttering.

I am afraid I couldn't go on very much further without creating the impression of being a stockholder in Victor.

The places at which the discs stop are very plausible and logical, and you really don't mind getting up to change the record unless you are in your own easy chair for the evening. But don't think you can sit in an easy chair and doze off while this record is being played because you'll either play it and think about it, or you'd better not listen at all.

On the very last disc, don't accuse the orchestra of playing wrong notes because Strauss played a dirty trick on the modern young boys who call themselves polytonalists—he did it before they did, and I think in most cases very much more successfully. And to refute the statements that he needed too large an orchestra to do this with, he closes the whole show with a very few instruments, but these few are pretty stubborn; some are in one key and some in another.

I don't know why I should have talked so much about the tone poem itself, and seemingly neglected the Boston's playing of it, but I thought to outline the work to you because it needs a little explanation, and the performance of it needs no more than a hearing to convince me that I probably should have started this article by saying I am also a sucker for the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

VICTOR—MUSICAL MASTERPIECE SERIES—No. M-257

* * *

A sigh from the ladies! Mr. Nelson Eddy, whose appearance in the *Naughty Marietta* picture coincides with this Victor release, does very well by the songs which he sang in the picture. The big waltz, *I'm Falling in Love with Someone,* should make the hearts of our feminine population go pitter-patter, or whatever it is they do when a big, blond, masculine personality like Nelson Eddy appears on the horizon. I don't know whose idea it was to have the tenor role in this operetta sung by a baritone, but it was a good one. The recording of the voice is very good and so is the balance between the orchestra and the soloist.

I can not say as much for the reverse side, *Tramp, Tramp, Tramp Along the Highway.* Eddy is great in a blustering number like this; here is the popular conception of a real baritone song. In it are Indians, blood, rangers, fighters-are-we, and a male chorus, but the record seems to be tonally too crowded when the chorus and orchestra are tramping along together. My best wishes to Mr. Eddy, and I hope we may have more of him on discs.

VICTOR—No. 4280.

* * *

Here are two Bach favorites, and I hope you don't have to be told that a great many of Bach's compositions are on the road to becoming as well known as Mendelssohn's *Spring Song* or the *Melody in F.* God save us from having to be bored with the over-popularization of anything as beautifully conceived as even these two short works are.

The first, and probably most popular, is the *Air for the G String,* so called, whose right name is *Air from Suite in D Major.* It seems that the great violinist, Wilhelmj, made an arrangement to be played on the G string so that is the reason for the alias. Sir Henry Wood conducts the British Sym-

Continued in center of page 170

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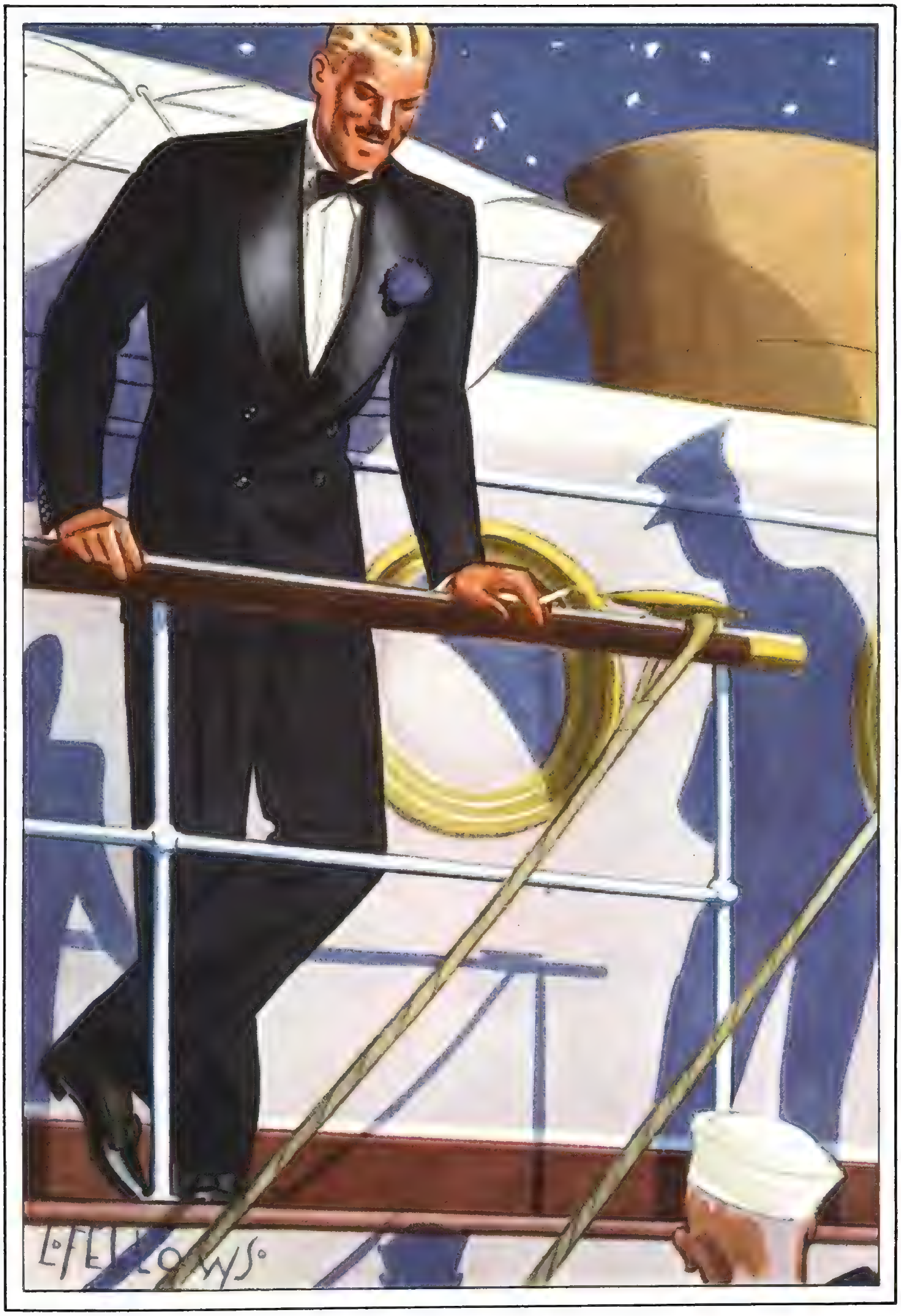

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(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 40 E. 34th, N. Y.)

The Listening Post

Continued from page 143

actually became the most popular opera of the year, breaking all box-office records for the old building; and Mme. Lehmann succeeded not only in establishing the Strauss *Rosenkavalier* as the masterpiece that it is, but in bringing new life to several other operas that had all but succumbed to the spell of perfunctory routine.

There was great interest in a late performance of Puccini's *Tosca*, with Lehmann in the title role, Tibbett as Scarpia, and Richard Crooks announced as Cavaradossi but unfortunately laid out on the operating table just about the time that the curtain went up. (He's all right now, with a useless appendix removed.)

Tibbett experimented dangerously with the Scarpia make-up, wearing a black wig and an unimpressive costume in the second act, but getting plenty of the old sex excitement into the seduction scene. The only trouble was that nobody could honestly sympathize with La Tosca when she resisted so amiable and charming a young man.

Martinelli, who substituted vociferously for Crooks, did not help the situation any when he raised such realistic hell with his captors that a series of unexpected pratfalls resulted. But Lehmann alone would have made the show worth while. Conductor Bellezza handicapped her by a pedestrian orchestral accompaniment, particularly in his inexcusable dragging of the hackneyed *Vissi d'Arte*, but she overcame it all and gave the melodramatic heroine a new life by her vibrant singing and acting.

Will the time ever come when the first cellist of the orchestra will learn to play those high notes in the third act in tune?

Incidentally, Lotte Lehmann gave one of the outstanding song recitals of the late season, again handicapped by inadequate accompaniments, but again rising above all material things and establishing the greatness of her art and spirit in some of the world's finest music (which does not include Tschaikowsky's *Nur wer die Sehnsucht kennt*).

Brahms Supreme. If any final proof was needed of the supremacy of Johannes Brahms in the whole musical field, and for all time, it was given in the course of the special series of Brahms programs in which Toscanini conducted the Philharmonic Symphony Society this spring. Musicians have long suspected that the little Hamburger, generally visualized with a long beard and a black cigar, is the genius who can longest and most safely stand the test of repeated performance, and just a little over a hundred years after his birth the general public is becoming convinced of the same thing.

Just to start an argument, why not come right out with the statement that all four of the Brahms symphonies are better than any of the nine of Beethoven, that the Brahms violin concerto is far ahead of any other music ever written for that instrument, that his two piano concertos are at least equal to the best in their field, and that he also has to his credit some of the finest songs, choral works and chamber music ever written? That seems to leave only grand opera, which Brahms wisely left to Wagner.

Beethoven and Schumann rolled into one, with the intellect of Bach, the simplicity of Haydn, the tenderness of Schubert, the imagination of Mozart, all expressed in a sufficiently modern medium, on the basis of consistent inspiration and a unique integrity of musicianship—that is Brahms. What more do you want?

Very Good, Eddy. This department takes pride in announcing that one of its All-American selections of last year, Nelson Eddy, has made the grade in motion pictures and proved to the great American public what most music-lovers knew several years ago, namely that this is one of the best combinations of voice and personality that we have yet produced. The cities that contain Community Concert Associations have been familiar with Nelson Eddy's singing for some time, but it took the film of *Naughty Marietta* to make him a national figure. A year ago this department warned him against getting a swelled head, but he can go as far as he likes now.

Strictly Confidential. Probably the most enjoyable and entertaining performance of the season at the Metropolitan was the Surprise Party given as a farewell to its retiring manager. . . . Our own Ray Knight as master of ceremonies and chief conspirator. . . . Lily Pons and Lauritz Melchior as alles-oop acrobats. . . . Pons, Swarthout and Jepson singing *Minnie the Moocher*. . . . Wagner's *Ring of the Nibelung*, cut down to a few minutes for the benefit of commuters.

Another good crack at the aesthetic bunk—the annual show of the Dutch Treat Club. . . . Gene Buck's opening lines about second vice-presidents, stooges, et al. . . . Also the one about the uplifting Camel ad. . . . Percy Waxman's lyrics, the March of Time, and some of the music of Armbruster, Gilbert, Reddick and Samuels. . . . These shows ought to be given to an audience that can hear them.

So the women's committee on radio gave its highest award to that orchestral program sponsored by General Motors and built by Henry Souvaine. . . . It was fun to be on it for the American Music Festival, even though some of the music was not particularly American. . . . And did that Gershwin piano concerto stand out like the Empire State Building on a foggy night? Some day it will be realized that there is the best piece of music yet written by an American.

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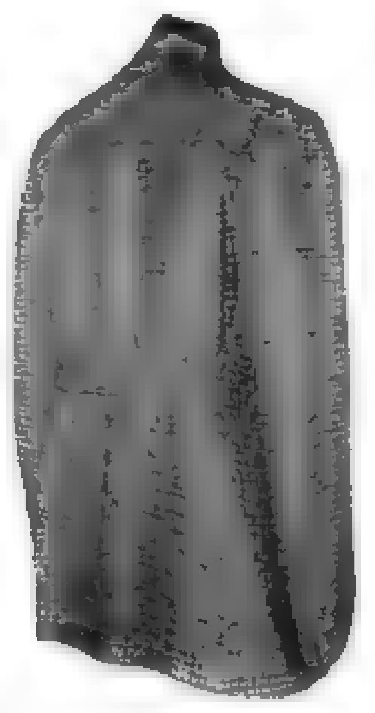

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Arnold Pentland

Continued from page 26

. . . Laws of Gravity. . . . Muh-muh-muh-muh—" again he gagged, craned his fat neck desperately along the edges of his dirty collar and burst out—"Mind of man! . . . Yet when dead—nothing! . . . No good! . . . Seven ten-penny nails worth more!" He paused, glaring, his throat working desperately again, and at length barked forth with triumphant concision: "Brisbane!" and was still.

"Ah-h!" Bascom muttered at this point, and his features contorted in an expression of disgust, he pushed his chair back, and turned half away—"What is he talk-ing about, anyway! . . . Gorillas—Harvard—Fourteen languages." Here he laughed sneeringly down his nose. "Phuh! Phuh! Phuh! Phuh! Phuh! . . . Homer—Dante—Newton seven ten-penny nails—Brisbane! . . . Phuh! Phuh! Phuh! Phuh! Phuh! . . . Did anyone ever hear such stuff since time began!" And contorting his powerful features he laughed sneeringly down his nose again.

"Yes!" cried Arnold angrily, throwing down his napkin and glaring at his father with wild resentful eyes, shot suddenly with tears—"And you, too! . . . No match for guh-guh-guh-guh-*gorilla*!" he yelled. "Think you are! . . . Egotist! . . . Muh-muh-muh—" he paused, gagging, worked his neck along his greasy collar and burst out—"Megalomaniac! . . . Always were! . . . But no match gorilla . . . get you!"

"Ah-h!" Bascom muttered, confiding his eloquent features into vacancy with an expression of powerful disgust—"You don't know what you're talk-ing about! . . . He has no conception—oh, not the slightest!—not the faintest!—none whatever!" he howled, waving his great hand through the air with a gesture of scornful dismissal—

The next Sunday, when Eugene had gone to Bascom's house, he was surprised when the old man himself came to the door and opened it. In response to the boy's quick inquiry about his aunt, Bascom, puckering his face in a gesture of disgust, and jerking his head towards the kitchen, muttered:

"Ah-h! She's in there talking to that—fool! . . . But come in, my boy!" he howled, with an instant change to cordiality. "Come in, come in, come in!" he yelled enthusiastically. "We've been expecting you"

From the kitchen came the sound of voices—a woman's and a man's at first low, urgent, blurred, then growing louder; and suddenly he could hear Arnold's voice, the wrenched-out, desperate speech now passionately excited:

"Got to! . . . I tell you, mother, I've got to! . . . She needs me . . . and I've got to go!"

"But, Arnold, Arnold!" his mother's voice was tenderly persuasive and entreating. "Now quiet, dear, quiet! Can't you quiet yourself a moment while we talk about it?"

"Nothing to talk about!" his voice wrenched the words out desperately. "You've seen the letters, mother. . . . You see what she says, don't you?" his voice rose to a hysterical scream.

"Yes, dear, but—"

"Then what is there to talk about?" he cried frantically. . . . "Don't you see she wants me? . . . Don't you see she's in some terrible trouble with that—that brute . . . that she's begging me to come and take her away from him?"

"Oh, Arnold, Arnold!" his mother's voice was filled with pitiable entreaty, hushed with an infinite regret. "My poor boy, can't you see that all she says is that if you ever go out there she would be glad to see you." He made some blurted out reply that was indecipherable and then, speaking gently but incisively, she continued: "Arnold:—listen to me, my dear. This woman is a married woman, twenty years older than yourself, with grown children of her own. . . . Don't you understand, my dear, that those letters are just the friendly letters that a woman would write to a boy she once taught in school? Don't you see how much these letters you have written her have frightened her—how she is trying in a kind way to let you know—"

"It's a lie!" he said in a choking tone"—a dirty lie! You're against me like all the rest of them! I'll not listen to you any longer! I'll go and get her—I'll bring her back with me, no matter what you say—and to hell with you!" he yelled. "To hell with all of you!"

There was a sound of scrambling confusion, and then he came flying through the swinging door that led into the kitchen, jamming his battered hat down on his head, his eyes wild with grief and anger, his lips trembling and convulsed, murmuring soundless imprecations as he fled. And his mother followed him, a small wren-like figure of a woman, her face haggard, stamped with grief and pity, calling: "Arnold! Arnold!" desperately to that fat untidy figure that went past like a creature whipped with furies, never pausing to look or speak or say good-bye to anyone, as he ran across the room, and left the house, slamming the door behind him.

The story, with its wretched delusion, was pitiable enough. Since his second year at high school, Arnold had cherished a deep affection for a woman who had taught him at that time. She was one of the few women who had ever shown a scrap of understanding for him, and her interest had been just the kindly interest that a warm-hearted and intelligent woman might feel for a wretched little boy. To her, as to everyone else, he had been an ugly duckling, but this had wakened her protective instinct, and actually made him dearer to her than the more attractive children. And because of this she had taught him more—done more for him—than any other person he had ever known, and he had never forgotten her.

When Arnold had left school, this woman had married and moved to California with her husband. But in the twenty years that had elapsed since then her old friendship with the boy—for "boy" he still was to her—had never been broken. During all that time Arnold had written her several times a year—long rambling letters filled with his plans, despairs, ambitions, hopes and failures; the incoherent record of an incoherent personality—and the woman had always answered him with short, brisk, friendly letters of her own.

And during all these years, while he remained to her the "boy" that she had taught, her own personality was undergoing a fantastic transformation in his memory. Although she had been a mature and rather spinsterly female when he had known her, and was now a grey-haired woman in the upper fifties it seemed to him now that she

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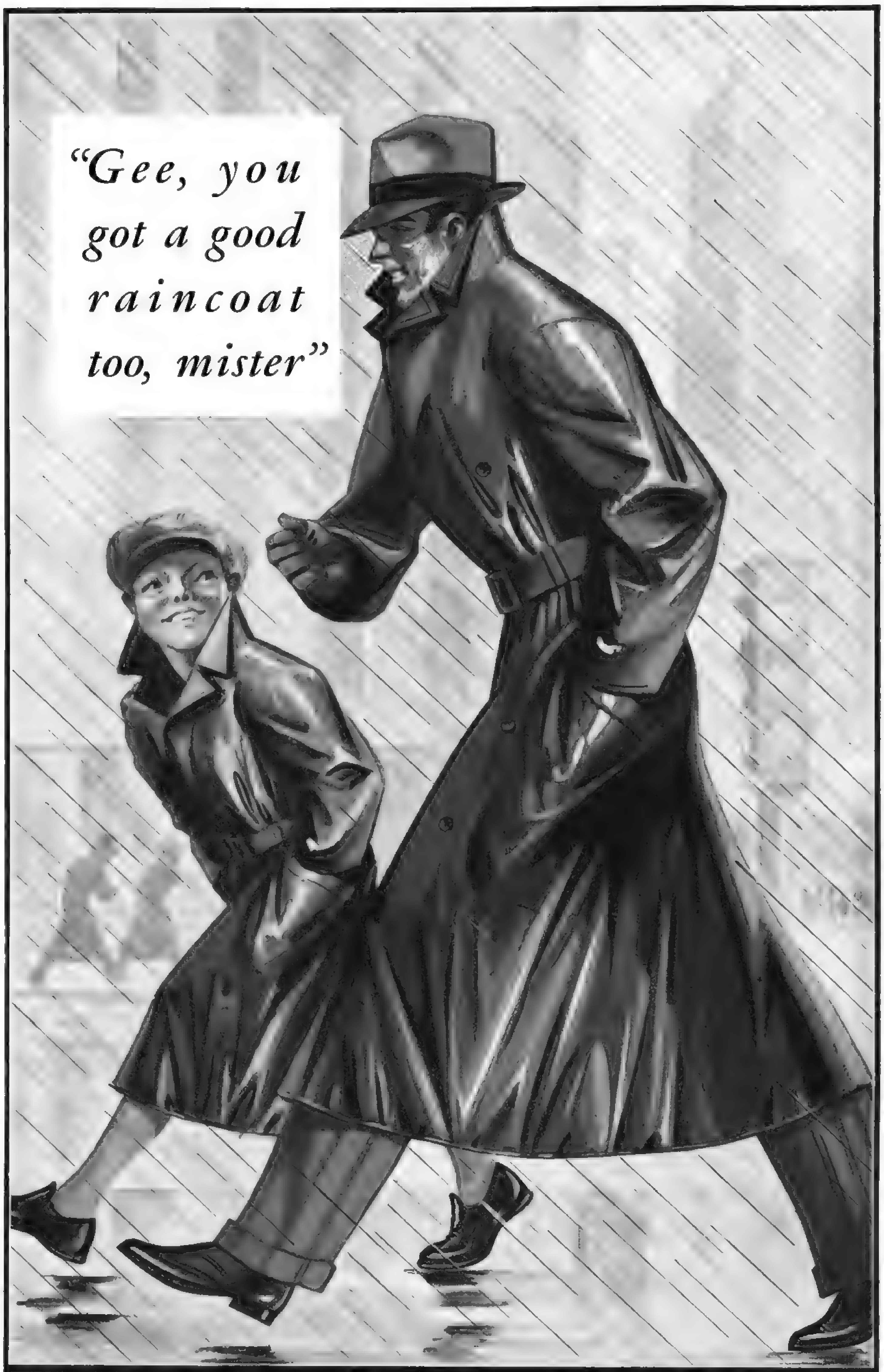
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See us also on page 157

Arnold Pentland

Continued from page 151

had never been anything but young and beautiful and fair.

And as that picture developed in his mind it seemed to him that he had always loved her—as a man would love a woman—and that the only possible meaning in these casual and friendly letters that she wrote to him, lay in the love she bore for him.

Nothing could be done to stop him. For months now he had come to his mother with trembling haste each time that he received one of the letters. He would read them in a trembly voice, finding in the most casual phrases the declarations of a buried love. And his own replies to these friendly notes had become steadily more ardent and intimate until, at last, they had become the passionate and hysterical professions of a man in love. The effect of this correspondence on the woman was evident—evident to everyone but Arnold himself. At first, her replies had been written in the same friendly tone that had always characterized her notes to him, but a growing uneasiness was apparent. It was evident that in a kindly way she was trying to check this rising tide of passion, divert his emotion into the old channel of fellowship. Then, as his letters increased in the urgent ardour of their profession, her own had grown steadily more impersonal; the last, in answer to his declaration that he "must see her and would come at once," was decidedly curt. It expressed her cold regret that such a visit as he proposed would be impossible—that she and her family would be "away for the summer"—told him that the journey to California would be long, costly, and unpleasant, and advised him to seek his summer's recreation in some more agreeable and less expensive way.

Even the chilling tenor of this letter failed to quench him. Instead, he "read between the lines," he insisted on finding in these curt phrases the silent eloquence of love, and though months had passed since this last letter, and he had written many ardent times since then, he was even convinced that her protracted silence was just another sign of her love—that she was being suppressed through fear, that she was held in bitter constraint by that tyrannical "brute," her husband—a man of whom he knew nothing, but for whom he had conceived a murderous hatred.

Thus, against all the persuasions of his mother he had decided to go. And that day when he had fled out of his father's house with bitter imprecations on his lips, had marked the final moment of decision. Nothing could be done to stop him, and he went.

He was gone perhaps a month; no one knew exactly how long he was away, for none of his family saw him for about a year. And what the result of that strange meeting may have been, they never heard—and yet never needed to be told.

From that moment on he was completely lost to them; the legend of that last defeat, the ruin of that final and impossible hope was written on him, inscribed on his heart and living in his eyes in letters of unspeakable terror, madness, and despair.

One night in April when Eugene had been prowling around the dark and grimy streets of the South Boston slums he saw a familiar figure in lower Washington street. It was his cousin, Arnold Pentland. A fine spring rain had been falling all night long, and below the elevated structure the pavements were wet and glistening. Arnold was standing at a corner, looking around with a quick distracted glance, clutching a tattered bundle of old newspapers under one arm.

Eugene ran across the street, calling to him, "Arnold! Arnold!" The man did not seem to hear at first, then looked around him in a startled way and at last, as Eugene approached him, calling him by name again, he shrank together and drew back, clutching his bundle of old papers before him with both hands and looking at his cousin with the terror-stricken eyes of a child who has suddenly been attacked.

"Arnold!" the other cried again, "*Arnold!* Don't you know me? . . . I'm your cousin—Eugene!" And as he made another step towards the man, his hand outstretched in greeting, Arnold scrambled back with such violent terror that he almost fell and then, still holding the bundle of old papers before him protectively, stammered:

"Duh—duh—duh—don't know you. . . . Some mistake!"

"Oh, there's no mistake!" the boy cried impatiently. "You know me! . . . I've met you a dozen times at Uncle Bascom's house. . . . Look here, Arnold," he took off his own hat so that the man could better see his face— "You know me now, don't you?"

"No!—no!" Arnold gasped, moving away all the time. "Wrong man. . . . Name's not Arnold!"

The other stared at him a moment in blank astonishment and then exploded:

"Not Arnold! Of course, it's Arnold! Your name's Arnold Pentland, and you're my first cousin. Look here, Arnold; what the hell is this anyway? What are you trying to do?"

"No! . . . No! . . . Mistake, I tell you. . . . Don't know you! Name's not Arnold. . . . Name's Arthur Penn."

"I don't give a damn what you call yourself!" Eugene now cried angrily. "You're Arnold Pentland just the same, and you're not going to get away from me until you admit it! Look here! What kind of trick is this anyway? What are you trying to pull on me?"—and in his excitement he took the man by his arm and shook him.

Arnold uttered a long wailing cry of terror and wrenching free struggled backward crying:

"You leave me alone now! . . . All of you leave me alone! . . . I never want to see any of you again!"

And turning he began to run blindly and heavily away, a grotesque and pitiable figure, clutching his bundle of sodden newspapers, bent over toward the rain.

Eugene watched him go with a feeling of nameless pity, loneliness, and loss—the feeling of a man who for a moment in the huge unnumbered wilderness of life, the roaring jungle of America, sees a face he knows, a kinsman of his blood, and says farewell to him forever. For that moment's vision of that fat, stumbling figure running blindly away from him down a dark wet street was the last he would ever have. He never saw the man again.

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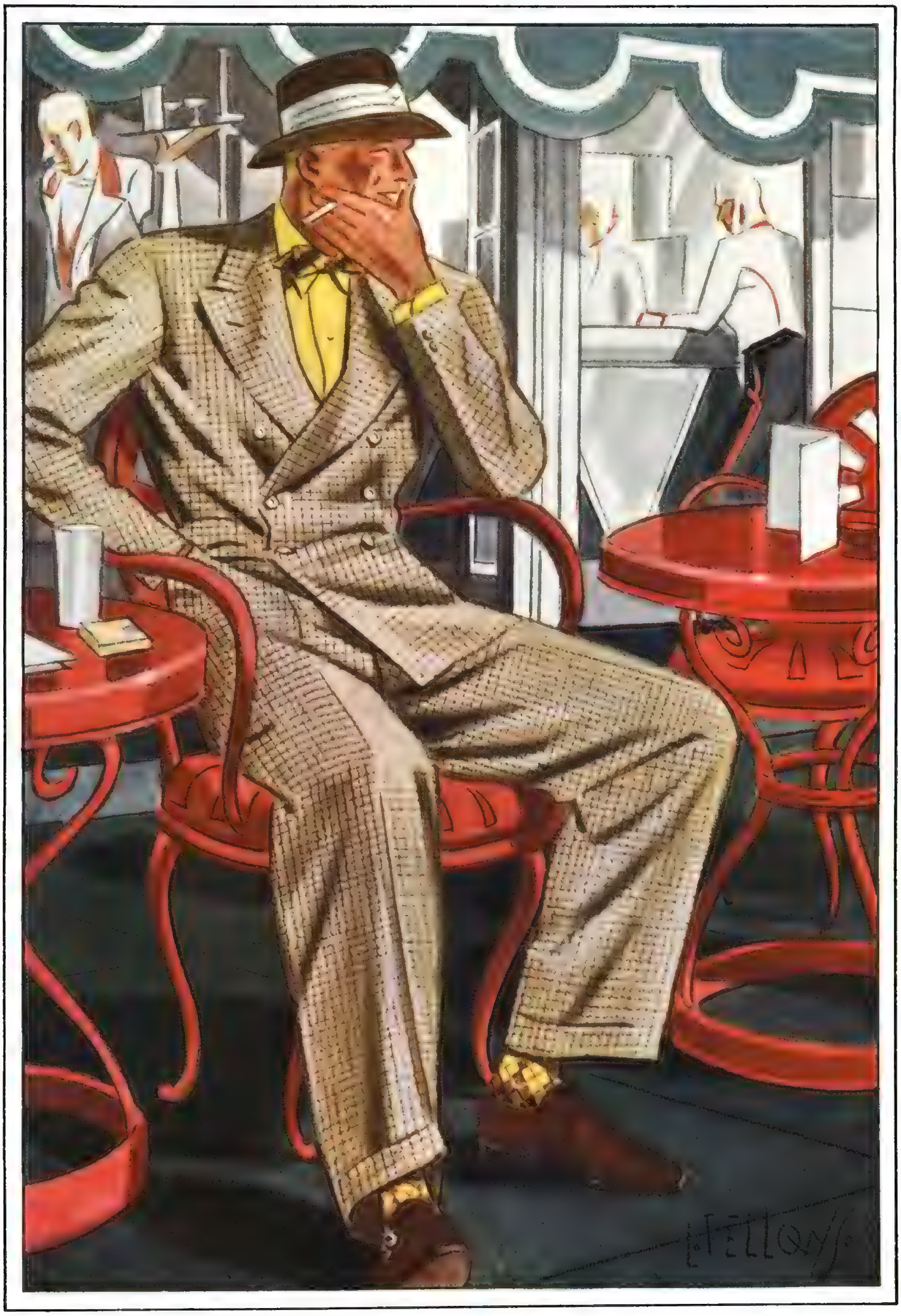

SAIL FOR A SEERSUCKER FOR A COOL CHANGE

Does that heading surprise you? Did you think the man was wearing a wool suit? Did you think that seersucker *always* came in those crinkly stripes that looked like ribbons of toothpaste on a ground of corrugated board? Well, you're partly right. It always did, until fairly recently. But now you can get it in such brave new patterns as the small brown and white check shown here, and it's a case of handsome is as handsome does. With this vestless double-breasted the recommended accessories are a yellow mesh shirt worn with an India madras bow tie with pointed ends, a dark brown Leghorn hat with white silk puggree band, very light-weight wool hose (don't be surprised—lots of men swear by wool the whole year 'round) in a brown and yellow Argyle pattern, and brown suede monk front shoes. The jacket of this suit combines very well with white, tan, or grey flannel slacks.

(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 40 E. 34th, N. Y.)

Exit the Boob

Continued from page 33

happens to be completely different. The business of a correct answer is to ask a question. The business of a simple answer is the business of a machine gun bullet: to know that it knows.

I do not know that I know—I merely feel deeply—that your correspondent is no mechanism. He is not a "nasty" and he is not a "red" and he is not a "jingo" and he is not a "pacifist" and he is not a "solar engine" and he is not any other form of simple answer. He is alive. What is more, he enjoys nothing so much as being alive. What is most, he would not (so far as an ignorant bloke like him can guess) willingly exchange the worst spontaneous complexity of life for the best premeditated simplicity of something else. Artists are odd, that way. In the immortal words of no less modest a specimen of complexity than the Polish artist Marcoussis "we are living in an Apocalypse. It is necessary to be very intelligent." Certainly not quite oddly enough, a very great many prophets, cranks, busybodies, snobs, opportunists, simple folks (and other nonartists) do not know that they do not know precisely what the word Apocalypse means.

By God, a good dictionary ought to get up on its hind legs and tell them, sometime.

Just a moment (interrupts somebody whom, for the sake of brevity, we'll call Z). I heartily disapprove of cranks (Z comfortingly continues) but there's something of which I disapprove even more heartily; and that's a supercrank. What do I mean by a supercrank? I mean the world's only extant Total Loss: The Art For Art's Sake guy. At least cranks care enough about their fellow men to try to influence them. Not so your Artist With A Capital A. O no: He lives in an Ivory Tower; and He sings hymns to Abstract Beauty; and He doesn't give a hoot in Hell if the whole human race goes to the dogs. He expects mere human beings to appreciate His "genius." Absolutely: and He wonders why out-and-out honest-to-God Flesh-and-blood men and women, who don't shirk their responsibilities to the community and who'd rather drop dead than lead the parasitic existence which He idolizes, somehow can't afford to waste their meager leisure pulling three or four stale ideas out of several tons of affected gibberish which He, forsooth, calls His "work"! See what I'm driving at? Huh? Get the illusion? Speak up!

I think you mean "allusion," my friend; but let that pass. You apparently dislike snobs; so do I. And of snobs there are many varieties.

Only the other day, for instance, I was talking to a variety of snob which might fairly be called the supersnob. Listen (I said to this supersnob) here's a coin, called a "nickel"; it has two sides, "heads" and "tails." And if I did flip it, the question would be: "heads" or "tails"? If, on the other hand, I felt like taking the El to 125th Street, the question would be, not "heads" or "tails," but is it a "nickel" or isn't it? Very well. Now for a metaphor: there is a coin called "dictatorship"; it has two sides, "fascism" and "communism." If you're a guy who thinks he's lucky, you get all excited over the question: which side up will "dictatorship" land—shall we have "communism" or "fascism"? If, however, you're a man who wants to get somewhere—and if "dictatorship" is your last coin—and if you find that "dictatorship" fails to produce the desired result, that it hasn't the value it claims to have, that it simply doesn't turn the trick, that (in short) it's a dud—then what do you do? You grin, baby, and you walk. That's what I said to the supersnob. And he answered: but it might rain.

Fortunately, there still exist persons for whom living means something more complex than keeping out of the rain. Some of these backward, unscientific, possibly even idiotic, persons are artists; the vast majority are not. None of these insufficiently mechanized monsters can possibly be called snobs or supersnobs or Ivory Tower lads. Maybe these pitifully outmoded reactionaries, who haven't forgotten what feet are for, constitute "forgotten men"; I wouldn't know that I knew. One of them, in Biblical parlance, is my neighbor. He resides near me, in a town called Silver Lake, in the state of New Hampshire; and his incomparable name is actually Mike Frost.

Now, ladies and gents, having handed the so-called institution of modern warfare some dirty cracks, I shall (with your permission) allow Mike Frost to lay a sweet bouquet upon the so-called altar of freedom. Listen—

Mike Frost is no slouch. By which I mean that, if he fought the recent war (alias the great war, alias the war to end wars) on his so-called native heath, it was Uncle Sam's fault for not getting Mike Frost any further away from Silver Lake, New Hampshire, than Portsmouth, New Hampshire—which was nevertheless a Big Change. Mike Frost, alias my neighbor, was grateful to Uncle Sam for the Big Change. What is more, Mike Frost enjoyed every inch of the War. With A Capital A. What is most, that well nigh fatal crusade to end all attempts to make this so-called world safe for anything whatever—by furnishing my neighbor, Mike Frost, with such otherwise unattainable complexities as Travel and Irresponsibility—equals unto this very hour the biggest, if not the only, so-called thing in the so-called life of a so-called human being.

Verbum sap. #

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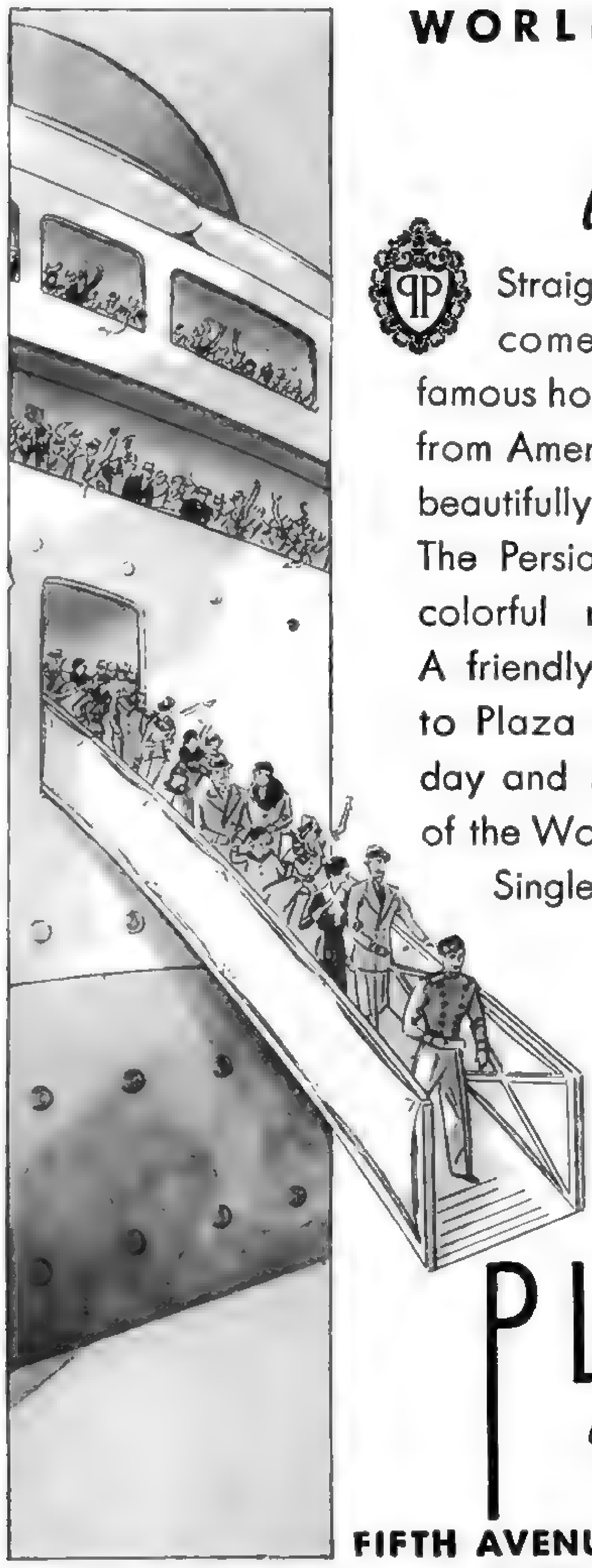

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Hickory—Old and New

Continued from page 40

more at the end of 1935 than at the beginning, that wd/ be profit?

And to whom wd. that profit belong? And if so why not pay dividends?

Sounds funny because its delightful. Been drug up so long on masochistic ideas that the suggestion of a pleasant spring time after the winter sounds perfectly crazy. Cocaine Sal? what? But if the whole U.S.A. made a profit, if it produced more than it ate and wore out between Jan. 1, 1 and Jan. 1, 1935/ '36, who shd. worry?

What do you think it costs the nation, the whole damn caboodle, to produce what it does produce?

It costs the blighters what they eat and wear out; and have to hand over when they swap things to other nations in order to get what they ain't got.

Who, in fact, who the Hell owns the difference between the punk wheat they used to sow before Mark Carleton got 'em wheat that wdn't go rotten?

Carleton is dead, died broke. He don't own it. Tom Jefferson said "The earth belongs to the living." That's another bright line they don't put in the schoolbooks. What in the hell are schools for?

P.S.—While I think of it. Tom Edison, the boy that invented the fonygraft and a lot of electric ginkises, when he got old began to think about money. There is a bloke down in Washington knows this. I don't know that it is officially secret. If Tom Edison the great telegraphic expert had just kept on living he wd. have fetched right up with Gesell, or mebbe with Douglas (C. H.) Tom was thinking along nice and straight. He knew what our gran pops knew, that you don't have to have metal in order to have valid money. He wanted to cut through interest burden.

There has been plenty of money, and paper money, made in this world without either a government or a bank there to make it. And a lot of it was perfectly good. #

On Being Shot Again

Continued from page 25

and sat down. The crack of the gaff shaft breaking and the report of the pistol had been at the same instant and no one else had heard the pistol go off. I could not see how there could have been more than one shot then. But where did the other wounds come from? Could I have pulled the trigger twice or three times without knowing it the way former mistresses did in the testimony regarding Love Nest Killings. Hell no, thought your correspondent. But where did all the holes come from then?

"Get the iodine, Bread."

"What did it, Cap?"

"I got shot when the gaff broke."

All this time the President was working hard on his *galano.*

"I can't figure it," I said. "There's a regular wound from a bullet that has mushroomed, but what in hell is all the little stuff? Look and see if you can find a hole in the cockpit where I was standing, or a bullet."

"Do you want a drink, Cap?" Bread asked.

"Later on."

"There ain't any bullet, Cap," Saca said. "Nowhere there at all."

"It's in there then. We've got to hook the hell up and go in."

"We got to pick up the dinghy, Cap," Bread said. "That we turned loose when you hung the sharks."

"Jeez Hem that's a hell of a note," Dos said. "We better go in."

"We better cut Mike loose," I said.

Saca went back to tell the President who was still working on the *galano*. The Pres. cut his line and came up to where I was sitting. "Hell, kid, I didn't know you were shot," he said. "I thought you were kidding. I felt some splatters hit my shoes. I thought you were joking. I wouldn't have kept on with the damned shark."

Your correspondent stood up and went back to the stern. There, on the top of the brass strip on top of the combing, slanted a little inside, was the starry splash the bullet had made when it ricocheted. That explained the fragments. The body of the bullet was in my left calf evidently. There was absolutely no pain at all. That is why your correspondent wrote at the head of this letter that if you want to stop large animals you should shoot for bone.

We boiled some water, scrubbed with an antiseptic soap, poured the holes all full of iodine while running into Key West. Your correspondent has to report that he made an equally skillful shot on his lunch into a bucket while running in, that Doctor Warren in Key West removed the fragments, probed, had an X-ray made, decided not to remove the large piece of bullet which was about three or four inches into the calf, and that his judgment was vindicated by the wound keeping clean and not infecting and that the trip was delayed only six days. The next of these letters will be from Bimini. Your correspondent hopes to keep them informative and casual.

One thing I am willing to state definitely now, in spite of all the literature on the subject that you have ever read, is that sailfish do not tap a bait to kill it. They take hold of a bait, more or less gingerly, between their lower jaw and the bill. Their lower jaw is movable and their upper jaw is fixed and is elongated into the bill or rostrum. What is mistaken for a tap is when the fish takes hold of the bait lightly and pulls on it tentatively. When the fish comes at the bait from directly behind it in order to take it in his mouth he must push his bill out of water to bring the bait within seizing range of the lower jaw. This is an awkward position to swim in and the fish's bill wobbles from side to side with the effort. While it is wobbling it might tap the leader or the bait even. But it would be accidental rather than a tap given to kill the bait.

If sailfish tap the bait rather than take it how would they be caught on baits fished from outriggers as they are fished on the charter boats at Miami and Palm Beach? The baited line is held by a wooden clothespin and the fish *must take hold of it to pull it loose.*

I came to consider the possibility of sailfish not tapping through watching more than four hundred marlin swordfish hit a bait without tapping it in spite of all I had read about them tapping. This winter I began to think about the question of whether sailfish tapped or not and we all watched their swimming action in the water very closely and also watched the way they hit. All this winter I did not see a single sailfish tap a bait; and on one day we hooked nine. Now I believe they never tap a bait to kill it any more than a marlin does.

One other thing we have found out this winter and spring. Large fish, marlin, big dolphin and sailfish, hang about the turtles, both green and loggerhead, that you see scudding, floating, or feeding in the Gulf Stream.

Always pass a bait close to a turtle when you see one out there. I believe the large fish hang around to feed on the small fish that congregate in the shade and the shelter of the turtle; exactly as they will congregate around your own boat if you are broke down or drifting in the stream.

Blue marlin also turned up this winter off Key West. One was caught and three others were hooked and broke away. We raised five during the winter; had strikes from two, and failed to hook either one. They surged at the strip bait, then followed for awhile and went down. Two were raised just outside the reef in about twelve fathoms of water. The other three were out better than ten miles in the stream.

On the way to Bimini we want to troll well out toward the axis of the Gulf Stream and see what we can raise. There is a lot of very fine looking current out there with a world of flying fish in it, that we have had to cross going back and forth to Cuba and you cannot tell what we may hit. Your correspondent plans not to hit himself in the leg. ⧻

Rogers Peet · Makers of Fine Clothes

Fair rivals make fast friends!

Put Princeton and New Haven on a field of sport and there's bound to be a good scrap! But when it is a question of what a well-dressed man should wear, their opinions are identical!

We know—for we sent a variety of our newest patterns to 1800 men at Princeton and New Haven asking for their first, second and third choice.

The amazing result was that their votes varied infinitesimally. The fabrics they chose, and a lavish variety in addition, are available at any Rogers Peet store.

Rogers Peet hand-tailored suits from $45.
Rogers Peet hand-tailored sport jackets from $20.
Rogers Peet hand-tailored slacks from $10.

Rogers Peet Company

In New York: Fifth Avenue at 41st Street, Broadway at Liberty, Warren, 13th and 35th Streets *In Boston:* Tremont at Bromfield

The Blind-Flying Professor

Continued from page 92

of the revolving beacons which he had been used to in the States. His only landmarks were two lighthouses at widely separated points along the route. And, of course, when the weather was thick even they were of no use to him. Radio was a thing of the distant future. Even the ground communications were slow. Weather data was always at least twenty-four hours old and despatches notifying his point of call that he was on the way invariably arrived after he had landed. Stark had to depend on his turn and bank indicator, his air speed and rate-of-climb indicators, his compass and his watch. He had to change his compass course three times during the flight and his watch told him when to make the changes, if the ground was out of sight.

At times even the take-off presented difficulties. With the fog right down on the water, only one hundred feet or so above it, obstructions made take-offs in the usual area too dangerous. Then his ground crew would tow him out into the broad mouth of the River Platte, head him in the general direction of Montevideo and cast him loose. He had practically an unlimited space for his take-off run and it was sure to be clear. He would be out of sight of the boat after a run of less than 100 yards.

On one of his trips he was startled to feel the plane suddenly begin to buck and weave. Strenuous and extreme manipulation of the controls failed to have much effect. He was flying blind above the ocean just off shore and that was bad enough. To have the plane itself misbehave created an impossible situation. He was *too low* to jump out when he discovered the escape hatch above and just to the rear of his head had blown open. The resistance the hatch offered to the wind and the violently disturbed air which it caused to flow backward to the tail control surfaces accounted for a reduction of about thirty miles per hour in speed and the bucking and yawing.

Stark decided to stick with the ship, slipped back into his seat and, closing the throttle, eased it down toward the water. He had a 100-foot ceiling, but in the dark he couldn't see the water until just as his pontoons came in contact. He fastened the hatch against all possibility of a repetition of the mishap and took off again into the fog-filled air to complete his trip on schedule. Many more times he amazed and thrilled the ground crews by landing on water he could not see, judging the approximate level of the surface by the sea-level lights of a distant town or village.

He displayed his blind flying mettle on the very first run he ever made over that South American route. The plane had not been fitted with gasoline tanks of sufficient size. Furthermore, it was wing heavy. For 125 miles he had a ceiling of only 125 feet. He ran short of fuel before reaching Porto Allegre and missed his connections with the big flying boat. He beached the plane at a small city and hunted for a supply of gasoline.

After considerable trouble with the language, complicated by native indifference to his plight, Stark got enough fuel to get him through to his destination. The flying boat had departed many hours before.

The only time he had flown north of that point was when he had gone south as a passenger a few days before to take over his job. Nevertheless he started out in pursuit. He had been flying through the previous night. He flew north that day and at ten that night in inky darkness he flew over Rio harbor and though it was entirely strange to him except for the brief glimpse he had had of it in daylight on the southbound journey, he safely set his pontoons down on the harbor surface and taxied to where the flying boat was moored. The next morning he started back for his regular beat.

On his mail runs with Eastern Air Lines (then known as Eastern Air Transport) Stark further distinguished himself and had the satisfaction of seeing the 1-2-3 system become a by-word among the rank and file of American pilots. He flew into Atlanta with the mail one night when the only evidence of the airport he could find was the revolving beacon on a 90-foot tower on the roof of the Eastern Air hangar. He circled lower and lower about the building, shut his engine and shouted for the flood lights to be turned on. Finally he skidded around one corner of the building and shot out onto the field for a safe landing. Only then did he discover that the flood lights had been burning for some time but had been invisible because their horizontal rays had not penetrated upward through the swirling fog above.

On another occasion he had as a co-pilot a man who had been one of the better known commercial test pilots and bad weather fliers. Stark laconically announced after some minutes of flying that they had arrived over Baltimore. The ground had been obscured from the start by dense clouds and fog. The co-pilot tensed and his face whitened. He had never seen Stark's brand of instrument flying before and he expected the worst. Stark guided the big passenger ship slowly downward in wide circles. The altimeter needle dropped lower and lower. Well under five hundred feet the plane pushed its nose into the clear and there directly below was the airport. The co-pilot did not recover his composure for many minutes. Stark climaxed his career with Eastern Air by checking out fifty-five pilots in preparation for the Federal examination in instrument flying.

By his demonstrations and by the published expositions of his system an outstanding service in debunking, simplifying and standardizing bad weather flying was performed and if there is a distinguished flying cross for that sort of thing Stark should get it.

Shy, soft-spoken when he speaks at all, deliberate in thought and action, lacking entirely in the dash popularly associated with the typical air mail pilot, Stark goes persistently about his aerial research and experimental work, which he considers far from completed. There is more to instrument flying than merely reading and interpreting correctly the instruments which enable the pilot to keep his plane right side up in the thickest kind of "soup."

Having attained control of the airplane, the pilot must be able to maneuver it skillfully onto the desired course and he must be able to follow the radio range beacon path and interpret accurately the signals which it sends to him. And to really qualify as a bad-weather pilot, he must know much more about meteorology than the average pilot of today does, and must have experience in meeting the worst possible conditions and utilizing his instrument flying ability to conquer the situation.

The airline pilots of today are weak in bad weather flying experience according to Stark. The majority of airline pilots and almost all of the commercial pilots doing miscellaneous flying have holes in their armor in this respect. No pilot, he says, should be judged a graduate of an instrument flying course until he has gone through a sample of bad weather with the instrument flying instructor sitting beside him as co-pilot to give him the extra ounce of confidence and experience he needs in combating for the first time the whole range of bad weather flying conditions. Training under a hooded cockpit is merely elementary preparation for bad weather flying.

For example, an airline pilot recently selected the wrong radio range beam at a junction point while flying blind with a load of passengers and flew *away* from his destination instead of *toward* it. Finally discovering an error had been made he climbed above the clouds to wait for daylight, when he nosed down to a safe landing hundreds of miles from his objective. The fact that his passengers were good sports about it and that his comrades were amused, doesn't ameliorate the seriousness of such a mistake in these days of advanced air transportation.

Such an error is blamed by Stark on what is called the 90-degree system of locating the radio range station. It is the prevailing system and has been recommended by the Department of Commerce. In practise the pilot executes a 90-degree turn when he encounters the beam and a check of the signals he receives in the two directions is expected to orient him. Stark points out that when the pilot encounters the beam at certain extreme angles in the first place he is liable to get lost or at least to go many miles out of the way to get himself on the right track. He has used with consistent success his fade-out system in which the pilot flies in the direction of the increasing volume, or away from it, depending upon the pilot's judgment. This utilization of the fade-out feature of the radio range beam, overlooked entirely in the 90-degree method, has been used successfully by one of the country's major airlines.

Stark has pioneered and explored as realistically as any adventurer in the Arctic or the tropics, though the trails he has blazed are ethereal and seldom of the sort that inspire headlines. And he still plods along the paths of aerial discovery. We haven't yet completely solved the problem of blind landings. We can *fly* blind but we still need a ceiling of at least a few hundred feet in order to land safely at the terminal airport. This has been aviation's nemesis ever since its inception. But it is losing its impressiveness under the onslaughts of Stark and others who are perfecting practical blind landing devices. Present experimental successes promise an early solution. ⧺

The Sound and the Fury

Continued from page 12

LET'S SEE, YOU'RE CRITICIZING A CRITIC OF A CRITIC . . .

I wish I weren't so greatly affected by big names. Like Hemingway for instance. You get so you expect so much of them. But this fellow Ben Falke, well that's different. I never heard of him so I can let go.

I hate to be one of those stinkers who goes mulling through life telling folks they're all wet, but my alleged common sense has been stepped on and sneered at.

Mr. Falke, as man to man, when you go cracking down on Mr. Rascoe and telling him to remain on a lower stratum until he gives out with a *Look Homeward Angel*, don't you realize that you are putting yourself in a very, very exalted position? Rascoe is no God of mine. Look! I'll prove it; Poo, Mr. Rascoe. See? But are *you* in a position to criticise him? Have *you* turned out a *Look Homeward Angel?* Have *you* ever held a critic's job on a magazine? Well, if you haven't you have no more right criticising Rascoe than Mickey Mouse has. This I mean strictly from your point of view, which in short seems to say that until Mr. Rascoe was as good as the people he criticised he should stop his work. Well then, until you are as good as Rascoe you should lay off him. You don't like that? Well, it's strictly your point of view old man, you just overlooked your *fine points of preparing data for debate.* What's the sense of kicking yourself in the teeth?

How'm I doin', Ben? We agree on one thing though. That is that four bits is very wisely spent on the fifteenth of each month.

Tally-ho,
Robert Pancoast
Jackson Heights, L. I., N. Y.

ESQ. HAS ITS MOMENTS

There are a number of reasons why we like Esquire:

It is the type of publication we like those who come into our office to *expect* us to subscribe to.

We look forward, each month, to seeing just how damn far Petty will go in the next issue.

It is our guide to what the well-dressed advertising man would like to be able to wear; and our authority for giving our tailor hell.

Occasionally, it has something worth reading.

We feel there are several ways in which Esquire could be made more valuable to us:

It might contain some information which would be of practical value to business executives.

Once in a while it might contain an article which was published for its *meat* rather than for the author's style.

It might contain a department which set forth, briefly, some current news.

Of course, we wouldn't be on the subscription list of so many publications if any one of them were 100% perfect. But you led with your chin—so here it is, from our viewpoint.

Sincerely yours,
San Diego, Calif. Norman W. Tolle

THE HALL IS OPEN ON ALL ERRORS OF FACT

In his haste to make the April issue deadline with *The Heart of a Hoofer*, Author Scully and Esquire's editor put that all-important police parade down for a year later than it actually took place. The last N. Y. City police parade was held May 9, 1931 and not May, 1932, at which time our Jimmy had much more important things to worry about than leading police parades or kissing Cardinals' rings.

From *N. Y. Times*, May 10, 1931: Walker paused at the Cathedral "bowed and kissed the Cardinal's ring." That confirms my remembrance of the scene, witnessed from directly across the street. Author Scully sez "knelt and etc., etc." Relatively unimportant, I suppose, but it gives me an excuse to write a letter "to the Editor."

Another debatable item: Mr. Scully writes that Walker hurried across the ocean, hoping to reach the nominating convention in time, but was still on the high seas when O'Brien got the nod. True enough, but how about that cablegram which was read to the assembled delegates on the evening of October 6, 1932 in Madison Square Garden, in which Jimmy requested that his name be withdrawn. Mr. Scully makes no mention of that. Did Walker ever send that cable? Or was it a spirit message?

Thanks for the use of the hall.

Sincerely,
Bronx, N. Y. William Cleary

CONGRATULATE THE COPY WRITER

Your advertisements on peace sponsored by *World Peaceways* are the most graphic and striking means of education I have seen. They stress peace on the broadest ground; not in the sense of settling petty disputes, but in the realization of the brotherhood of man and the awful consequences of its contravention.

Eighty percent of all memories are visual. I can think of no more practical and inspiring way to teach peace than the series of advertisements which you have been running.

I congratulate you.

Very sincerely yours,
New York City John V. Clarke

QUERY TO HAIG & HAIG

In looking at your publication of the Esquire magazine for April, I came across what I thought was a mistake or if it was intentional, I would like to receive further information concerning such.

In the Haig & Haig advertisement on page 151, the wording reading "the world knows no better scotch."

If you will check closely on the word "BETTER" it is written in italic's and has two types of the letter E in the same word.

To my knowledge, this is improper and if it is not too much trouble, I would appreciate your answer on this as I am in the same business of Commercial advertisement and if it is not a mistake it will help me to better my knowledge.

Thanking you very much,
Burbank, Calif. Cecil R. Swartz

READ *THE MACHINE AGE*

It's a silly feeling to read a thing that one wrote in a moment of, shall we say Esquire hatred? My low letter which you printed is so bad that I must apologize by attempting to show you I am a builder-upper as well as a tearer-downer.

The fiction is splendid in that it is different from any other fiction-containing mag. There is too much editorial restriction in others due to desire for wide circulation in order to sell space to advertisers. If one reads a market letter in one issue of *Writers' Digest* one is led away from the purchase of any more popular "smooths". It is so easy to outline, or sketch, the plot of stories in other mags; but with Esquire one is never certain. And, that in itself is refreshing. Who is it that heads the school of thought that maintains that there is rhythm in prose? *Candyman* had it. Print something like that again. Sincerely,
Oak Park, Ill. James H. Harger

RIGHT OR WRONG YOU'RE WET

In your 1934 and again this year Spring issue you depict the properly attired stream fisherman as attired in wader and Short Sox. Wrong! Short sox in fast water gather sand inside and cut out feet of waders. Knee-length sox held up by an elastic band keep out sand and protect wader-feet, which is the only reason they are worn. Wise up.

Wrong or right, I enjoy your publication. Sincerely,
Trail, Ore. R. B. Young

Continued on page 160

"But Baby! this'll save half our bubble-money."

"Bubble-money? Cost of sparkling water, my innocent! This syphon *makes its own*—for 7½c a quart. Is that a doubting look I see in those hazel eyes? *You wait!*"

"Now, here's what you do. Fill the syphon right from the jolly old tap—slip in a little bulb of compressed 'bubbles'—give a twist and a shake—and behold! a *full quart* of delicious sparkling water."

"And when you get a good-looking gadget like this—that takes up none of your pantry space for bottles—that will always be ready when a guest pops in—that, Baby, is *really* saving money!"

SPARKLET SYPHON
MAKES ITS OWN SPARKLING WATER

$5, *complete with 5 refills. Hand-blown crystal, sheathed in silvery woven-wire, topped with gleaming chromium.*

Extra refills, 10 for 75c, 5 for 40c. At leading stores, or write to Sparklets Corporation, 515 Madison Avenue, New York.

The Sound and the Fury

Continued from page 159

BUT COULD EVERY DOCTOR HAVE WRITTEN THE STORY?

After having read *Profession of Pain* in the May issue, I'd like to have plucked out author Alvah C. Bessie's Van Dyke, hair by hair. Any doctor could have informed Alvah that nephritis does not cause excruciating pain and that the removal of a kidney for this disease is simply unheard of.

Now, WHEREAS, your magazine *will* print stories and articles concerning medical and other scientific subjects; and, WHEREAS, every month your magazine is just lousy with inexcusable errors; BE it suggested, that you appoint to your editorial staff one technical advisor who will take a little care in examining for accuracy the stuff you publish.

Please don't offend your readers any more with poopy stories written by authors who think they can write on any and every subject without even bothering to inform themselves.

Yours very truly,

Trenton, N. J. B. A. HIRSCHFIELD, M.D.

FOUND: A FORMULA FOR CRASHING THE S. & F.

This is the first letter I have written to a magazine during the entire span of my twenty years of life so far. People who wrote letters to magazines always appeared to be the same type of people who wrote fan-mail to movie stars. But ESQUIRE has changed all that, just as ESQUIRE has changed the sense of humor of America. Your *Sound and Fury* department is caviar to the general public—not to have expressed an opinion—contrary, preferably, within the august covers of your little offering is tantamount to missing Niagara Falls, or the great Redwood Forest—it is, in short, to the common herd what summering out of town is to the elite. And I, having watched the battle from a safe distance for sixteen or seventeen issues, being only human, can stand by no longer and say nothing in this battle of criticism and praise.

The usual procedure, I believe, is to commence with criticism—and gradually work up to a final very withered bouquet as a peace offering, and as an explanation for having read the magazine in the first place. Very well, then—you may do away with—in short order or in due course—Nathan, Knight, and Paul. (My! There's a nice little trio for you—Nathan, Knight, and Paul—almost a swing to it.) Away with Nathan, because his writing has taken on the aspect of a little boy relieving himself before a group of girls—it is his notion of a way to shock the public, and be smart at the same time. Raymond Knight can be done away with for a variety of reasons too numerous to mention here, for with him, you either like him, or you don't, and I don't. Louis Paul—in spite of his prize winning—wanders through his stories like the characters in them wander through life. His stories are tedious, boring and un-original.

Your magazine, for the rest, is excellent (one very withered bouquet coming up) except for the size, only by exerting a great deal of finger-pressure and exertion can you read the damn thing in the bath-tub. I like your cartoons—expecially the one the three editors objected to—I'd like to meet Carol—she reminds me of my mother. And the stories and articles—present objections excepted—are par excellence. It is too bad, though, that Thorne Smith had to die before more than one of his stories had hit ESQUIRE. But I have all of his books to re-read—and I have all of your magazines to thumb over again, so life has really lost none of its savor for me.

Sincerely,

Detroit, Mich. JAMES N. CARHARTT

E. H. IS A FIXTURE

Just a journalism stude, this, who has no intention of asking you for a job after graduation, and who will probably never even submit a story, but wants you to know that he and five others are one of the satisfied two hundred thousand. You see, we finance the monthly crises in our young literary lives by taking turns. Sucker or stooge, I've taken the turn for the last five issues. But it's worth it, gentlemen, it's worth it.

First of all, stand by Eskie for the cover (a thing I suspect you of intending to do). If the furiers keep furying, you might print an explanation inside somewhere.

And the present trend of stories is satisfactory on this front. The modern short story is not an ESQUIRE innovation, you know; its rise to popularity might have been quicker if it had been. The articles are okay, and the list of authors is impressive to say the least. (Is Hemingway one of the stockholders, or just a god-father?) Your cartoons are undoubtedly better, the etchings to which you occasionally stand treat are well-chosen, and beneath the painted grin of John Groth's portfolio sketches breathes the soul of a real artist. More Petty cartoons would improve the circulation—of the readers, I'm sure, and possibly even of Eskie himself. But wouldn't it be possible (I'm not complaining, understand) to hire a good staff photographer and run some camera art?

I, for six, read the editorials always first thing. Arnold (or, sad disillusionment, does he hire them written?) does a swell one-column job of selling the mag. I think it might help *Backstage with Esquire* (which really doesn't need help) to always mention the title of the author's story or article appearing in that issue. It couldn't hurt the page in any way, I'm sure. (Gotta maintain that circulation, you know.)

The ads—well, I have a couple of classes under the head of the Advertising Department here at M. U., and it's a sorry day when he doesn't mention ESQUIRE. It's his bible. Clip ESQUIRE ads for your assignments and you pass his courses with honors.

All this to let you know I take it and like it. And I find on the campus that ESQUIRE, like the old masters, "is a judge of us, not we of it." When I grow too old for ESQUIRE, of a certainty I'll be ready for slippers, sacerdotalism, sassafras, soda, and sterilization. Till then I confidently expect to remain one of the two hundred thousand shouting the perennial cheer.

Keep it up,

Columbia, Mo. BILL LONG

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Meyer's very nice about doing the subheads, and Dave Smart himself thinks up the gags for a quorum of the cartoonists, and Gus will occasionally oblige on cutting copy when we're fishing, and Miss Pfleeger and Miss Richards and Miss Meyer will all toss off a mean letter without dictation, but we can't get any of 'em to touch the editorial with a ten-foot pole. The disillusion is all ours, Bill.*

"AND KEEP HIM AWAY FROM MY LITTLE BROTHER"

I take issue with you. I take issue with Mr. E. E. Cummings. I take issue with the very paper and ink that lends itself to Mr. Cummings' quaint idea of word-play and your whimsical idea of publishing it. People have no right to go around in this world arousing primitive instincts and lusts in man to kill and grind nice white teeth and scream at helplessness, at impotence. People have no right to go around getting themselves hated at.

I am no moth bitten die-hard. I would gladly give my all and more than that for some new school of poetry doing away with asinine rhyme and versification. I can even understand Gertrude Stein's communion and sympathize, but any adult that is so amazingly free from inhibition as to let his fingers roam loose on a typewriter, and save the paper afterwards, well . . . he ought to be hospitalized. And not only that, it has caused all sorts of havoc with my unbridled hero-worship in your grain. Were you just sick and tired of the world in general and threw in a sopping sponge, or were you perhaps testing the public to prove how far one can go, I unwittingly one?

Indeed, I once took an ultra new course in a new fangled system of shorthand in which one used the alphabet, omitting all vowels and several pertinent consonants, (and I assure you the knack of transcribing this mouthy mess never dawned under these little breasts), and upon opening May ESQUIRE and spying Page 39 I whooped with joy thinking, "Aha, at last someone else is going to expose this nutty course and is exemplifying it herewith." Imagine my complete passepartout when seeing the label "Poetry!" Why, if my smarty alec kid brother couldn't do better than that I would slap his face, so help me.

I think if these little gems, these little diamonds of Cummings' cerebritis, were to convey an impression, a fleeting feeling, a floating fantasy, oh God anything, I wouldn't have batted an eyelash. I too am new. Nothing is too new for me. Philosophies were made for me. I am very sensitive to words. I like words. But if Cummings treasures these pearls and fondles them cunningly and caressingly in his mind (as I suppose all poets do) all I can say is a little prayer, a tiny hushed little prayer, "God, keep me away from Cummings. I don't want to sin, but the day of temptation is come."

Sincerely,

Detroit, Mich. PAULINE VAN VLECK

NOBODY FORGETS ESKIE!

In looking over your April edition of ESQUIRE, I read with interest the various comments of some of the subscribers who are interested in your changing the front page.

Personally, I think it is the most clever piece of designing I have ever seen on any magazine. It is, to say the least, most striking, and it has a lot of interest in it.

I know that when my little boy got hold of your April edition, he gave it to his mother and said, "Mother, it looks like the man got well." He is only a little fellow five years old, and he remembered distinctly the March copy, which showed your character with his feet in a tub, and a hot water bottle hanging on him somewhere. Personally, I do not know of any other magazine that would cause so young a child to remember from month to month.

Assuring you of my interest in your publication, and wishing you lots of success, I am,

Sincerely,

Philadelphia, Pa. SIDNEY C. BURGOYNE

IF YOU FLUNK OFTEN ENOUGH THEY'LL LET YOU TEACH

I am a little boy forty years old and this is my first letter to you but it lacks a whole lot of being the first letter you've had from childish persons from 40 to 75 years of age judging from what I read in *The Sound and Fury.*

I go to the school of life and am in the twenty-sixth or seventh grade. I failed to pass thirteen or fourteen times on account of being dumb. For pets I have a wife, four children and several theories which hold as much water as the average theory.

Yesterday I went with my wife who was hot on the trail of an antique somewhere or other. And don't think she didn't find what she was looking for. It was an old sofa. At first I was plumb disgusted but I got an old clothes basket, loaded the sofa in it and carried it home for her anyway, disgusted or not. All broken and wobbly she was, Aye, but she rode O. K. in the basket, Aye. You kin see I read a little on the side.

By the time I got home I *was* disgusted. I swore if I ever saw another antique, by the holy rood I'd pick it up and heave it to the dogs. Just then I heard right outside our window, "Woof! Woof!" Looking out I discovered a lady down on all fours, barking, dogged if I didn't. Being a man of my word I started slinging antiques right and left when suddenly I scratched my thumb on one. That was 5 p.m. Antiqueitis set in at once and at 5 a.m. I was arrested for trying to browbeat the proprietor of an antique shop into opening up so I could go on a buying spree.

I am writing you this because I want to see my name in print. Could you do it up in big black letters. Put in my street address, too, in italics because there's several Bill Burton's in the country, WA HOO but none as crazy as me since I scratched my thumb.

Yours truly,

1301 Ashland Ave., St. Joseph, Mo. BILL BURTON

YOU'RE RIGHT: WE'RE WRONG

As a former Army pilot it is difficult for me to let you get away with the captions that accompanied the A. C. photos which illustrated the article entitled *Tail-Wags* which appeared in the current issue. You are in error in calling them "Condors." I wrestled those crates around the blue skies for too many hours in the good old days to be fooled now. Those planes are none other than the "Keystones" which make up a large part of the Army's bombardment equipment at the present time.

Irrespective of this point allow me to commend the writer on this highly informative article.

Yours truly,

Burnet, Texas MERRILL E. DE LONGE

BEGINNING WITH PETTY?

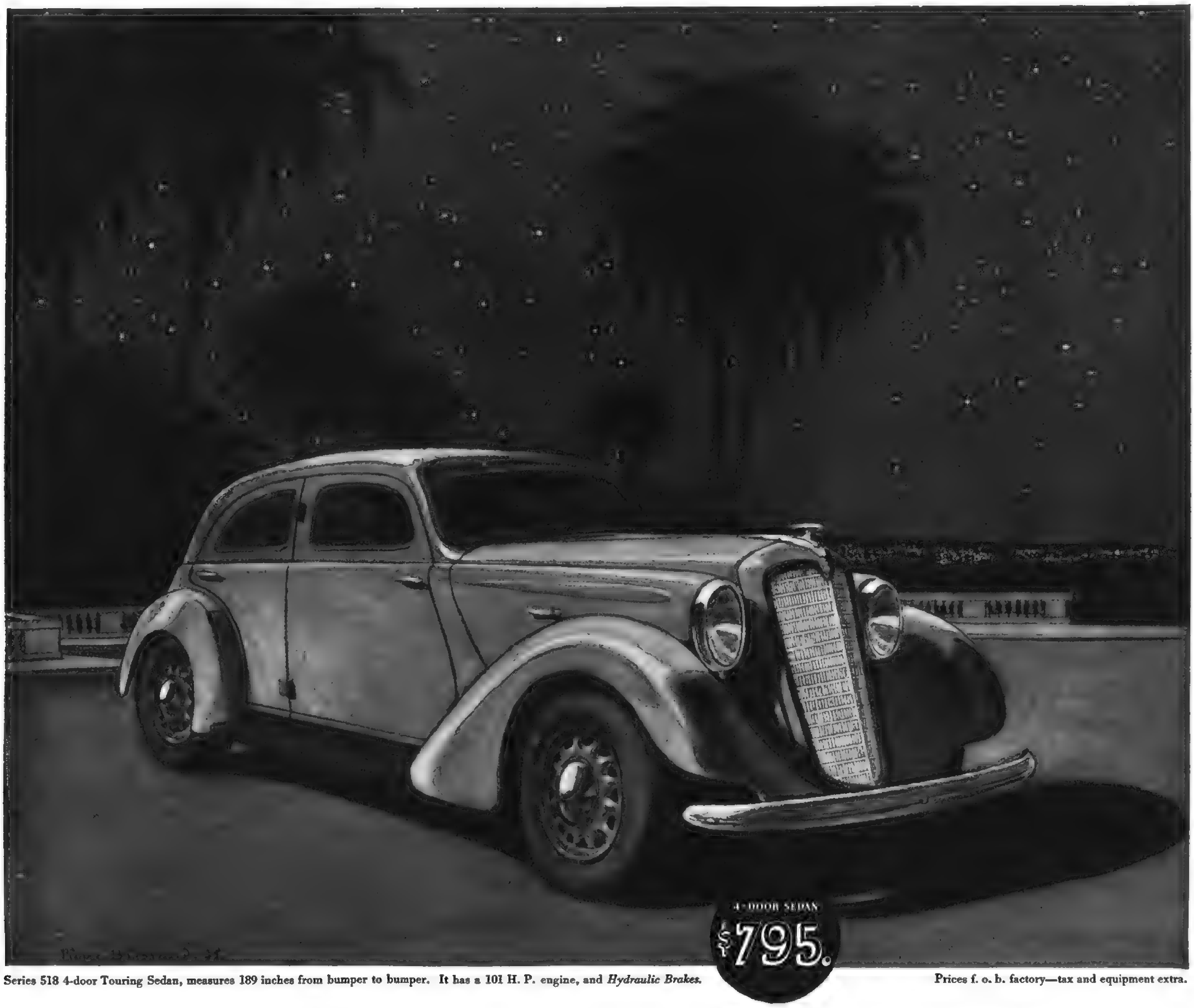
Now, about these squawks concerning the monotony of Eskie's appearance on the cover. He's all right—only getting a bit lonesome. Give him company. Have your artists make up models of Eskie's scale, of their favorite characters, and put them in the picture with Eskie. As, for instance, if you'd let Eskie dally around with one—or maybe two or three—of those oriental sweeties. . . . There's millions of ideas in it. Why not try it? But you *must* keep Eskie, himself, forever and ever.

Thanks, anyhow.

Los Angeles, Calif. D. S. WILLIAMS

An Invitation

LIMITED TO
ONE IN A THOUSAND TO ENJOY
THE OWNERSHIP OF THE FINEST
LOW-PRICED CAR
AMERICA HAS YET PRODUCED!



Series 518 4-door Touring Sedan, measures 189 inches from bumper to bumper. It has a 101 H. P. engine, and *Hydraulic Brakes.*

Prices f. o. b. factory—tax and equipment extra.

In spite of their extraordinarily low prices, these brilliant new Hupmobiles will never clutter up the highways.

For this Hupmobile will not be produced in large numbers.* Too much skill goes into its building. It is intended primarily for those individuals of fine taste who limit their choice of a car to the low-priced field.

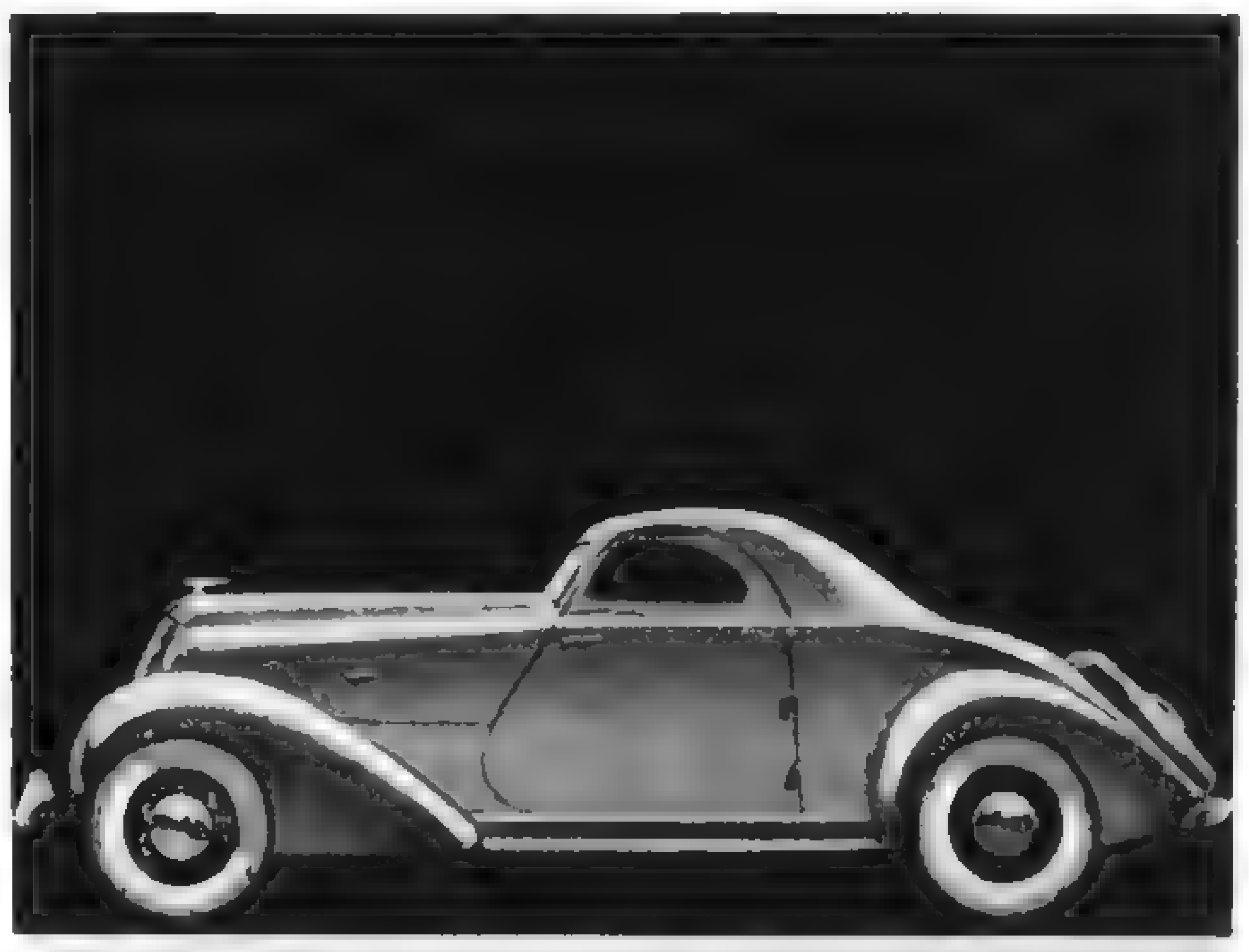
Yet, so successfully does this Hupmobile combine grace and beauty with *true* air-line efficiency...that we believe it will attract many people who are used to far more expensive cars.

We believe, in fact, that it will set entirely new standards for fine construction among low-priced cars...that it will take its place in the long line of Hupmobiles that have done so much in the past to exemplify engineering soundness and mechanical integrity.

You'll like this new car, the minute you see it ...even better after you've put it through its paces. And you'll like best of all to know that you are the "one in a thousand" to own it.

• • •

*The maximum production for 1935 of this Hupmobile is 25,000. Statistics show 25,000,000 persons can easily afford this car. That means that only one in a thousand will be fortunate enough to own it.



Two other air-line types, the Series 521 and 527, complete the Hupmobile line for 1935. In these models three body styles are available—Sedan, Victoria and Coupe. (Illustrated.) List prices for all body types: Series 521, $1095; Series 527, $1395.

THE 1935 · Hupmobile

The Perlu

Continued from page 44

"State your name, rank and present station," he said.

"Lt. E. C. Vickers, Medical Corps, U. S. N., attached to the naval station at Pango Pango, Samoa."

"You have examined the body of the deceased, Doctor?" asked the judge advocate.

"Yes, sir."

"What was the cause of death?"

Dr. Vickers cleared his throat in a professional manner.

"Hemorrhage, caused by severance of the jugular vein," he replied, "although simultaneous trauma due to constriction was sufficient to have brought about death."

"How was the throat severed?"

"I believe it was bitten by an animal."

"But there are no large animals in the Islands," objected the senior officer of the court.

"I know," agreed the doctor. "Neither are there any large snakes yet most of the bones were fractured. The only time I ever saw anything similar was in the Philippines where I saw the body of a native after it had been crushed to death in the grip of a python."

After an odd silence the judge advocate spoke again:

"What other unusual things did you observe about the body, Doctor?"

Thus appealed to as an expert Dr. Vickers grew effusive.

"The left hand appears to have been hacked or bitten off at the wrist some three or four months before death," he stated. "And the body shows signs of illness and insufficient nutrition."

As he spoke the doctor stepped over and drew the sheet from the corpse, pointing to the stump of the left arm. The throat was a horrible red and black gap. The naked body, covered with cuts and ugly discolored bruises, made a gruesome contrast with the unmarked face. The ribs were stove in like a crushed barrel and the legs, broken in several places, sprawled every whichway on the stretcher.

Everyone in the room leaned forward to view the remains but those who were closest repented of their curiosity. One of the members of the court rose and walked away, a little sick.

The judge advocate hurriedly sent for the next witness as the doctor covered up the body. A young man whose fine, dark eyes peered out thoughtfully from above a badly sunburned nose was led before the court.

"State your name, rate and present station."

"Paul Windish, sir. Seaman first class, *U. S. S. Percival*."

"Hold up your right hand," directed the judge advocate. "You do solemnly swear that the evidence you shall give in the case now before this court shall be the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth, this you do under the pains and penalties of perjury?"

"I do."

"How long have you been in the navy?"

"Sixteen months, sir."

"State what—"

"Just a minute," interrupted the three-striper at the head of the table. "The credibility of this witness has been attacked. Let's hear his background." Turning to the witness he asked, "What's your age?"

"Twenty-three, sir."

"Were you striking for a rating?"

"Yes, sir. For coxswain, sir."

"Where did you go to school?"

"Philadelphia, sir, to grade and high school and to Columbia University in New York."

"Columbia!" repeated the surprised commander. "For how long? What did you take up?"

"Two years, sir. I studied journalism."

"Do you realize the seriousness of perjury before a naval court?"

"Yes, sir," replied the witness soberly.

The commander nodded to the judge advocate.

"Did you see this man die?" asked the latter.

"Yes, sir."

"What killed him?"

The witness looked worried. "I do not know," he replied in a low voice.

"You saw him killed—you saw all that done to him," said the judge advocate sharply, pointing to the white sheet on the stretcher, "and still you don't know what killed him?" His voice soared incredulously.

"No, sir," said Windish more firmly.

"Jeeeeeeeesus!" ejaculated the judge advocate.

"How far away were you?" asked a member of the court.

"About fifty or sixty feet, sir," said the witness after brief hesitation.

Capt. Albrectson leaned forward. "It is not my wish to influence the deliberations of this court but perhaps it would be better if the witness told his story from the beginning," he suggested.

There was an awkward hush and then Windish began his story.

"The *Percival* sailed just after sundown," he said nervously. "I was detailed to the port chains as leadsman. As we neared the point at the head of the bay I fouled the leadline around the anchor. I stepped on the billboard to clear it and before I knew it I slipped and was in the water. My first thought as I rose to the surface was of the propellers and I struck out, away from the ship.

"I suppose it took two or three hours to swim it," he said. "I could scarcely crawl up on the shore. The jungle was so dark and menacing I was afraid to go into it. I lay there until morning, dozing off once or twice.

"In the early light the place didn't look very reassuring either. This was the first South Sea island I'd ever seen and I guess I'd gotten the idea from the movies of a low, sandy beach and gently rustling palms. I was quite unprepared for the precipitous masses of tangled jungle rising right out of the sea."

"Listen, Windish," expostulated the judge advocate, "you can't sell the damned island or any other to anyone in *this* courtroom. We've all got a bellyful of romantic palm trees. What we want to know is—what happened?"

"Yes, sir," replied Windish. But there was a trace of defiance in the glance with which he favored the prosecutor.

"I was dressed only in skivies, underwear," he corrected himself, "and I began to climb the mountain. It took a long time. I came down the other side seeing nothing but pigeons until I came across a narrow path. I followed it until I stopped, sensing danger. I looked around and saw a man behind a tree with an upraised club. His hair was long and white and he was almost naked. His eyes had a wild look but after a moment he lowered the club and spoke to me.

"Afterwards, he told me he was Lt. Greer. He sounded a little crazy. He took me to his hut and gave me a drink of coconut milk and something to eat. He seemed glad to see me but talked very little at first. I dared not question him because of his strange behavior and because his left hand was cut off at the wrist and only partially healed, giving him, with his matted hair and beard, not a very reassuring appearance.

"I spoke of setting out for Pango Pango and he shook his head violently and a look of great fear came into his eyes.

"I was with him about eight days and gradually he told me his story. It seems he was not very popular on the *Antares*. As they were standing out to sea he was leaning over the well-deck rail when someone gave him a push." The witness shot a glance at the judge advocate. "Not a very good swimmer, he would have drowned except for a bit of sodden driftwood with which he managed to make an atoll.

"In the valley on the other side of the ridge is a small stream and a rather large pool. Late the next afternoon when Greer neared the bank he said he heard a commotion in the bushes and was suddenly attacked and knocked unconscious. He never saw what hit him but he noticed a peculiar smell and when he came to, he had a bitter taste in his mouth.

"The next day he saw a coconut-rat run squealing across a bare spot of ground when all of a sudden it vanished. He could not find a trace of it although he was looking right at it. That puzzled him.

"As Lt. Greer continued his story I am frank to say I thought he was suffering from hallucinations."

Windish coughed and asked for a glass of water. After drinking it he continued: "He said he became convinced that there was a large animal that prevented his crossing the stream but that he was never able to *see* this animal.

"One day, armed with a large club, he made a run for it. The bushes in front of him were violently bent down and he was bowled over like a puppy. Still conscious, he saw his left hand suddenly blotted out. Then, although he saw nothing at all, he felt teeth close on it and saw his hand disappear before his very eyes. He fainted from the pain and when he came to there was only the stump left. He managed to apply a tourniquet with a piece of vine and thus prevented a fatal hemorrhage."

This was too much for the judge advocate.

"This witness should be sent aboard the hospital ship *Mercy* for observation," he exclaimed disgustedly. "He's nuts!"

"The evidence is hearsay," the senior officer of the court reminded him. "It can be discarded if necessary. He is only repeating what the alleged Lt. Greer told him. The witness may proceed."

"The next to the last day the two of us, working together, managed to ignite some dried-up ferns and that night we built a blazing fire and roasted bread-fruit.

"As we sat there I saw a look of such extreme terror in Greer's eyes that I turned quickly to see what he was looking at just as I noticed a peculiar smell."

"What was the smell like?" asked the judge advocate.

"Well, the best parallel I can give is that when I was a kid we sometimes used to catch garter-snakes. Then, holding them by the tail, we used to snap them as you crack a whip because somebody told us it would snap out the fangs. If the tail broke off in your hand there was a snaky smell that you couldn't get rid of for days. This smell was somewhat similiar."

Several of the officers nodded understandingly.

"Then, although I was not over four feet from the edge of the fire and there was no tree or brush near me, something blotted out part of the fire. I know that sounds queer but there is no other way I can express it. I could not make out the shape but I noticed a sort of rhythmic movement and I could feel the heat of the fire blocked off as this thing passed."

"What thing?" asked the senior court officer.

"God knows!" exclaimed Windish fervently.

"The Perlu," suggested the judge advocate and laughed mirthlessly. No one else in the room so much as smiled.

Continued at top of page 164

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The Perlu

Continued from page 162

"Greer didn't move," continued Windish, "yet never have I seen such a look of fear and repugnance.

"The next day he talked freely about the thing and this time I was far more convinced. He had a scientific explanation. Said that the range of the spectrum was infinite just as was the range of sound vibrations. Human eyes and ears only registered a part of the range and that this thing was of a color our eyes failed to visualize. He gave examples of radio waves in the air which the human ear could not hear nor the eye see. Pointed out a flock of wild pigeons in a tree top all breaking into flight simultaneously although few of them could see the approach of danger because of intervening leaves and branches. How? By signals we couldn't hear, according to Lt. Greer. Cited a woodpecker able to hear worms and bugs under the bark of a tree. Likewise, the amount of minute movement and life of which we are unconscious until it is brought out by a microscope."

The witness had lost all his nervousness now and he spoke with such sincerity and honest conviction as to compel belief. That Greer's scientific justification had had some effect on the judge advocate there could be little doubt.

"That day we went down to the pool. We were about ten feet apart when all at once I saw a ripple crossing the smooth surface of the pond as though a moving periscope were agitating the water. The water was clear and yet I could see nothing but the ripple coming towards us.

"I stood still, too frightened to move, but Greer broke and ran. He went up stream and across. There was no wind but as the ripple reached the bank I saw the ferns and creepers bent over and pressed down rapidly as though something were coming towards me. I am no coward but my God—that mysterious movement—" Windish shuddered. "I started to run but before I could move something struck me that felt like a huge sea lifting me off my feet and flinging me headlong. Again I was conscious of that peculiar snaky stench and of a bitter, brackish taste in my mouth.

"From up the stream came the high, frantic yelling and swearing of a man's voice that I recognized as Greer's. In it was alarm and horror but there was also a note of hopeless bravery that made my heart jam up in my throat. I jumped up and ran towards him but God spare me from another sight like that! As I ran there was a long scream choked with stark, unreasoning terror that trailed away in a dreadful gurgling.

"Greer, down on both knees was wrestling and clawing at something, his head twisted back at a frightful angle. There was a savage worrying sound as though a vicious dog were snarling at his prostrate victim. Once he staggered halfway to his feet and his whole head disappeared — then came into view again. At times, parts of his body and arms were blotted out and then his legs doubled up in crazy fashion. When I was within about forty feet I heard the bones crack horribly and saw his chest cave in as though an anchor had fallen on it—God rest his soul—he was probably already dead for his neck was half gone."

Windish, pale and sweating, stopped speaking but not one of the tense figures in the courtroom moved.

Presently he continued: "I could see the bushes violently agitated as the thing moved away. I could not take my eyes from them until it had disappeared. Greer was dead. After that I was ready to dare the sharks so I set out for the end of the point. About dawn I found a log and paddled up the bay until Lt. Starley's boat picked me up."

"You have not forgotten the oath you took," asked the judge advocate slowly, "nor the penalty for perjury?"

"I have not forgotten, sir," replied Windish stiffly.

The members of the court bent forward in earnest consultation. The small room was suddenly full of both conversation and tobacco smoke. At length the senior officer of the court rapped for silence and turned towards the Governor, reading from a paper:

"The court having thoroughly inquired into all the facts and circumstances connected with the allegations contained in the precept and having considered the evidence, finds as follows:

Finding of Fact.

1—That Lt. Bernard Greer, U.S. Navy met death in line of duty.

2—That the cause of death was hemorrhage.

Opinion.

1—That the hemorrhage was brought about by a violent fall sustained while ashore in Samoa.

Recommendation.

1—None."

After a moment he added, "We believe, Governor, that a transcript of the testimony and proceedings of this court if forwarded to the Chief of Naval Operations would make us the laughing stock of the Service. We believe the witness to be telling the truth as he saw it but we cannot *officially* credit his statements."

Dr. Vickers, feeling quite sorry for himself over a glass of whiskey-water, went around to Lt. Starley's quarters to express his envy. He found Starley whistling cheerfully as he prepared to pack his things.

"You lucky dog," the doctor said, glancing covetously at the orders that lay on the desk. "Going back to the States while I've still got another year in this hole."

Starley grinned up from the desk as he sharpened a pencil. "Look Doc, what I ran across," he said. "You remember the crazy tale the fellow Windish told about Greer? Here's the navigation notebook that—"

He broke off, staring at the page he was resting his pencil on. Then, with a finger, he began to smooth the whittled graphite carefully over the paper. Dr. Vickers, noting the look of quick absorption, bent over his shoulder.

Across the worked-out sight of the star Rigel where the conversion of time from Greenwich mean to Greenwich apparent had been made, the graphite filled in lines that slowly formed into words. Someone had written across the page with a pin but so faintly that it was not discernible until the powdered pencil lead had settled into the lines. A corner of the sheet was torn off.

". . . saw it again, the same loathsome smell, the taste of salt. Rather, it was here. Can I be going mad when several senses coordinate to define a presence I cannot see?"

Lt. Starley looked up at the doctor as though unable to believe his eyes. Then he hurriedly cut the lead out of a cartridge and poured the black powder over the next page. Fascinated, the doctor bent over the fine paper, helping him smooth it out. There was no writing. Further along in the book they found another entry.

"Dec. 8—I cannot explain a missing hand with hallucinations of the mind. Is it beast, snake or monster that keeps me prisoner? God help me, I do not know."

A number of the pages had been yanked out of the book but Lt. Starley and the doctor worked feverishly on what remained. Towards the end of the book they found one more item.

"Mar. 19—I must set down reasoned words although I cannot make them out. The perception of the human ear is limited. A tone too high or too low fails to register. There are sounds we cannot hear that other creatures can. Who can hear the worm moving in the ground? Yet the robin can. And who, the insects under the bark save the woodpecker? Who has not seen a formation of porpoises in perfect alignment leap and splash and then dive, all in unison, although the line is sometimes miles long? But there is no audible signal. It is only the tones within the limited compass of the ear that we hear. The others are too grave or too shrill.

"If this can be demonstrated for sounds why not for colors? Both register by the rate of vibration. As the radio amplifier picks up minute sounds so does the microscope bring into perception minute objects. Can we see ultra-violet rays? I do not know. But I am sure the human eye will not register the Roentgen rays. Thus, as there are inaudible sounds there are invisible colors. The monster imprisoning me on this point is of such a color. Else, God help me, I am the maddest man in all Oceania." #

See, They Return

Continued from page 37

Our Fuehrer and I sit over the naperies of the breakfast table. It is fortunate that we are side by side. Our eyes need not meet.

The lady on my left asks the aged grey steward, in French, something about the menu. He does not understand. She repeats herself in good, New York English. He does not understand. She uses Yiddish. He appears lit up from within and utters a flood of words only dimly understood by the lady. He runs away . . . He comes back with scrambled eggs. The lady had wanted them poached. The dialect of Strasbourg is to Yiddish as poached to scrambled eggs. The ship sways to the rhythm of the breath. The North Foreland glides by . . . Eventually a long hillside, grey, with clumps of black coppice at each shoulder. I used to own that land once. Slowly it glides by too.

•

The aged steward explains that he does not know the Strasburger Platt that lady had used very well. He is very apologetic. He was in Strasburg only during the War. Thirty years he was in the Imperial Marine. Then they drafted him into the Brandenburgers. In garrison at Strasburg. In time for the first Somme battle. We had the second Brandenburgers in front of us at Armentières . . . A mild, aged man, like the White Knight, with a grey face and tender feet . . . Gentle . . . Like a mother . . . Prussian: of the famous Brandenburgers . . . A still green field in the Indian summer weather with apple trees over behind their trench. With Brandenburgers climbing the trees for the apples . . . Between Armentières and Pont de Nieppe. He must have seen us against the level sun . . . The lady is relieved. The aged fellow has proved to her that it is a Jewish ship. Yiddish is an international tongue but varies. She had been worried.

•

"We shall put up against a wall . . . all Jews, all Catholics, all Communists, all . . . ahem . . ." The slim, dark Nazi professor speaks in the smoking-room after midnight . . . "up against a wall . . . All of that vermin!" He is very intoxicated. He peers up against my face. He is going to Harvard to assist a colleague at the University. In Philosophy. Lean, with disordered black hair and sparkling black eyes.

He withdraws his face to a distance of two feet. His Government lacks tact in international handlings, he says. They produce false impressions. They desire nothing but Peace . . . Peace always. Deepest Peace . . . All these marchings in uniforms are only for youth. Youth desires marchings in uniforms, and commands from the full breast. It is the function for the proper young adult male. There is no other proper function for the young adult male and no other use in the world but for adult youth. Youth must be taught that. The world over . . .

He elevates his full glass of brandy, swaying on his feet. The brandy is down his throat. I had imagined people like that to be fabulous monsters. He gives a toast.

"To Peace . . . Peace . . . Nothing but world-peace . . . Then we shall be strong . . . Invincible . . . We are sailing the world over on a proud Nazi ship . . . With a Nazi cell . . . Two Nazi detectives to listen for treason amongst the passengers. The Nazi arm is long. The relatives of passengers speaking treason had better beware . . ."

He gesticulates wildly, his glass above his head, in a roll of the smoking-room . . . "Up against a wall . . . Alle Juden! Alle Kaetzer! Alle Communisten! . . . Alle . . . alle . . . " His wild eyes gibber; he shakes back his plastered black locks, calls: "Alle Franzosen . . . Franzoesiche Allen!" And smashes his glass onto the linoleum floor. No less noble toast shall ever be drunk from it.

In the morning he sends a Dutch professor to apologize for him. I don't know why he should want to apologize to me . . . I am given to understand that a Nazi "cell" is not a cage. It is a political unit; a cell in the Imperial world-wide hive. All the ship's crew, officers, stewards, stewardesses, cooks, dish-washers must belong to it.

•

I assert in the pale morning sunlight, on the motionless deck that the English-like, red brick, red-tiled cottage close at hand beneath us is on Sandy Hook. The other passengers all disagree. They say it is Fire Island . . . Governor's Island . . . Staten Island . . . The Shore of the Sound. I know it is Sandy Hook. For twenty-nine years, which is its age, that cottage has annoyed me. A generation ago it shocked me when I first saw it though I cannot remember what was there before. I wanted to see something American on that flat strip of green land beneath gently rising ground. Not a Cockney commuter's "villa" such as I could see in thousands in Bedford Park, London, W.—for which you might read the Oranges . . . Not out of patriotism. Out of the traveller's spirit. I am not American except, as you might say, from the lips inwards, a little . . . But I felt and feel like the lady who, visiting the harem of the Sultan of Morocco was first shown, as its chief treasure, an empty Odol can.

•

Ought it not to be a white Colonial mansion with tall white pillars above the stoop? . . . But enveloped in cellophane to unite the old glory that was Man's to the New Deal of the Machine . . .

Of course, later there is the Wrigley sign. Certainly that separates the Old World from the New. And there used to be . . . I imagine it's still there . . . We could not see Her however for the scarlet swastika banner that at that point broke from our forward flagstaff. I do not mean that one could not have seen her. Physically or by moving one's position. One forgot to look for Her or to observe as thirty times, regularly one has done, that She turns Her back upon America.

•

So we went gliding into Weehawken Dock beneath the proud symbol of Jews, Catholics, Communists and—but that, even if you are a Nazi professor about to be entrusted with the education of American youth—you whisper . . . all Frenchmen, set up against the Great Wall that would appear to be the symbol of human regeneration. For, apparently, if you wish to picture Utopia, "Set 'em up against a wall" is the first sentence you must utter.

•

The ordeal of entering America is not so formidable as you might think. The grey-white official sitting at one of our dining tables says, looking downwards at my papers: "Coming to America for pleasure, Mr. Ford? . . . Hope you enjoy it." The grey-white Customs official says: "What is *eau de vie de marc*, Mr. Ford? A sort of a brandy? That will be all right, Mr. Ford." The beady-eyed brother of the vaudeville artist had already extracted from me in Paris the assurance that I wasn't an Anarchist or a Polygamist or an entertainer of designs against the Brain Trust. So presumably America was safe and I might plunge into the ankle-deep mud of Weehawken. There are other frontiers where you seem to die a hundred deaths before a hundred walls . . . I wonder why all these dock-side guardians of the land have grey-white faces as well as manners of gentle disillusionment. Perhaps because they pass the greater part of their days in the shadows of these sheds; in draughty cabins over coke-stoves.

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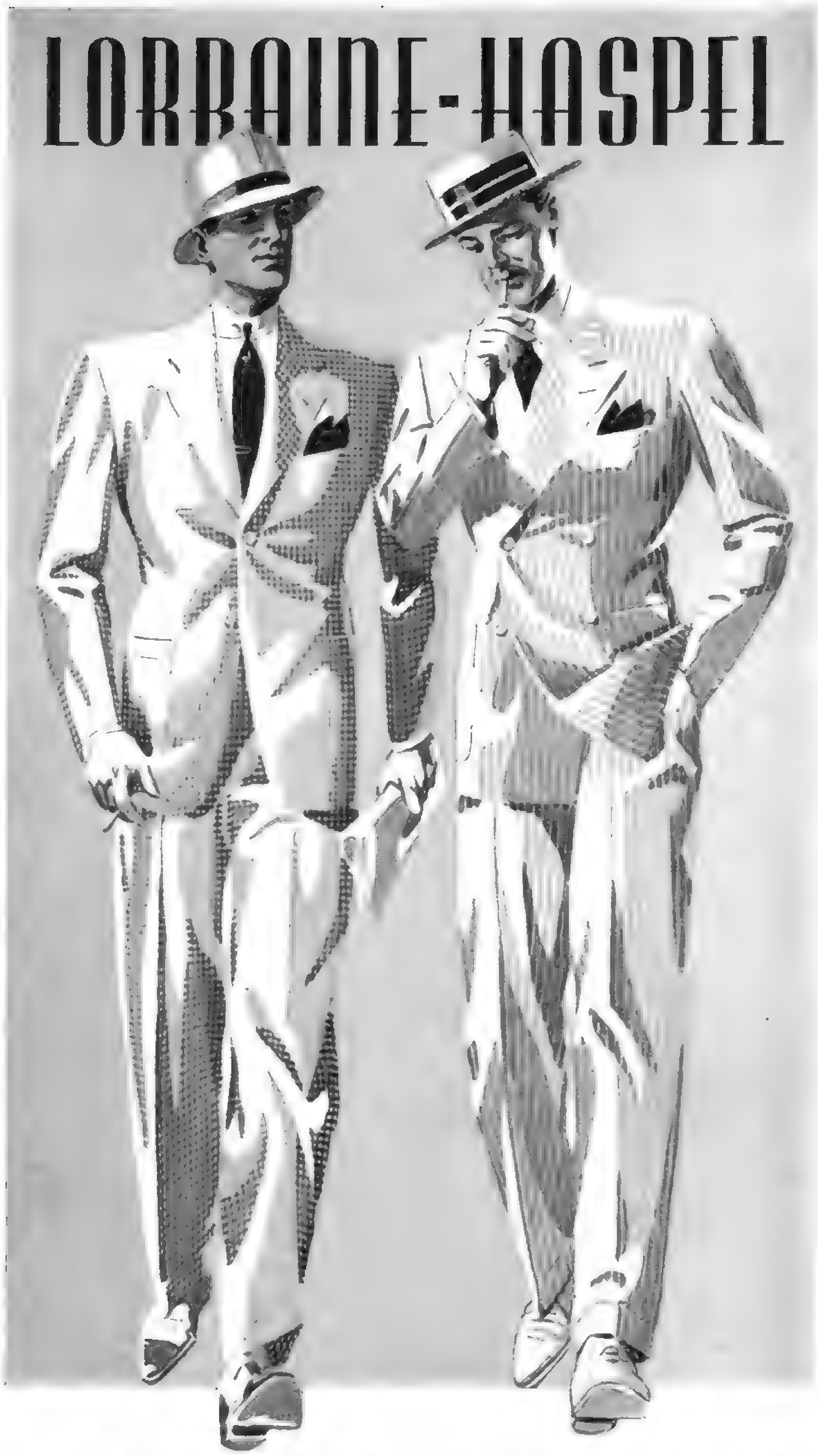
From the space of brown mud that separates the landing-shed from the steamship company's bus you see suddenly . . . America. The America that is not New York, the tempestuous and tormented wall that, across the grey

Continued on page 166



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See, They Return

Continued from page 165

river, rages up against the grey heavens. It is a dark bluff, seen through whirling snow-flakes. Dark, olive-green with frame houses all appearing a little cockeyed. Lead-white boxes, dropped at incongruous angles as if the builders had possessed no spirit levels or plumb-lines. That is the America of a million hopes that during centuries used to go up from China to Polperro.

Don't believe that, in our hot youths, we set out here to find the gold-paved streets of the city that is not America. No, it was Weehawken that we wanted; with the frame houses that we should take to be log-cabins and, over the bluff behind, teepees with scarlet totems. . . . And Sam Slick and Artemus Ward and John P. Robinson and Mliss and the One Hoss Shay. . . . What do you know about those? . . . But they are the land of Freedom that we used to see from Europe.

•

Not so many people will come to Weehawken. New York is too centrifugal. The one friend we had to meet us had to return in five minutes. To go into Court. New York called. . . . As if he had been Orpheus unable to remain in those dimnesses. So there are more partings than meetings. . . . The Fuehrer leaves us, and the twins, and the Brooklyn matron of the Roman calm. And the Dutch professor and the artist's tiny wife, scurrying past the door of the bus, amidst the snow-flakes. . . . Bound for Brooklyn. . . . Brooklyn! . . . Imagine! . . . Even in Weehawken and a snow-flurry the New York mood has already descended on us. One has not been in America long enough really to feel the cold and already we say: "Brooklyn? Oh Hell! . . . How do you get to Brooklyn? It's a foreign country?" Un-American. . . . Not of this world at all. . . . I was once lost in First Street. And frightened. Cities should begin with Fourth Streets.

•

From behind us in the bus-dimnesses an English voice says: "My *dear*. They *assured* me that she was British-owned and registered in Montreal." The little, frail old lady behind us is going to Montreal. A foreign city but not so foreign as Brooklyn. . . . You used to go to Montreal to get liquored up. No one ever went to Brooklyn for that purpose.

•

The bus at last heaves its shoulders, slithering like a bison in and out of shell-holes. . . . You would think we were back on the Bailleul-Armentières road. In '16. You did not put 'em up against a wall in those milder days. They fell back into the carefully prepared shell-holes and the slime covered them. . . . Far away and long ago! . . . As far away as Brooklyn. As long ago as Pocahontas. Or as, soon, will be the vexation that we felt at being on that Jewish-owned, Antwerp-registered bottom. . . . We live in today. Or we shall when we are across the river.

For the moment the Past is too much with us. Architecturally. A landscape of up-ended logs and sleepers; of rusty iron girders and corduroy roads beneath the slime under our wheels. We are rolled one against the other and jolted as were the first dwellers in Weehawken, by thankeemarms. Driving top-hatted and with whisker-fringes above our stocks, in our sulkies, to the Ferry. Going from our cockeye frame houses to market, once a fortnight, in Twenty-Third Street. Make it a century ago.

•

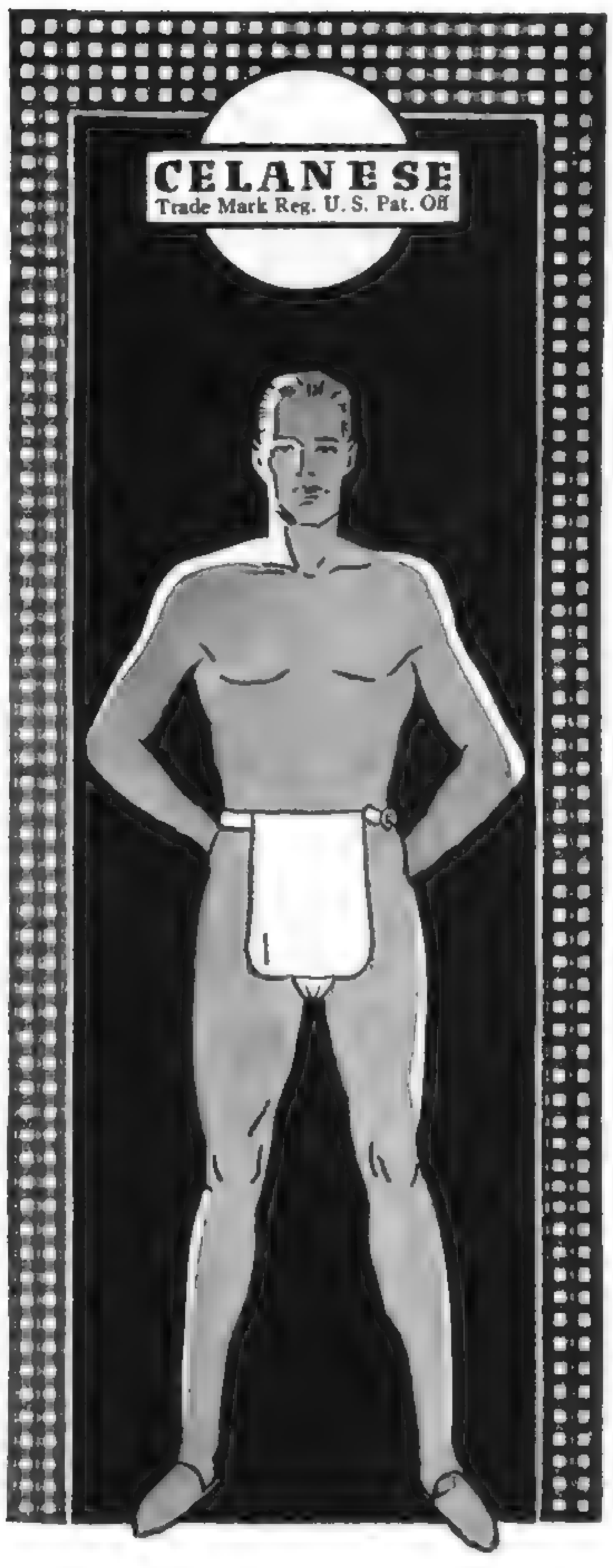
Pre 1840! . . . All this landscape is that. When you are on it the Ferry frames the distant skyline with an effect of calculated and artificial chiaroscure; the silver-grey, fretted river with the snow-flakes falling to melt in it; the silver-grey waterfront beyond; the turrets and spires dim behind the snow-shower. And all seen from the black shadows of our troglodytic embarkation. Like a vignette on the title page of a very early-Victorian LADY'S COMPANION. . . . Lady in poke-bonnet, with cherry satin ribbons and crinoline. Jolting on a buckboard beside a top-hatted lord and master with a silver-bound whip a-flourish.

•

The very young visitor asks: "And what are your impressions of New York, Mr. Ford?" his overcoat draped over my armchair, his hat beside him on the floor. . . . His city editor had bidden him hasten to collect them, insisting that it is my first visit to this city. I am expected to dilate upon skyscrapers. . . . What the hell do you say about skyscrapers? . . . I haven't any impressions. I haven't noticed even the Empire State building, not to mention, for a week. I should be astonished if it was not there: I'm not astonished that it is. Certainly I was impressed when I first saw the Flat Iron from the top of a horse bus coming down Fifth Avenue. It was radiant and tall and white, like a Greek column. But I have not had any impressions in the succeeding quarter century.

Impressions are things that impinge and leave scars on the senses of the transient. But New York flows over me as if I were a pebble on the bottom of a stream. . . . I enlarge upon that. I tell that young man that when I first struck this city his mother was yet unborn. Compared to him or the average New Yorker who, as everyone knows, arrived here only three weeks ago from Terre Haute, I am a Manhattan Methuselah.

He says boastfully, as if that would abash me: "But *I've* been to Weehawken!" #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The Come-Back

Continued from page 39

on his rich silk dressing gown, turning this way and that, holding up his clasped hands, acknowledging the respectful, unconvinced applause. Then, from his corner, he took a look at his opponent. Fair, thick-set, shortish, young, he sat, listening to the urgent voice of his chief second, nodding every now and then, a look of secret determination in his eye. Yes, thought Ted, nod away, you—! You're all right. You've nothing to lose, you haven't. You've nothing to worry about. No wife and children, no title, no film contracts, no nothing.

A moment later the referee was calling the men together. The gloves lay on a cloth in the center of the ring. The referee stood beside it. He said the usual things. Ted hardly listened, and the other man, still with the hypnotized, secret look in his eyes, nodded and cleared his throat.

"Understand?"

The referee, having said his piece, looked brightly from one to the other, like a bird.

Ted nodded. The other said hoarsely "Yes," and cleared his throat again.

"Shake hands now, and come out fighting. Shake!"

They shook hands. Ted smiled with sudden mindless goodwill, but the other, full of his secret determination, looked down and would not meet his eye.

They went back to their corners. The dressing gown was peeled from Ted's arms, and slipped loosely over his shoulders. He sat to have the gloves tied on. His second passed him the bottle. He tilted back his head, rinsed his dry mouth, and spat the water sideways into a bucket. He breathed hard once or twice through his nose, and sat forward. Then, clearing his mind, he took stock of his opponent.

Yes. As he had expected. Solid, heavy muscled, and a good stone and a half the heavier. Since his illness, Ted was still badly underweight. He had hopped on the scales that afternoon in his clothes. They had joked with him over it. What they did not know was that he had a sizeable lead weight in each trouser pocket. He dared not let it be known how light he was. If he had been asked why, instead of giving away weight he could ill afford, he did not take advantage of his lightness and fight in the division below, his answer would have been quick and decisive. The champion in the lower division was a real champion, capable of eating Ted Lenehan. Ted's only chance of a championship and all it promised to bring lay in staying in the welters. It was precarious enough. Even if he got back, at any moment a youngster might arise who had the real stuff, and topple him down again.

"Seconds out! First Round! Time!"

The gown was slipped from his shoulders: he rose, and came out into the ring. The signal had taken him unawares. He approached his man without preparation or thought—and was instantly occupied in parrying a first clumsy, nervous rush. Automatically he slipped the blows, frowning as one caught him on the wrist and momentarily hurt him. His heart was beating very fast, but after half a minute of scrambling, quick exchanges a glow of thankfulness arose in him.

Aha! The other chap was settling down. That first rush had been nine-tenths nervousness. Now, after a minute's fighting, he was gaining command of himself. He came in strongly. With a series of stiff lefts, Ted kept him off. He frowned involuntarily. The jar of the blows, the strength with which the fellow bore against him in the clinches, told an unwelcome story. The chap was too strong—too strong, and too tough. The way he had taken that last left, just shaking his head, and coming in harder than ever—Ted didn't like it. He could not go many rounds against that sort of thing.

As if to ram the message home, the other chap bored in and landed an unpleasantly vigorous thump in Ted's ribs. Something would have to be done.

There was no use in hurrying, though. Fighting cleverly on the retreat, Ted led him on. He came, plunging and blowing. The floor shook beneath his stamping feet. It must be near the end of the round. Ted swayed back, led him on, swayed back; landed a left—and another—but it was not hard enough to keep him out, and they were in a clinch, Ted being borne backwards, when the bell rang.

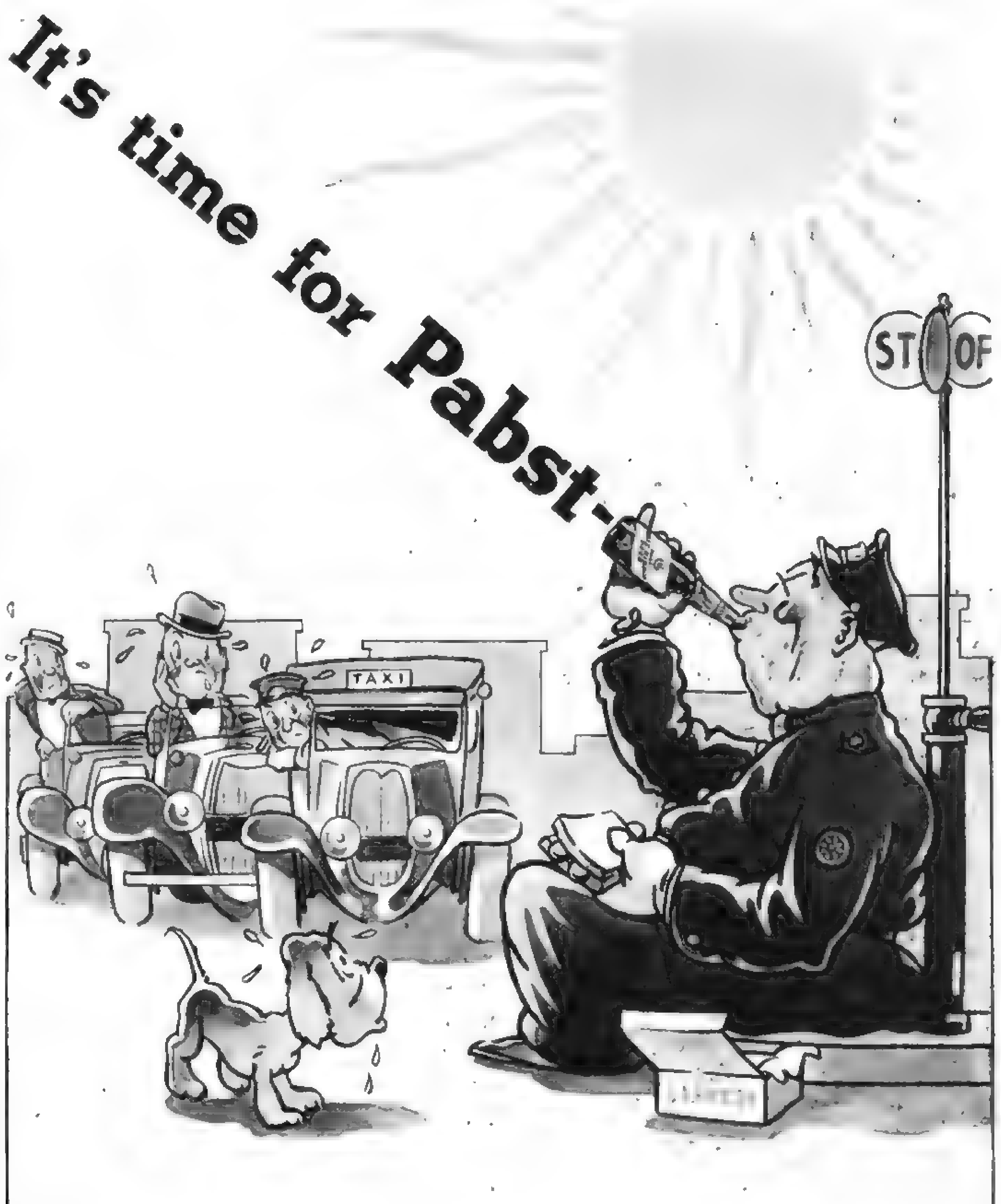
Bellows of encouragement to the local man at once arose from the crowd. Ted sat in his corner. He had done all right from the spectators' point of view. No one but himself could know that his left was already aching with the effort of keeping his heavy oppenent off.

"*What's* the chap's name?" he asked, interrupting his second's flow of advice.

"Bill Stammers."

Bill came up confidently for the second round. He rushed in at once, and Ted let him rush, giving ground, swaying away, proving exceedingly hard to hit. He now knew one important thing about Bill. Like himself, he was a right-hand fighter. Every move, every clumsy attempt at strategy, the very carriage of his shoulders, betrayed the man who had a powerful punch in his right and was waiting for a chance to use it. The issue was clear. Unfit though he was, and risky though the process must be, he must draw that right—lure Bill on to use it—and, when it came, be, not somewhere else—that would be easy—

Continued on page 168



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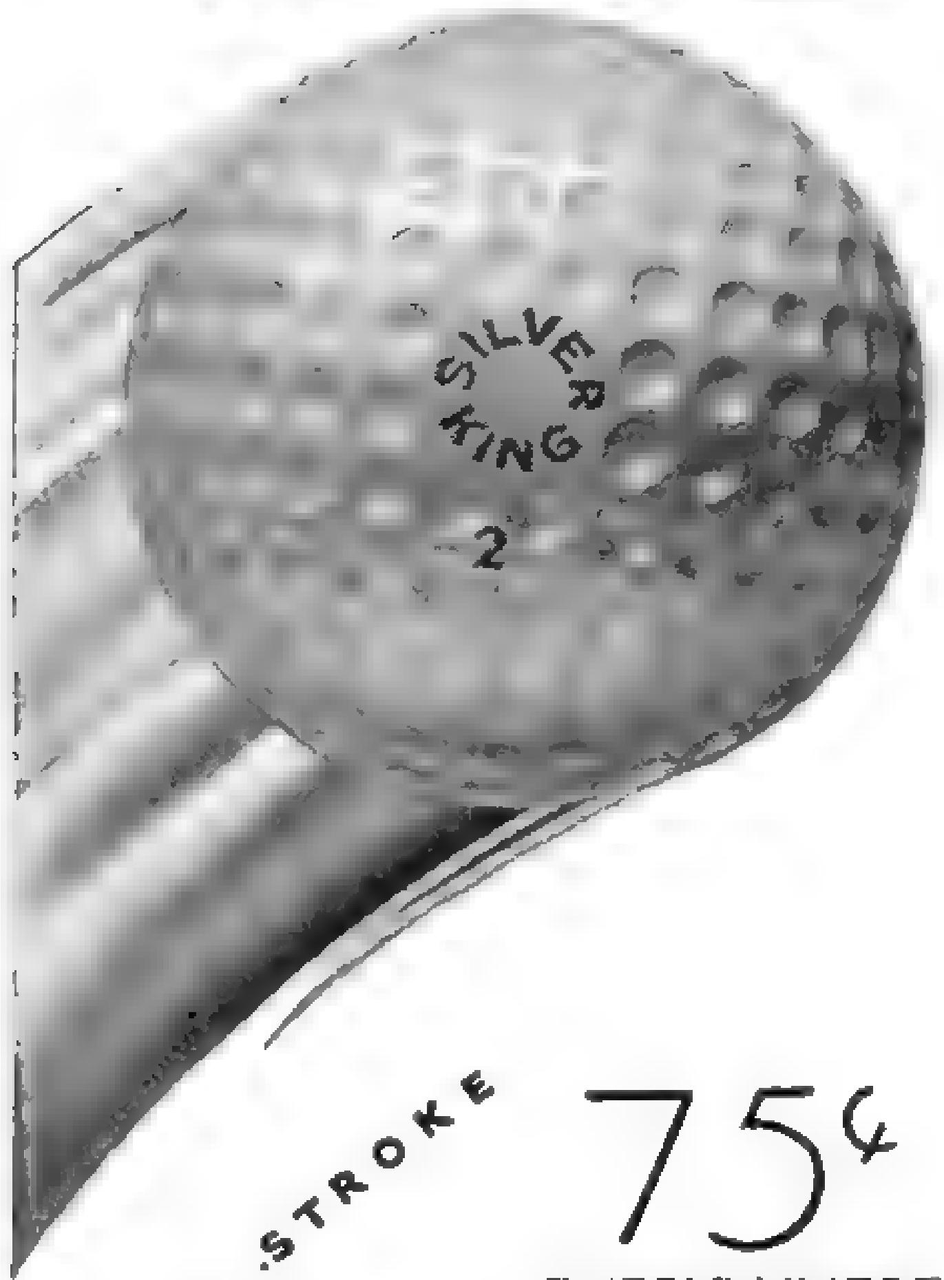

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The Come-Back

Continued from page 167

but near enough to take full advantage. With his eye fixed on a point somewhere to the left of Bill, he fought on coolly, anticipating each blow from the movements of the stamping feet.

Then, suddenly, his first chance came. Bill, breathless from his efforts, for an instant stopped still. Immediately, so lightly and gracefully that it seemed child's play, Ted feinted, went in, and landed an academically perfect left hook to the jaw. It was so simple, so insolent, that a gasp went up, and a ripple of delighted applause. There was no force behind the blow: Ted's left was weak anyhow, and from that position he could put no weight into a hook: it was pure artistry, pure eyewash. Recovering with a snort, Bill came in—and a few seconds afterwards, with the same nonchalance, Ted leaned forward and did it again. This time there was a loud laugh. Bill fell back, and flushed darkly. Like a cat Ted was after him, sending a hail of quick, light blows to head and ribs, and dancing away out of reach. He kept moving till close on the end of the round, and then, a few seconds before the bell, his whole soul sick with the exquisite daring, he landed the hook for the third time. A howl of laughter went up, and, as he leaped back, Ted saw in his opponent's eye the gleam he wanted. The slow mind was at work at last.

Sure enough, in the interval, he saw an earnest confabulation going on in Bill's corner. His seconds were telling him something. The broad face was alight with malevolence and secret purpose.

As the seat was pulled away, Ted came out with a show of the completest confidence, and landed a couple of quick light lefts to the face. Bill hung back. *That* was all right! Now Ted knew for certain what was afoot. Maneuvering him into a nice position, he made the identical feint, as if to land the hook for a fourth time. It even started on its course: and then, like a film that suddenly stops, the movement was arrested—just as Bill let off a savage right uppercut which, had Ted been leaning in for the hook, would have lifted him a foot off the floor. As it was, it whizzed harmlessly upward, so close that he felt the wind of it on his skin. Then, at the precise instant when, meeting nothing, the right shot up too far, tilting Bill backward, jerking taut the muscles on his stomach, Ted, with every vicious ounce that was in him, shot his own right into the stretched, unprotected gap.

Bill gave a loud grunt. His head jerked forward; he staggered back, half doubled up. Swift and merciless, Ted was after him. He smashed a right at the unguarded jaw, missed the fatal spot, but, to judge by the shock that thrilled up his arm, got home pretty hard on something. Then, his opponent on the ropes, he coolly, desperately drove in blows with every atom of science and strength he had, spending his strength prodigally in the effort to follow up his advantage.

For a few seconds Bill, still suffering from the punch amidships, found no defence from the blows that came at him cruelly, venomously, from all points of the compass. Then, his senses clearing, he started lashing out. Intent upon his murderous work, Ted took a couple of wild blows. Realizing his folly, he leaped back, before any real harm was done. To his amazement (instead of thankfully grasping the chance to rest), Bill followed him up at once. Shaking his head, he charged in, and in a couple of seconds was fighting back as strongly as ever. Ted's heart went chill with dismay. He had put all he knew behind those punches, and the man hadn't even gone down. That smack in the guts alone would have put most men down for the full count.

Recovering himself quickly, for the crowd were bawling encouragement to Bill, Ted countered, side-stepped, slipped, and for the rest of the round appeared to dominate the fight and do what he liked. It was an expenditure of valuable strength, but the moment was critical: he had his name to think of. He went to his corner with a smile and a nonchalant swagger, but tired and breathing hard.

"You damn near 'ad 'im. Fetch 'im another one in the guts, like that, and 'e'll be done."

Ted didn't think so. Yet—maybe a looker-on saw most of the game, after all. Even though he didn't go down, Bill must have felt that smack all right. He might be bluffing, too. That recovery might have been so much eyewash. Ted would have liked to believe it. A wave of weariness swept over him, weariness with the whole game. Bitterly he envied those whose living was not a series of ordeals which frayed their nerves to rags.

He realized, with chill conviction, that, bar an extraordinary stroke of luck, he could not put this chap away. He had hit him all he knew, and the cove seemed to like it. He, Ted, was already the more tired of the two. Well—he must keep Bill off for the rest of the time—if he could—and look as if he were doing enough to win. And, with cold, merciless accents, a voice inside him said, "This fight ought to have been finished already."

The bell went, and with a lightness he did not feel Ted came out. Bill, full of valour, rushed in. A stiff left jerked his head back, but he recovered before Ted could follow it up. Ted blocked a couple of well-advertised leads, the second so naïve that it made him smile; then, catching Bill off his

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balance, went in and once more gave him the left hook. Bill scowled murderously, and replied with a swing that missed by a couple of feet. The crowd, in high good humor, shouted jocular advice, till the M. C. half rose, and roared for order.

Quiet, vicious, Bill followed Ted around the ring. Showing off, with widespread hands, Ted invited him to lead. Dull cunning gleamed in Bill's small eyes; he would not accept so obvious a bait. But his second, wiser, old in sin, was frantically beckoning him on. Go after him, said the gestures. Ted saw them, and smiled. The man knew how it was with him. The recognition made Ted almost gay. The fool opposite could not be got to believe it; he would not take the advice. With sudden irritation at his folly, Ted feinted, and dug him viciously in the ribs. Too late, he realized his mistake. Bill was in upon him, and Ted took a jab that made him wince and catch his breath before he could gain control. Then, with an eye raised at the referee, he leaned on Bill and waited for the referee to part them.

They were pushed apart, and Bill fell back at once. His second, who had seen and was not deceived, rose and beckoned him on in agony.

"Sit down, that man."

The second, his scarred mug a map of conflicting emotions, reluctantly subsided. Something of his urgency must, however, have penetrated Bill's thick skull. Taking a deep breath, he came on in. On the hair-trigger of poise, with a twist of his body Ted beautifully evaded his rush. A regular game followed, Ted, with a faint smile, side-stepping rush after rush, without striking a blow. He worked round the ring, and finally let himself appear to be maneuvered into a corner. Then, as with a glint in his eye Bill charged. By magic there was no one there to meet him, and he rushed into the ropes. Turning furiously, lashing out on chance, he missed, and received a stinging blow from a place where he had never expected Ted to be. Quickly, showily, Ted harried him, clipping him with neat, crisp blows. They were light; there was no use in wasting effort when no vulnerable spot was exposed.

Then, for the second time, Ted miscalculated. He found himself flat-footed, felt the chill instant's foreknowledge of a blow, tried to cover up—too late. Bill's right, at short range, shot savagely into his body. A lightning, terrified twist at the last instant partly saved him. If the blow had landed fair and square, he would have gone down and out. As it was, it sent a sick stab of anguish through him. For a moment, the world went black. He felt his knees give, and hung on desperately to his opponent, who, grunting with rage and triumph, was laboring mightily to disengage his right and land again.

"Break! Break, I tell you!"

The referee came at them. Ted's senses were clearing. With an adroit twist, he managed to get Bill between him and the referee, and so delay the separation. By the time the perspiring official thrust them apart, he had almost recovered. Almost, but not quite. Bill charged in again at once. Ted gave ground, but his left leg was not working properly; he failed to get away, but just managed to smother another haymaking right that was driven at his stomach. Bill crowded on top of him, hustling him against the ropes.

"Get away, you—!" spat Ted. And then, in sudden rage, he forgot everything about saving himself. The fighting animal came uppermost. Lashing out with the nervous fury of a cat, he caught Bill a couple of vicious right hooks to the mouth. Bill was hurt: he started, and craned his head back, pawing clumsily in the air to detain the stinging glove. With all his might, Ted loosed off another. It missed, just grazing Bill's forehead. Then, with a violent effort, Ted broke loose, and leaped away, gasping for breath. At the same time he saw Bill hesitate, and shake his head. A bright trickle of blood was running down his face. That last missed blow has cut his eyebrow!

Instantly, aching for rest though he was, Ted was upon him, pasting him with both hands. He knew at once that Bill would not be able to go on with a cut like that: he had seen too many, not to know.

So, blessing his luck, yet even in his excitement using no more energy than was absolutely necessary, he overwhelmed his stricken opponent with blows. Bill responded gallantly, but he could no longer see what he was doing. The crowd were on their feet, yelling. They saw only a whirlwind attack, with every blow going home, and their own man miraculously taking it all and yet remaining upon his feet. They did not know that there was nothing behind the blows; indeed, Bill himself did not realize that, till long afterwards. They never realized how near to disaster the champion had been. "Ah," they would say wisely among themselves afterwards, "that dig in the guts Bill gave him stung him up proper. Before that, he was only playing with him, taking it easy. That fetched him, though! He wasn't going to have any more of that sort of thing."

Ted, his lungs red hot, his arms aching, began to curse. How much more did the — — referee want? He couldn't go on much longer. Then, just as the referee, in response to loud yells from the audience, was beginning to move doubtfully forward, the towel came in from Bill's corner.

The fight was over. Luck was with him. He had won!

With an effort so severe it brought the sweat out upon him, Ted walked around the ring, hold-

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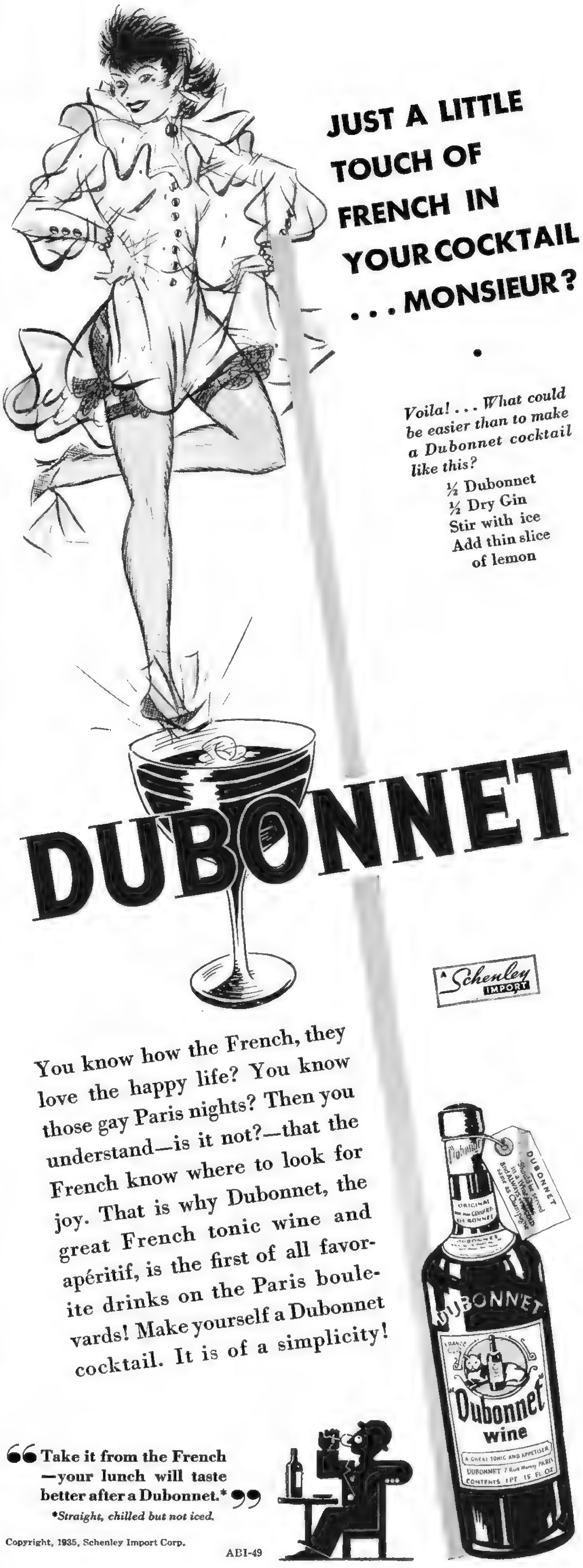
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A MATTER OF PRIDE, PLEASURE
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The Come-Back

Continued from page 169

ing up his hands, smiling and nodding in response to the applause. Then he went to his corner. As soon as he sat down, his legs went limp. Even his second did not realize how near it had been.

"Well," he said, perfunctorily mopping him. "He was easy for you."

But Ted, looking across the ring, caught the eye of Bill's second, fixed upon him, bright with meaning. An old hand, he was not deceived. In spite of himself, Ted grinned. The other did not return the grin, but his baleful glance ever so slightly softened.

"Stammers is an uncommon hard man to beat," Ted was jerking out to the reporters presently, as he lay in the dressing room with the masseur busy on his legs and stomach. "As plucky a chap as ever I've fought. I hit him with all I had, and I couldn't knock him out."

Bill, sitting docile while the doctor stitched his brow, smiled wistfully when it came to his turn. "Only for this here cut," he hazarded, "I believe I could 'ave got him." The reporters smiled at one another. They little realized how near Bill came to the truth.

Wearily, Ted put on his coat, and adjusted his scarf. Another fence safely behind him. Now there was nothing to do but wait for the next. The inevitable day was postponed; but how long? #

The Music Box Review

Continued from page 146

phony Orchestra, which I presume is from the personnel of the British Broadcasting Company orchestra. The interpretation is one of those honest performances that you hear from a good British orchestra. The record has what the wise boys call "room tone," that is you receive the impression that you are listening to a concert hall performance, and the recording technique in this particular instance is very fine. Of course, the strings haven't that buttery tone that the string section of the Boston Symphony possesses, nor the brilliance, but the ensemble is very good; and in case you might want to know, neither side of this record has a fugue, notwithstanding the fact that to most people Bach and fugue mean the same thing.

The same record comments apply to the *Gavotte in E for Strings*, which is an arrangement by Sir Henry Wood, but sounds suspiciously like another arrangement of the same piece by Bachrich. Anyhow, it is the same piece, and Sir Henry and the orchestra do well by it except for the fact that the tempo is a little too languid. COLUMBIA—No. 7324-M.

* * *

Meet Cleo Brown! Here's Cleo, and she's first of all a pianist, then she sings. With her piano is coupled a bass fiddle, and guitar, and I do not recall ever having heard a more attractive combination. She sings breathlessly and she "takes the South" vocally with a very small voice but a great rhythmic style. Here's real rhythmic talent, both vocally and pianistically. The instrumental portion of the record is a treat, in fact, so much so that I think *I'll Take the South.*

Reversely there appears *Here Comes Cookie* (just because I reviewed this by someone last month don't think I have an interest in the song), and the same things happen. You will find it attractive, and will want to follow subsequent releases. DECCA—No. 409.

I like Hal Kemp's orchestra. One can enjoy either dancing to it or listening to it. In *Love's Serenade* their style is shown to good advantage because it all seems so easy and relaxed. Even a hot, flutter-tongued trumpet solo seems to be easily tossed off; and the trombone player at the finish of the record has a fine tone, and doesn't seem to be breathing at all hard on his last high note. Bob Allen does some nice things vocally.

The musical arrangement on the other side, *I Was Taken by Storm*, is good, but I see no reason for so much space being taken up by the vocalist, not because she is not good, but why do we have verses sung in an orchestral record? Most of them are very poorly constructed and uninteresting. I would like to hear Hal Kemp and his orchestra in a record release that doesn't use any vocalist. I don't think, particularly, this band needs it, and if a band is that good it's good. BRUNSWICK—No. 16866.

* * *

I Won't Dance, but you will if you buy this record by Johnnie Green and his orchestra. I want to congratulate M. Green because he has an idea and he tries things which other directors seem to fear to do. This is very well played by the orchestra, and the vocal material is good. The little trick duet at the end with Marjory Logan and Jimmie Farrell is cute and well done.

Back to back with this is another tune from the same show, *Lovely to Look At.* Jimmie Farrell sings the difficult vocal chorus well, but why the verse? He takes care of one high note in an interesting manner. The things that interested me in this arrangement more than anything else are the contrapuntal ideas which M. Green uses, and the way his instrumental colors are combined. I think he has a lot of talent, and what is almost as important, I think he is sincere musically. COLUMBIA—No. 3022-D #

Fishermen Without Women

Continued from page 89

Women lack some ingredient which makes fishermen. I am not exactly certain what it is, but you can find it between the lines of Huckleberry Finn. In any fishing situation they will be found wanting. You pilot one down the main stem of any town, and she'll veer off course and stare pop-eyed into a window full of tripe. She'll expect you to stare with her and say: "You'd look swell in that," and there may be nothing in the window but stockings.

But you stop your car on a little wooden bridge in June. You look down at the moving water, and wait a few minutes, hoping, and almost feeling that a trout will rise, and she'll say to you: "Quit looking into the river, or else go jump in it." Well, you're a hurt guy, that's all. Some one has kidded you about your poem.

On the stream, they are after you, and you are after the fish, and that way there is no peace. The woman is constantly comparing herself with fish, and wishing to God you'd be as fervent in your pursuit of her. So she'll pull the lowest of all tricks to get your attention—shoot her backcast into a high tree and ask you to climb it and disengage her leader. You can refuse, of course, but if you do you will feel like hell the rest of the day. You will anyway, probably—because you'll tear your waders getting down the tree and she'll think that is a fine joke.

With a man it's different. It's all right then. You say to yourselves: "We're here, and we're fishing, and the red-winged blackbirds can sing better because of it." You can cast a plug for black bass six hours steady, and your male partner will never say to you: "What's the sense of doing that if you never catch any fish?" He knows, and you know, that on the very next cast you may catch a record smallmouth. He is curious, and you are curious as to what lies beneath the water. A woman doesn't care and never will. She is there because you're there, and not because of what is in the water, or in the sky. She can hear a trout rise, and point to the widening rings in the water and say: "Look at that!" But she doesn't mean it. She means "Look at *me!*" and to hell with that when it's summer and you're fishing.

Two fishermen know each other's shortcomings, and speak of them gloriously. If a woman is along, she'll know those shortcomings, too, and when she speaks of them they will not seem so pleasant and so human, and pretty quick one fisherman will be out of sight around a bend and the other will be in for a day of patient misery.

I'll be shot if I know why women want to go fishing when they are so mismated with a quiet intense sport like that. But they do. And more and more of them are doing it. I am unhappy to say that one of my best friends is aiding and abetting them, too. That's Art Clark, Superintendent of Fish & Game for the State of Connecticut. Look! I've opened the past nine trout seasons with Art Clark. We've fished the Farmington, the Housatonic, and the mountain brooks up in New Hampshire. We've caught landlocked salmon and squaretails from some of the finest water in Maine and New Brunswick, scratched each other's backs, and had the rain drip off a cedar and put out our last match thirty miles from nowhere. Wait till I tell you:

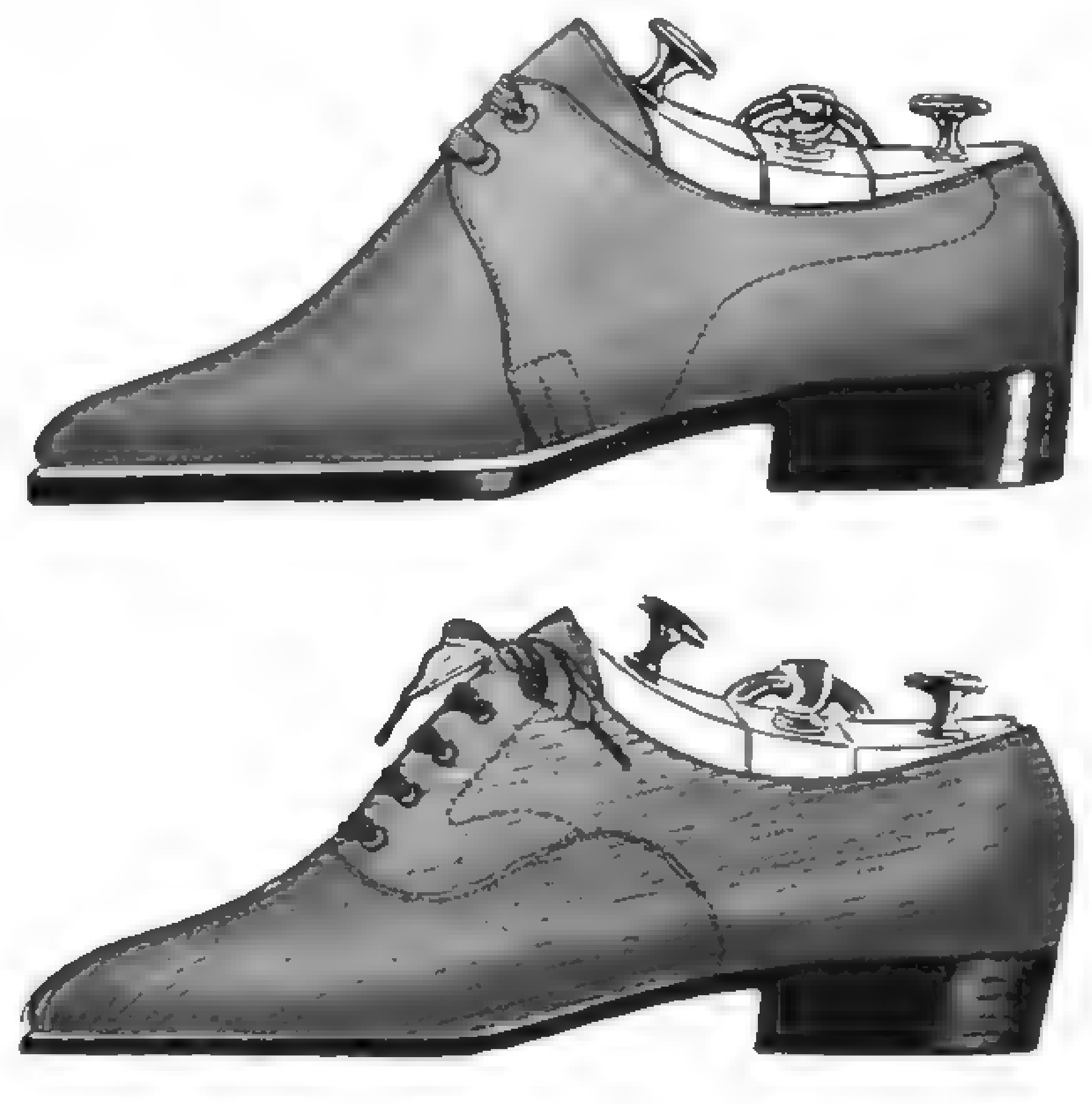
We used to put our canoe into a good bass river, deep and slow moving and dark. Over the stern we trailed what we called our beer line—six bottles tied a foot apart. This way we had cold beer when we needed it. Every time we landed a good fish, we'd nose the canoe under a willow, haul in the beer line and cut us off a bottle each. It was perfect. We weren't thinking of anything but just being there, and I see now that one of the finest things about those trips was the absence of women. Each good fish was the beginning of a kind of ceremony with us, and a woman can't stand ceremony unless it's centered around her. Art would make a good cast, laying his plug within inches of a patch of water lilies, and I'd feel in my own wrist just how Art felt when he made the cast, and I'd say: "Nice eye, fellah!" But women can't understand the sheer joy of such manual dexterity. They just see the water lilies and want you to paddle over and pick some, even if it scares the bass that's lying there waiting. Then they put the water lilies in their hair and try to get you to look at them. If you're a fisherman, and tending to your business, you don't look with any genuine eagerness except at the next place you're going to shoot your casting plug. And trouble begins right there.

"You ask me to come fishing with you and you don't pay any attention to me!"

You try to explain with a sort of icy gentleness how this is a fishing trip, and other things have got to be postponed. But you can't concentrate any more, and when you can't concentrate you can't fish, and your trip is ruined.

But I was telling about Art Clark, and those swell trips we took. That was before Art became Superintendent of Fish & Game for Connecticut, and I thought then that Art understood that ladies shouldn't go fishing. But I see I made a big mistake. You know what Art did two years ago? So help me God, he reserved the state-leased Branson River for *women!* He appointed a lady Game Warden to keep the men away! Art Clark *did* that, and if you don't believe it try and cast on the Branson some day. My pal!

Continued at top of page 172



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TOILET REQUISITES *by*
Lenthéric
AT THE BETTER SHOPS

Fishermen Without Women

Continued from page 171

The whole point of view of women toward fishing is cockeyed, which is to say exactly opposite to a fisherman's. Look: go down to the nearest tackle store and buy a Tomah Joe trout fly. They're supposed to be tied with a woodduck feather for a wing, only woodduck is illegal and maybe it'll be Chinese Mandarin which looks almost like woodduck. Well, anyway, show that Tomah Joe to a lady and she'll say: "Wouldn't those feathers make a beautiful hat!" But your real fisherman will look at the feathers in a lady's hat and say: "Jeeze! Could I tie some swell fanwings out of those feathers!" See?

Well, these are the things I was thinking about on the way home from Dutch's that night, and I felt bad. There was old Dutch anchored to someone who thought more of an embroidered handkerchief than a nine-foot tapered leader, and that's the original chloride of lime. I thought back before they were married, how she said to Dutch: "Darling, I'd love to learn how to catch fish so we could go fishing together." I thought how Dutch had bought her a two hundred dollar outfit, how she'd worked at it—until they got married. After that she never went fishing again, and when Dutch went with me it was always: "Well, I got to be getting back now." He'd miss the evening rise so as to get to supper on time. And I about decided that women were all lousy fishermen because it hurt them to see how much men enjoyed it. Every time you mention this to a married fisherman, you will get the cold eye from him because he knows it's true. I have lost about four of the best fishing partners in the world on account of discussing it with them, and that night I resolved never to mention the subject again. Never!

I let myself into my apartment feeling so strongly on the subject that I swore a solemn and lonely oath to that effect. Five minutes later I was reading a note that Mrs. Engine, my landlady, had pinned to page 31 of the March, 1935, *Ladies' Home Journal*. The note read as follows: "Liked this so much—thot of you right away, it being about fishing."

This article to which Mrs. Engine referred, to save your looking it up, is entitled: *Fixin' Fish For Folks*, and was written by Ann Batchelder. And I give you my solemn word this sentence is contained in paragraph two:

"I was later to catch a good many (trout), from speckled to squarehead to brown to rainbow."

Look, Miss Batchelder, lemme tell you something: A squaretail, or *salvelinus fontinalis*, is a brook trout. Originally he was found from Labrador westward to the Saskatchewan, and as far southward as Georgia. A steelhead, or *salmo rivularis*, generally understood to be a sea-run rainbow, is native to certain Pacific Coast rivers. But the squarehead is found mainly in Sweden and Minnesota, and can't swim. He will rise readily to any handsome woman. He eats smörgåsbord, and wears calked boots, and ten thousand of him jumped out of the weeds at the battle of Copenhagen. #

Stage-Door Johnny, Esq.

Continued from page 100

interrupt myself, and make a tiny bet that you'll ignore the "original" stipulation, and give the prize to *The Old Maid*, a pretty good show and one which contains little harmfully educational beyond an il——imate child.

Here's a suggestion: Why not have the wording changed to read less stringently—perhaps to something like "For the most important American play"? You could still have some fine wrangles.

Here's a suggestion better still: Drop the whole shebang of Pulitzer awards, for Literature, Poetry, Theatre and all; turn the money, principal and income both, over to the Author's League Fund for penniless writers—of whom, rumor hath it, there are several.

Timely abolition of these Pulitzer gifts, with their accompanying éclat, some years ago might have kept in proper obscurity a reputedly well-to-do socialite, one Archibald McLeish, who once received a Poetry coronation for a pedestrian epic called *Conquistador*, the chief value of which was that loud arguments over the pronunciation of the title made for merriment in the speakeasies. But see what harm a Pulitzer award did: Due to that kudos, a McLeish play was presented, amid tremendous pre-ballyhoo and solemn critical attention (but not subsequent approval) by a chi-chi semi-pro organization "for three performances only." (Boy! Were they right!) *Panic* turned out to be a soporific hodge-podge of squirming Wigman dancers and Broadway mimes who chanted or elocuted what, upon grim inspection of the text, I discovered were considerably-rhymed lines. Mr. McLeish, incidentally, intimated that he had there put American—as contrasted with English—language into verse for the first time; an interesting thought for today. The "play" was a baffling series of evasive sophomorisms about our financial crisis and what might have caused it; we were treated to a pink pill for pallid proletarians. Whenever I woke up, I kept suspecting that Mr. McLeish believes the mantle of Walt Whitman to have fallen on him; I wish it would—the mantle, followed by the fireplace and part of the ceiling.

Joke over. Into our dance.

A hilarious hit is *Petticoat Fever*,

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a comic insanie depicting the tribulations of a radio operator whose duties in the wilds of Labrador seclude him from the companionship of ladies, thus sustaining his longings at the boiling-point. When girls finally do arrive, results are gratifying. Dennis King reveals splendid talents as a farceur; if he will only refrain from several over-zealous tricks and outbreaks—once, for instance, he did something I never expected literally to see; he leaned against the scenery and, I am convinced, actually bit it—he is in for a new career of great success. Leo Carroll is one unadulterated joy as an under-playing silly-ass Englisher. Doris Dalton looks like Ethel Barrymore at the time of *Captain Jinks*—which for praise try to top—and acts with nice poise. Ona Munson is a miniature shovelful of sex-appeal, and is also very funny. Give your mentality a complete holiday, and honestly laugh a lot.

The Group Theater has brought *Waiting for Lefty* uptown with a cast which, while not quite so good as the original (Elia Kazan excepted: there's a find!) is still excellent enough to excite and move. It is preceded by a new one-acter, also by that upshooting star of play-writing, Clifford Odets. This *Till the Day I Die* contains fine patches, especially in the magic of his dialogue (by the way, does my ear deceive me, or doesn't he go into verse at times?) but is somewhat monotonous. As for the theme, I don't want to be captious, but hasn't it been hinted before that the German Nazis are quite unkind toward their victims and other protestants against their incredible regime? I'm becoming just a little used to variations on the *Uncle Tom's Cabin* theme; I yawn a trifle even when Simon Legree is dolled up in sissy Stormtroop duds and adorned with swastikas. I shall find it difficult, furthermore, to be refreshed the next time I see him disguised as that dastard, Jack Capitalist.

Legree turns up as the mine-superintendent in *Black Pit*, and even though he is played with skill by Clyde Franklin, I watched his hounding and abuse of the wage-slaves with a good deal of "so what?" The various workers' theatrical organizations are making valuable contributions to the stage; but is it asking too much to request them to find a new gag, for once?

A Lady of Letters is, according to practically unanimous hearsay, profoundly silly; I shall not drag myself to it because I would be pained to see Muriel Kirkland, who has shown much ability in the past, wasted again. I can, however, give you first-hand warning against *The Dominant Sex*, three acts of plodding wheezes about whether man or wife is boss in the home. A. E. Matthews, in a minute part, performs the miracle of electrifying proceedings whenever he appears, but the rest is mostly coy wrangling done excellently—though in vain—by Bramwell Fletcher, Helen Chandler and Ruth Weston.

Cornelia Otis Skinner is always worth seeing, especially in her comic or authentically pathetic monologues. Three of these in her best vein comprise the first half of her new program. The second half I hope she will immediately send back to Ouida or Mrs. Humphrey Ward. I think it is extremely naughty of her to have borrowed such a conglomeration of stuffed-chemised characters and literary and dramatic clichés from the stock of the red plush era. *Mansion on the Hudson* reminds me, in charm and artistry, of nothing so much as a hand-painted moustache-cup. She is usually a writer and actress of versatility and distinction. For proof, attend *The Loves of Charles II*, *The Empress Eugenie* and *The Wives of Henry VIII*.

Potash and Perlmutter, in revival, survives the years nicely, and is good for many laughs, especially as played by Arthur Ross and Robert Leonard, who have done it often and long.

After the second act of John Van Druten's *Flowers of the Forest*, I was gravely indignant at the majority of the critics for having adjudged it to be confused and ineffectual; after the third act, I was convinced that the critics were right, for things had gone pretty much to pieces.

For two acts I felt that here at last was the long-sought convincing document against the whole horrible doctrine of patriotic killing. Then the third act went into theatrical hokum, minimized almost everything which preceded it, and wandered wanly off into a fog of mediocre poetics and tear-jerking. I deeply respect Mr. Van Druten's conception, intention and effort. I only regret that he seems to have been unable to sustain the grandeur and nobility with which he started.

As for Miss Cornell's acting in this, I shall attempt to dodge the accusation of persecution by quoting Gilbert Gabriel's summary—a summary with which I agree in every particular: "Against all these odds, Miss Cornell must pit all that she has of racy beauty . . . must pit it to the point of self-consciousness, now and then. Those who could hear her last night were bound to think her eloquent, but not all of us heard her. (NOTE:—I heard her perfectly; "eloquent" is the word.) She seemed more intent on weaving magic than on delivering words. She seemed to sense a primary obligation to turn the play into a private romance of frustrated love, rather than to allow it to remain a history shared by you and me and all of us. She was gunning for the weepers, not for the thinkers. I hope she got them."

The direction and lighting were splendid. So were practically all of the cast. I would like to heap special praise upon Margalo Gilmore, Burgess Meredith and John Emery. ⵘ

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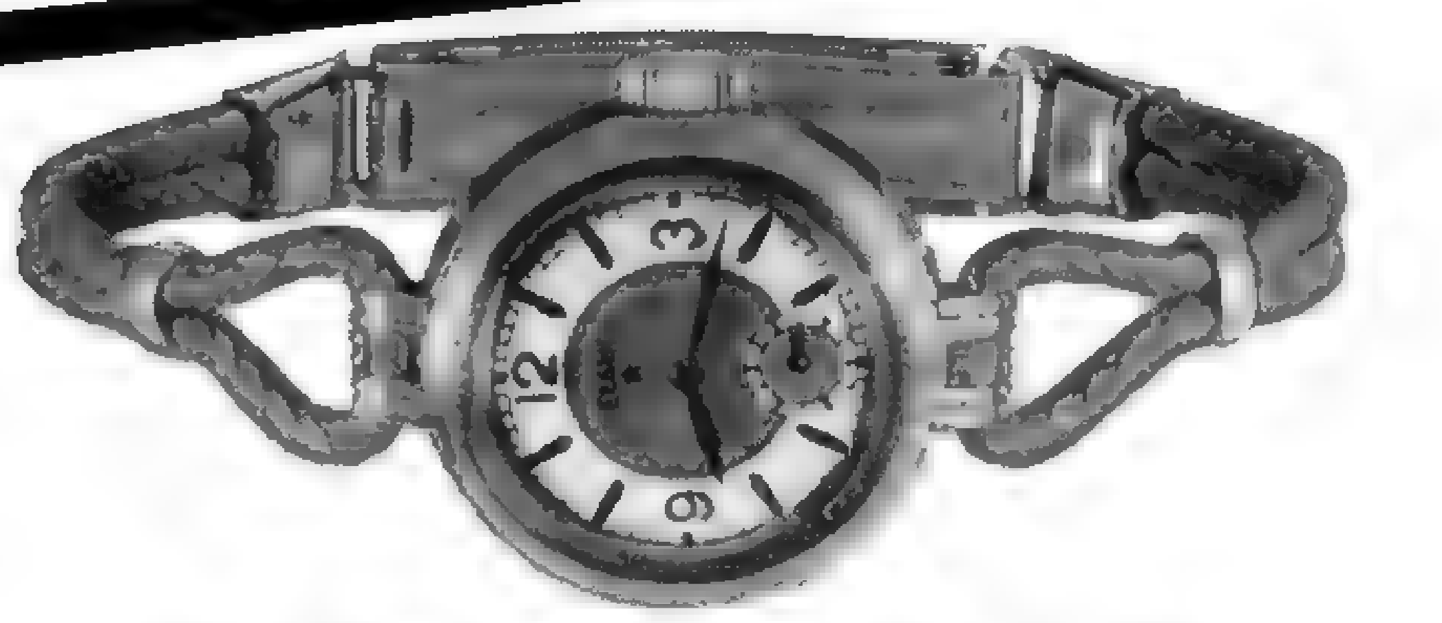

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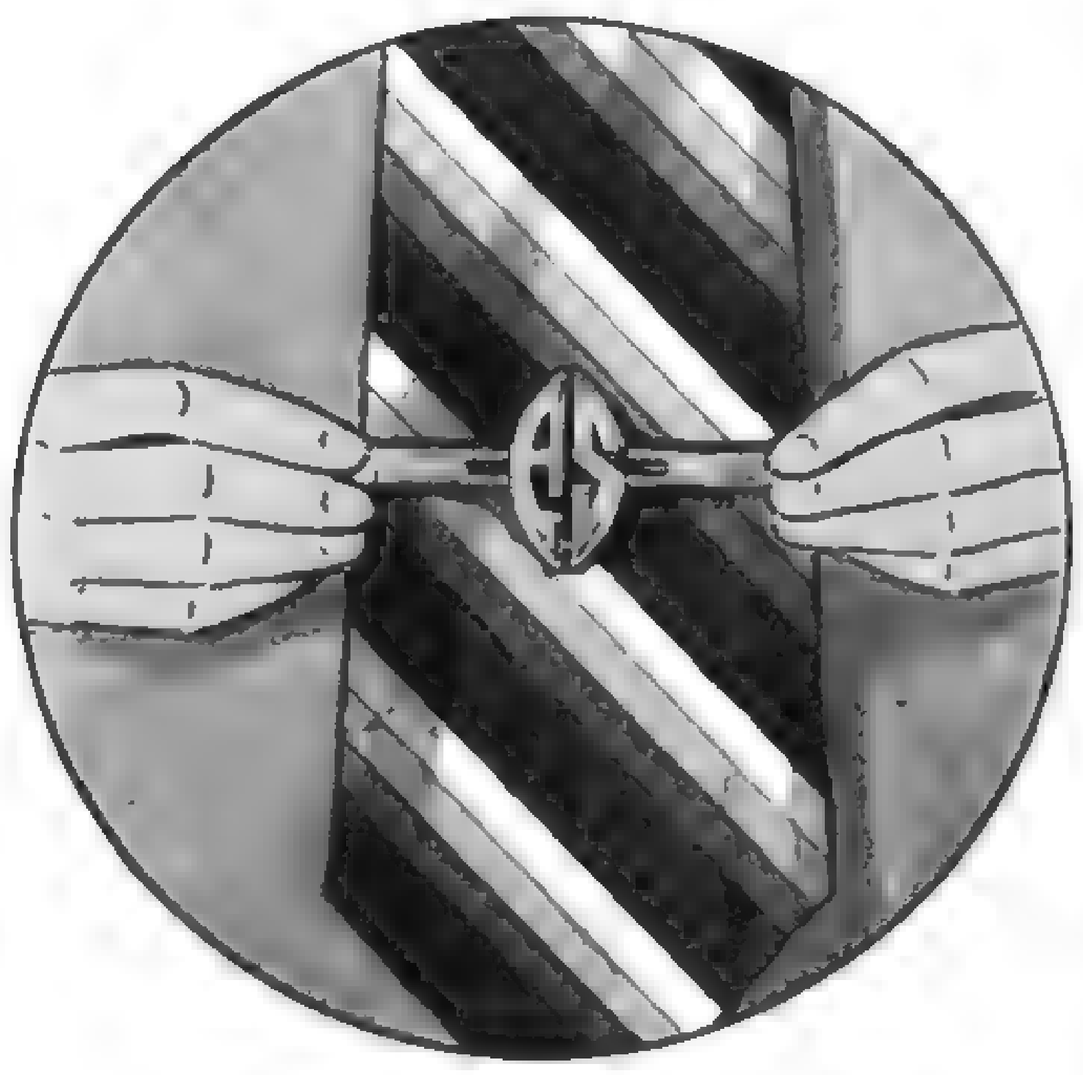

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Man May Love War . . .

Continued from page 28

struck. The demand was bravely met. Men and women who knew as much about the action or psychology of war as they did about the Einstein theory poured out plays, novels, short stories and articles all attuned to the popular note and all equally false to the truth. "Don't ask me about it. I am trying to forget it all. The horror haunts me." This was the accepted pose for the returned warrior. How far was it from the truth? Well, here are a few pictures of war time happenings in the writer's personal experience:

After the second battle of Ypres wounded British soldiers poured across the British Channel to be patched up in home hospitals and returned to the fighting line. Among them were fifteen members of the Munster Fusiliers. They had been through those almost hopeless days when British artillery was completely inadequate against the heavy batteries of the Germans; when the first gas attacks brought wholesale death to defenseless troops, when ammunition and food supplies failed and men crouched in stinking mud holes waiting apathetically for a bloody end.

The fifteen, the patching-up process completed, were ordered to report to a reserve battalion of the Dublin Fusiliers stationed in the Irish capital, there to await their inclusion in a future draft for France. They arrived at the barracks, took possession of and barricaded a platoon room and announced that they would hold their fort *vi et armis* until they were assured an immediate return to France.

"We joined up to fight and we ain't going to be buggered around no blank parade ground by no blankety-blank sergeant major," was the expurgated ultimatum. It was a choice between shooting them and letting the Germans have the job. With unexpected wisdom the colonel decided for the second alternative and that evening the triumphant fifteen marched singing to the docks en route for France. Incidentally the song they sang was the battle hymn of their republican compatriots who were then busily preparing for a war on their own account—"Soldiers Are We to Fight For Ireland." Not so incongruous as it sounds. It recalled to one listener at least a song of twenty years earlier which went something like this:

All we know is there's going to
be a fight
And Irishmen must be there."

Irishmen of course! And according to beloved tradition all Irishmen are blue-eyed, have red hair, are witty, get drunk whenever possible and prefer fighting to eating. But that episode in Dublin can be duplicated or paralleled from the experience of any English soldier who spent any reasonable length of time in an English reserve battalion and, as we all know, Englishmen are blond, stupid, pacific and sober.

We cannot build a case on any fifteen men however. Let us get into the higher figures, tens of thousands for instance:

Salisbury Plains was the site of one of the great English concentration camps during the war. In January, 1919, there were gathered there more than one hundred thousand troops waiting for demobilization. These men were not "veterans" of training camps but soldiers who had had from one to four years experience of the noisy and bloody filth which is war's best advertised horror. Any of the shudder and shiver specialists would have felt they were justified in their contentions if they had been on Salisbury Plains that January. Rifle and bayonet exercises, company drills, inspections and route marches were the order of the day. These divertissements of a recruit's training period were the best which the imagination of the general staff could offer to keep the men from pernicious idleness. To add to the general joy it rained almost as much as it had in Flanders and between drills and parades the soldiers huddled in crowded army huts and cursed the army, their officers, their king and their country with untiring fervor and monotony.

Mutinies were sporadic and of formidable proportions, notably in one instance when an entire brigade rose en masse, descended on a camp trading post, looted the stores, tore the buildings apart and scattered the fragments over the landscape, then surrounded the officers' quarters and exhausted their ball ammunition in well-intentioned but poorly directed volleys.

Here surely was the soldier in revolt against his unspeakable lot, the hapless victim of a horrific system rebelling at last against the forces which drove him and his kind in multitudes to the dread holocaust of battle, etc., etc., etc.

It was nothing of the kind. It was the revolt of men long accustomed to tremendous excitement and exhilarating freedom against monotony, drudgery and galling discipline. It did not take long to prove that.

While these were the conditions on Salisbury Plains, Aldershot and the other great camps where the repatriated British soldiers were herded, the ineffable Lloyd-George was indulging in a dream in which a powerful English army was landed in North Russia, marched irresistibly south to join Czech troops advancing west from Siberian internment camps, put the eternal kibosh on the Bolshevik brother and make the world safe for monarchy and Morgan.

One day an astonishing series of orders issued from the Olympian War Office. All demobilization was to cease except for men over thirty-five or for those who

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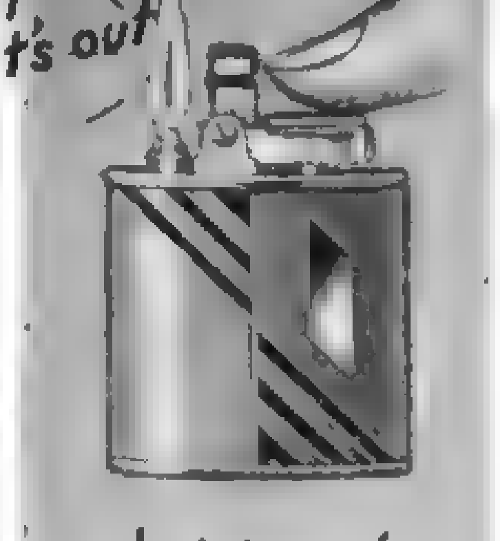

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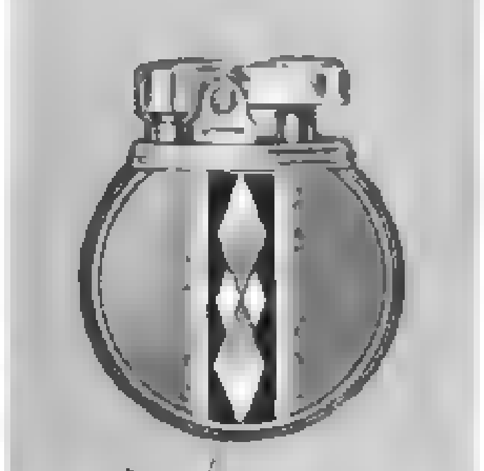

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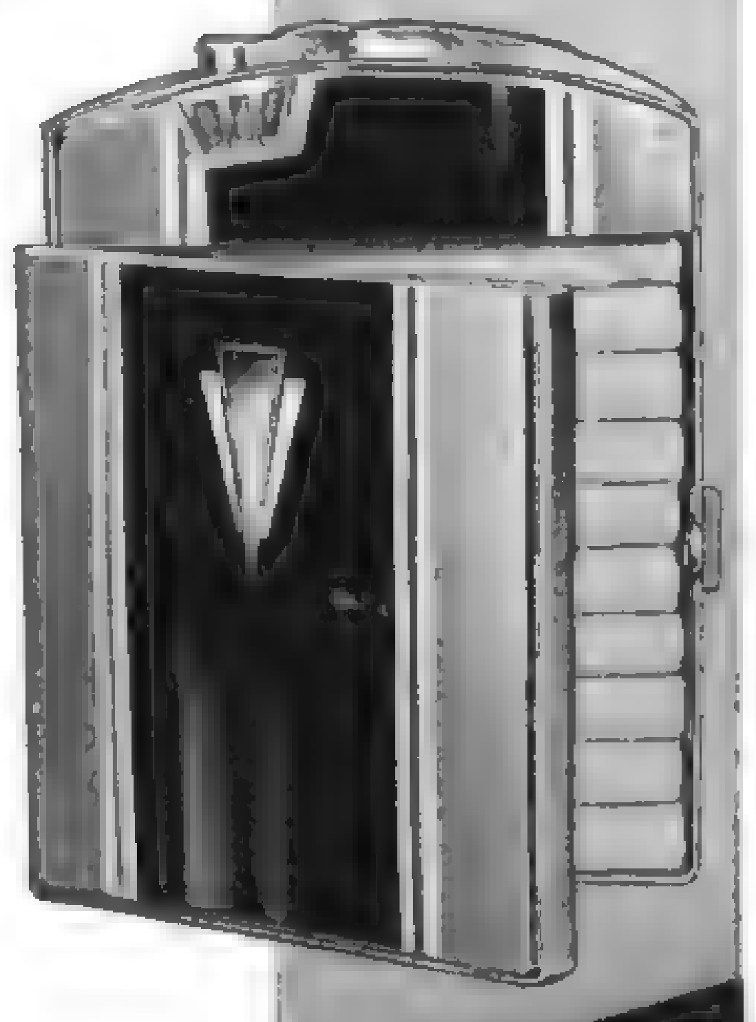

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had enlisted prior to January, 1915. That meant practically nobody. A second decree called for enlistments in the regular army at substantially increased rates of pay, confirmation of war ranks and with bonuses and extra furloughs as additional inducements. Finally a third order called for volunteers for an expeditionary force destined for Archangel. Notification was given that within a few days recruiting stations would be opened throughout the camp, one set for regular army enlistments and the other for those wishing to join the Russian adventure.

If the shiver and shudder fraternity were right those orders should have been the spark to set off the explosion. Actually however there was no explosion. When the first shock of surprise had passed the main topic of conversation was the handsome increase in pay offered and, second, speculation as to the meaning and object of the Russian expedition. All over the camp the following dialogue could be heard, reiterated again and again with scarcely a verbal variation:

"I say, Jack, how abaht joinin' up?"

"I dunno. Pretty good pay, what? Quid a week ain't 'arf bad with all found. Better than the bloody old shop."

"Betcher life. I'll join up if you will."

"Right you are. But how about this Russian do? Want to have a go at the bloody Bolshie?"

"Why not? Wot I says is we're goin' to soldier let's bloody well soldier right. Who wants to be buggered around a bloody parade ground by a bloody sergeant?"

"Right. We'll show the bloody Bolshies wot's wot."

This is not an imaginary conversation. It is practically word for word a dialogue to which the writer listened over and over again during those days on Salisbury Plains and the sincerity of the speakers was proved overwhelmingly a little later when the recruiting stations were opened. The regular army enlistment posts were well patronized but the offices for volunteers for Russia were literally mobbed by thousands of men. The would-be destroyers of the Bolshies were thoroughly disgusted when they learned shortly afterwards that the fantastic plan for the invasion of Russia had been abandoned.

British army authorities estimate that at the outbreak of the World War more than eighty per cent of the effective veterans of the South African war responded to the first call to the colors. And the war against the Boers was no child's play. In hardship and in percentage of casualties it provided as much food for shivers and shudders as the trenches in Flanders.

Why do men love war? I have already referred to the combative instinct, as ancient and deeply ingrained as the instinct for reproduction. But there are at least two other factors of great significance and perhaps as deeply rooted in the nature of the brute: Hatred of monotony and love of freedom. In his fascinating book *Rats, Lice and History*, Dr. Hans Zinsser gives as one reason for the enduring popularity of war, "boredom with the unutterably dull peace time occupations of most people." No man who has had first hand knowledge of war and soldier psychology will question the truth of that statement. Again Dr. Zinsser says: "Until they actually suffered from dirt, lousiness, fatigue, terror, disease or wounds, most men enjoyed the last war." I would qualify that last statement to the extent that men very quickly become accustomed to and ignore filth and lice, normal companions after all for countless generations of their forbears down even to most of our grandparents. As to terror—and all soldiers are frightened at times—excitement conquers fear and terror-stricken moments are few and far between in actual warfare.

Love of freedom remains and the freedom I mean has little to do with the "Spirit of '76" or the "Give Me Liberty or Death" of the novelists and Fourth of July orators. The freedom of the soldier is the only freedom that means anything to man's funny little psyche. It is freedom from responsibility, freedom from moral conventions, freedom from female tyranny, freedom from fear of losing a job, freedom from the thrall of his neighbor's opinions, freedom to be himself in a sense he can never be in civilian life.

The conception of the soldier as a regimented automaton, who is dressed up "so nice and neat" and told "how to walk and where to put his feet," harassed by infinite gradations of bullies and subject to dire penalties for misplaced buttons, unshined shoes and a thousand similar crimes is partly true of the genus in peace time but has little relation to fact when he reaches the fighting line. Bullies subside with surprising speed when they know that an aggrieved victim can easily and safely revenge himself with a bullet the next time the command is "Over the Top." Loot is as much desired by sergeant as private while women and liquor have equal appeal to all ranks.

There is discipline in war of course but it is a very light yoke compared to the peace time discipline of public opinion, public morality, the supervision of your neighbor at your elbow and the policeman at your corner. The freedom of warfare is the freedom of the jungle, the freedom from prohibitions and inhibitions which strive ineffectually but most unpleasantly to restrain instincts and desires which were ours when the Neanderthal man was the current heir of the ages and which are no less ours today.

Men love war for the same reason that they love whisky. Both make them forget the fetters in which civilization binds them. ⌗

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. . . But This One Doesn't

Continued from page 29

Germany was conquered. Show me the profit from the victory. The world has been made safe for nothing. The guns have roared without cessation since 1914—killing our own people in labor troubles—making endless shambles of other countries across the sea. We have had starvation, drought, ruin at our elbow, and survived them all. The blight of the last war is still upon us—at the next one we may perish from the earth. The time has come to try the outstretched hand of friendship among nations. It is the hard way—the only way—and before the necessity of it, all other issues become puny. Roll the drums—there will always be fools ready to fight. We must have men who can take the task in hand, men who realize their own country is not the only country in the world, men who know that tolerance has been forever greater than vomiting cannon!

In a month the world may be crazy again, killing anyone who does not shout: "Kill! Kill! Kill!" While there is yet time I want to have my say: "There can be no war unless men fight, and once I was the first to go. Today I want to be the first to refuse! I love my country—but I question its right to make me kill my fellow men. I demand in our leaders another solution—one more just and sane. I demand that steps be taken now to settle amicably existing and future differences between nations; that every effort be bent toward that end before the world's aflame. I may be ridiculed, pilloried, jailed, and even shot. I will laugh at them all, and gladly die grinning in their faces. I have seen one war and twenty years has not made me forget. There is nothing worse than war! I won't go back!" ⧺

I Think It Was Schenectady

Continued from page 43

It is a hell of a lot of money said Mr. Pringle but all right I agree and now how do I pay it? A lady will call for it tomorrow and then they will set me free said Miss Pringle But promise you will not call in the police. So he promised.

Well Mr. Pringle was pretty upset and that evening when Mr. Crane came to call he took Mr. Crane into his confidence and told him all about it. Well well said Mr. Crane this is terrible In the woods you said? Yes said Mr. Pringle. In the woods said Mr. Crane thoughtfully. O don't keep repeating it growled Mr. Pringle. I was just thinking said Mr. Crane where it might be and I think I have an idea. Even if you are right I doubt if you would know what to do with it said Mr. Pringle. But Mr. Crane looked at him reproachfully and said very dignified I love your daughter Mr. Pringle and Mr. Pringle patted him on the shoulder and said Yes yes my boy forgive me perhaps you are the straw the drowning man grasped at and not the one that broke the camel's back as I thought and if you did find her—You would let us get married? said Mr. Crane quickly. But Mr. Pringle would not make any promises so Mr. Crane said I shall go hunt for her and he went and got Miss Pringle and took her to a movie.

So the next morning Miss Pringle put on her disguise and changed the line of her eyebrows and put chewing gum under her upper lip and went to see her father. She looked quite French. Mr. Crane was hiding in the shrubbery and the plan was to have her come out when she had got the money and take off her disguise and then they would both go back in and Mr. Crane would tell how he had rescued her. And if Mr. Pringle still wouldn't let them get married Mr. Crane could take the $30,000 back to him and pretend that he had got it away from the kidnapers. Miss Pringle was pretty sure that that would get him.

But when Miss Pringle got into her father's library she found Mr. Crosby with him. You need not be alarmed said Mr. Pringle this gentleman is simply here as a witness that the money was paid. But Miss Pringle smiled and said Ah yes eet ees Monsieur Crosby ees eet not? What said Mr. Crosby you know me? No keeding said Miss Pringle you have so soon forget little Clarice who was sooch great help in ze frame-up of Monsieur Ed Kelly and ozzer jobs? Mr. Crosby's eyes got red and he said What are you talking about I never saw you before in my life. Oo la la said Miss Pringle zis big business man how soon he forget. What is all this Zenas? said Mr. Pringle. O it is nozzing nozzing at all said Miss Pringle it joos' seem kinda funny wen I see zis ol' frient when ze pay-off come round We see so many pay-offs togezzer hein mon Zenas cheri? Say look here began Mr. Crosby angrily but Miss Pringle smiled and put her finger to her lips and said No no I say nozzing more ze leetle Clarice she is not give away ol' pals mais non!

Well Mr. Pringle, frowning, said suddenly Now young woman you have come for the money and here it is. And he handed it to her and said I have your solemn assurance that my daughter will be released at once? And when she said Yes he said Now there is just one thing Ed Kelly was a friend of mine and if you know anything about his case as you seem to and if you know that he was framed I want you to tell me. And in return he said I will describe you to the police as a tall old woman with a hair lip. O come John said Mr. Crosby starting up but Mr. Pringle held up his hand and Miss Pringle said O zat is ver' kind

10 QUESTIONS

for readers of good newspapers

1. What newspaper is printed in Bodoni Bold display, in Ionic body, and is the generally used model for modern American newspaper make-up . . . particularly among schools?

2. What newspaper is the news man's dream of excellence in reporting and *re-writing* the news?

3. What newspaper is also the publisher of the only American daily newspaper in Europe?

4. What newspaper includes on its staff one of the foremost challengers of the New Deal and one of the foremost champions of New Deal policies?

5. What newspaper is the sponsor of an annual garden competition in which thousands of entrants (males, too) are numbered?

6. What newspaper has twice received the Francis Wayland Ayer cup for typographical excellence and three times received honorable mention for the same award?

7. What newspaper numbers on its staff a columnist who is also a translator of odes, and whose initials are more famous than his name?

8. What newspaper includes a Sunday Book Review section which is sent by many bookstores to their customers throughout the country?

9. What newspaper carries all the news but insists on saving its readers' time by careful editing and pruning?

10. What newspaper counts the grandson of a great American novelist among its sportswriters, a former American diplomat among its political observers, a famous essayist among its weekly contributors, and a total staff of over 1800 workers?

Answer:

The name of a single newspaper will supply the correct answer to all these questions. It may be found in an advertisement headed "Parade of Americans" appearing on page 182 in this issue of ESQUIRE.

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MAN'S TOWEL

of you Monsieur Prangle but I was hire' by Monsieur Crosby on zat frame-up job and it would not be right zat I tell you. O zat doesn't matter said Mr. Pringle and then he stopped and said Hell you've got me doing it now and Mr. Crosby said John you can't believe all this ridiculous stuff I tell you I never saw this woman before in my life. Well it's darn funny said Mr. Pringle and if I thought you had anything to do with that business Zenas and how comes it that this woman seems to know so much about you then? And they started to wrangle about it and Miss Pringle slipped out of the room.

So Miss Pringle went out into the shrubbery and met Mr. Crane and pulled off her disguise and they went back into the house. And there was Mr. Crosby coming out through the hall grinning like an angry horse and in the library door was Mr. Pringle shaking his fist after him and shouting and Miss Pringle said Why whatever is going on papa darling here I am back again thanks to Freddy. Well Mr. Pringle stopped shouting when he saw his daughter but he did not stop to kiss her for he was thinking of the $30,000 that had just left the house and he made a dash for the door in the hope of catching the woman and getting it back. But Mr. Crosby thought Mr. Pringle was starting for him and he turned and ran with Mr. Pringle after him and they dashed down the front walk practically neck and neck.

Mr. Pringle didn't see anyone in the street except Mr. Crosby and so he turned around and came back in the house. And he kissed his daughter and thanked Mr. Crane for rescuing her. And Miss Pringle asked him what he had been rowing with Mr. Crosby for. Well said Mr. Pringle I found out plenty why he is the associate of crooks and criminals that's what he is and he arranged to have Ed Kelly railroaded to jail and believe me I am going to have that case looked into again. That's fine said Miss Pringle but how about us and she put her arms around Mr. Crane.

Mr. Pringle looked disgusted more from habit than anything else and then he said Well if you want him I suppose you'll have to have him since he brought you back. Only I don't see he said why you couldn't have come back ten minutes sooner and saved me $30,000. What said Mr. Crane did you pay the money already? And Mr. Pringle said Yes. And Mr. Crane said Well I know where their hangout is and I believe if I hurry I can get it and he ran out of the door.

And sure enough in less than an hour he was back with the money and with a bump on his forehead that he had got when he had tripped over a chair and fallen against the bar when he went into Ed Deegan's to get a drink and wait. O darling said Miss Pringle you are injured. O it is nothing said Mr. Crane very modest there were a couple of them there and we had a little skirmish. Well said Mr. Pringle, Caroline I suppose I will have to give you this as a wedding present and he handed over the package of money. O sank you sank you mon cher papa said Miss Pringle with what she thought was a little moue. What! exclaimed Mr. Pringle do you mean to tell me—Why what is the matter papa? said Miss Pringle. Eh? said Mr. Pringle dazedly O nothing nothing and he went into the library and closed the door.

So they were married and Mr. Pringle gave Mr. Crane a small job in Pringle & Co. and they lived very happily for several years on the $30,000 and gave the best parties in Binghamton. Or maybe it was Ogdensburg. ꟷ

Death of an Eagle

Continued from page 31

The wings unfolded and before they were fully out the bird was in the air, rising slowly with his spread reaching out wider and wider. I was certain then that I had missed him. But then suddenly he took a heavy list and started down in a circular swoop, slipping sideways and bang! He landed with a heavy crash into the road below me.

"I've got him," I cried. "I've got him!" And I started as fast as I could for the spot where I saw him fall.

There he was, a great bird fallen. A master of flight with his head in the dust. The little eye in his head glanced out with a glassy stare. It is this glance that can cut the air from a mile above. And there was a metallic glisten on his hard beak, like the polish of a plumed helmet of a fallen Roman warrior—he also wounded to death. A small bullet has pierced and ripped the soft tissues and fibres, and now warm slaughter drops slowly to the ground.

Oh bird, or whatever you are, and all that you are master of—the air, the sky, the invisible paths above the clouds that lead from summit to summit far up in a world rare and uncharted—all you are master of is now ended. It has been taken away from you and the ugly ground which is foreign to your nature must now be your resting place. You who flew so high through clouds and mist and air, must now rest your wings among stones, gravel, loose earth, prickly grass and entwining weeds.

All this because of a little ball of lead and a determination to kill you; because . . . I watched him carefully. A trembling took hold of his powerful frame. A shiver as though he were cold ran through him. . . . All because I swore I would kill you, and day after day, I climbed up on this mountain and crept in and out of the rocks and concealed myself as though I were a thief; and all the time the

Continued on page 178

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FOUGERE ROYALE
Foozhaire Roy-al' (*Royal Fern*)
for MEN

Death of an Eagle

Continued from page 177

bullet was ready in the bore of the rifle designed by the cunning of man to deal out little sudden parcels of death. And I waited and waited, and day after day, and now today . . . Bang! And I got you.

Yes, there is blood on your slate grey feathery breast and it is dark and resembles a thick deep rich wine. It is the colour of a madder used by a great master of painting for the cloak in a dark and tragic scene. I never knew a blood could be filled with such rich power.

You thought you could fly with a bullet in you; and you tried. You went up a bit and then like a ship out of control and with a heavy list you were lost. Then came the plunging swoop with a revolving skid and a dash into the ground that would crush any frame and shatter any anatomy. And now from beak to tail a trembling has set up all because . . . What is this ancient hate that flaps and bangs like a loose door in the heart of man!

I came a bit closer. There he was on his side with one huge wing spread out beneath him as though it were a mat to rest upon. Now I had a full view of his great size and I could see his heavy curved beak and his powerful claws. The brown jointed talons with their long curved nails were as thick around as my fingers. I came still a bit closer.

His muscles were twitching and the nerves or muscle cords were drawing tight. And all this mechanism that was limp and free would soon be hard, rigid and dead. Dead like a rock is dead. Dead like the ground is dead. Dead like the things that surround man. His property. His money. His jewels and all his great hollow treasures. Dead like man who walks the earth a corpse, with pomp and grievances; and with his overpowering passion for hatred and his greatest desire his longing to kill.

Why did these wild thoughts come crowding into my mind at this time? Why so late?

Suddenly the giant talons of the bird began opening and closing very quickly. They were clutching at something that they could not grasp. And the underneath leg with a nervous convulsion began moving back and forth brushing the dust of the road into the air. Then the giant body turned and raised itself by its wing, and placing its heavy feet wide apart set itself straight up and once more stood with its head looking into the sun.

Slowly the wings spread out and the body tilted forward as though ready to set off in flight. But a heavy trembling set in and it was unable to rise from the ground. Once more he straightened up and once more he was shaken down to the ground by an unseen force. And now, unable to rise, he beat the ground with his wings and raised a dust and made a scraping sound. And he rolled over and beat again with his wings and he dragged himself to the edge of the road, to a spot where there was a great drop. For an instant he hung perched, half on and half off, and then with a sudden twisting jerk he threw himself off into space.

Down, down, down he sailed with one wing out in a dizzy corkscrew whirl. Down he went and then he crashed into the trees below. There was a sharp crack of breaking branches and his body was lost from sight.

It was rough land, rocky and full of brambles that scratched my hands and face and tore my clothes as I started down to find him. But it was no use. Where he could have concealed his dying body I was unable to imagine. I searched all over but it was no use. The great bird that I shot would not surrender his body to man.

Then I climbed back to the road and there in the dust I found a great wing feather with its enormous white quill. I brushed the dust off it and put it carefully inside my jacket and started home.

I sat under a tree near the barn and took out that wonderful feather and looked at it. It was very beautiful and most gracefully curved. And the quill was so white and clean and it ran up to the tip with a line, fine and graceful. More graceful than anything in man. And this feather, so light, so frail, plowed unseen furrows through miles and miles of sky eternal and blue.

But now the sky over me was growing dark and soon it would be black and night. And that bird somewhere hidden from the sight of man must now be closing his eye for a long dark night.

I looked over me and the sky was empty. Not a single speck appeared in the whole vast heaven. And with the death of the eagle it will be empty for a long long while. Empty and lonely. And there will be no reason to climb up on the mountain except to show off the view to stupid tourists who do not know what they see. There will be no reason to go up alone on the mountain and feel the cold spray of rain high up and breathe in the rare fragrance of a high lofty place. Lofty and wild.

The eagle is dead. And it was time to go into the house and put the rifle back in its rack.

The old man was sitting in his easy chair. He is very old and soon he too will close his eyes on a long dark space but it would be soft and easy and in comfort. He saw me put the gun in its rack and he said: "Been up after that bird again. Well, I don't think you will ever get close to him."

There was no need for reply. And somehow or other I was ashamed, for in a sense the old man was right. I would never be able to get close to him. Not in life, nor in death. ⧺

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GANTNER KNIT TO FIT
WIKIES

Introduction to Mexico

Continued from page 34

then in response to something he said, put a record—a very good tango—on a big Victor in one corner.

"She has a swell machine," he said, "and a great bunch of records. Listen to some of them."

The floor was covered with native mats. There was a dark throw over the bed. There were an electric standing lamp with a ruffled orange shade, a sofa and an armchair, a big armoire, a good many pictures of no significance, hung high, two tables with bamboo legs, lace covers, a big image of *Our Lady of the Bleeding Heart*, and *The Victor*.

The girl was small, she moved smoothly, her dark red dress became her. Her face was curious, intriguing, and she had charm. This is too good, I thought, it's a stage set. She paid no attention to me. but sat on the arm of Hallerman's chair, whispering to him, occasionally kissing him. He put an arm around her. I noticed how light his brown hair seemed.

When she went to change the record, he told me, "She's half Chinese. She wants me to stay, but I'm telling her I can't. Sometimes she's hard to convince. She's a hot number, and my God, she's jealous." The new tune began. "Listen to this one—it's a peach. Argentine."

She returned to the chair, they continued their intimacy. I smoked a cigarette. When that record was over, I said, "If you want me to go along, just say so."

He rose. "No. It's time we both went along. I'm not staying."

The girl came up to him as he stood—she had to reach to get her arms around his neck—pressing herself close to him, talking. Out of his answer I could catch "*mañana*," I knew that much Spanish. He looked at me, smiling.

"She's jealous as hell," he said. "She pulled a knife on me once—damn near got me." He said it in a casual tone, with obvious, naïve pride.

Altogether too good to be true, I thought.

She let him go. Before she unbolted the door, she turned and said something polite to me. Half Chinese—a brown girl, young, competent, latent explosion under that sleepy expression like a box of nitroglycerin caps to be handled. A knife—yes, in her stocking probably. It was credible.

Outside, Hallerman said, "We may be able to pick up a taxi at the corner."

We walked briskly past the doors and the eternally hopeful women. He talked about miscellaneous things. Was it to see her, I wondered, or to show off? We got a taxi shortly, and he dropped me at the Hotel Diligencias. I went up to my room, in itself strange enough to me with its high ceiling, tiled floor, and enormous, double window. I sat on the edge of the bed with a drink in my hand, looking into the velvety night outside, still feeling the promise which had become an exasperation. I bet he turned around and went back, I thought. I would.

THRESHOLD

By the time we got to Teuxco, I was keyed to a high point of expectation by everything that had gone before. San Andrés Tuxtla at the end of the railroad, and the alpine-tropical Lake Catemaco were more than satisfactory; there was the sense of being deep into Mexico and a growing satisfaction with its beauty. I remember particularly a man, a hacendado and no fool, showing us some arrows with iron heads four inches long, to back up his contention that we should not try to enter the Pajapan country, and Blom explaining that he didn't think we'd have any trouble, since we went unarmed. Blom had been into the edge of it from the other side some years ago, before Obregón's administration brought peace. I listened to his talk of it on the trail and had my first look at the jungle, my first practice in using a machete. A bunch of monkeys followed us most of one day and there was a bird called *centzontle* with a song like a series of silver bells being struck slowly, infinitely varied. I was taking it all in and trying to keep a calm exterior and remember that I was a scientist. I idealized science in those days and believed that my high calling demanded a manner of great detachment.

The jungle thinned along the slope of a hill, then broke away to scattered pine trees, and we came out at the edge of the village—a few score palm-thatched huts strung along the trail on the top of a ridge. The Teuxcos were in a manner intermediaries between the Pajapan people and the rest of the world, relatively tame and accustomed to visitors. After a little discussion, they agreed to let us spend the night and assigned us a hut. Then, having become friendly, they told us that the villages further in would never receive us.

We were following a blurred photograph and a hatful of rumours about some carved stones beyond Pajapan Volcano on the seacoast. It sounded as though there were something there, not Totonac, not Aztec, not Maya. Well worth going to see. And there was a language, we heard, other than the prevailing Nahua, which had never been recorded. An old language surviving in spots and a strange kind of monument—a hopeful combination. Teuxco was just a station en route.

By the time we got settled, dusk was falling. There was some sort of fiesta going on, an image in a green bower, a drum and a flute playing, and a few people

Continued on page 180

•KINDLY • BE • COOL•
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9

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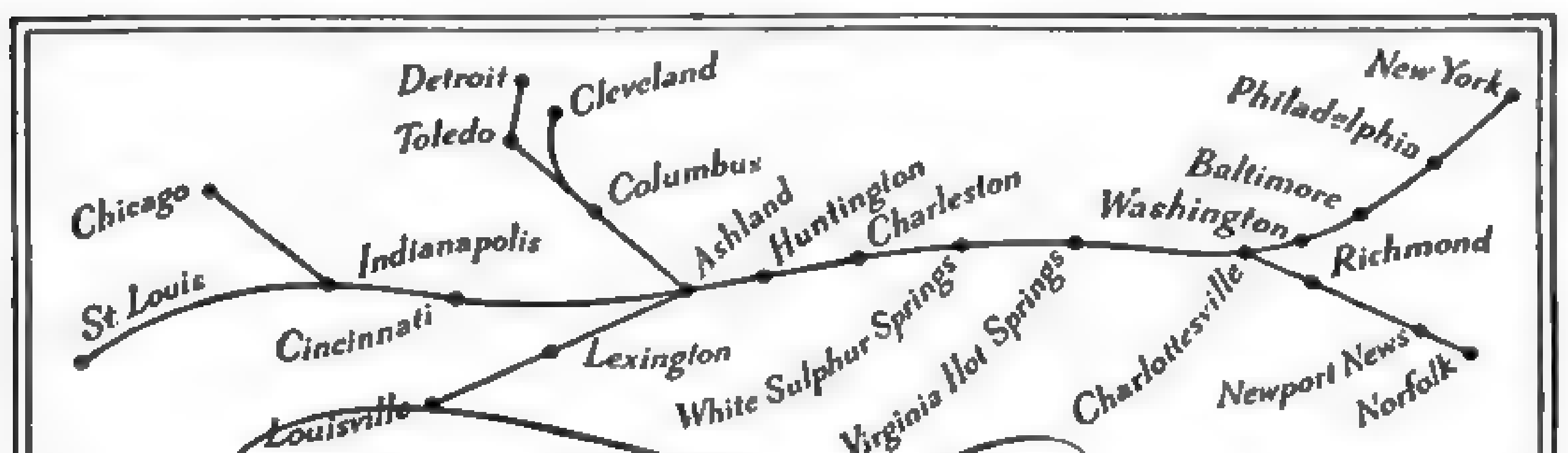

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Introduction to Mexico

Continued from page 179

dancing there, a few men tipsy. During negotiations, getting unpacked, arranging for supper, I was taking in everything I could. There were some big palms behind the houses, completely Winslow Homer. Hatless little men, hair covering their ears, in white cotton pants and shirts, the quiet women keeping in the background, some of them naked above the waist, all with flowers in their hair and that royal way of walking which comes from carrying things on the head, the rather dull music running on and on, a man with a long muzzle-loader, a couple more with bows and arrows. It's all true, then, I thought, it really exists. I'd been all set to be disappointed.

Older men, leaders, sat with us during supper, friendly enough but restrained, chary of information about themselves. They accepted the cigars and drinks we gave out. Now they must attend to their *costumbre*, they said. This was a fiesta. It would be well if we did not come out. They left us.

Young men began drifting in, for curiosity, and in hope of a drink to supplement their fiesta supply. We were there and established. That broke a barrier, one accepted us and was pleased by the novelty, something to talk about later. We were open-handed. Acceptance became cordiality. Blom talked with them while I sat back and watched.

Our lamp was slung above and a little behind the table, lighting it and throwing its orange, rich clarity on the faces of the men opposite, with a thin, yellow reflection around Blom's blond head. Above, was a dark jumble of rafters and the thatch. The corners of the room were vague. The men came out brilliantly, their hair dead black and close fitting on their round, small heads as though it were wet, their eyes brilliantly black in brown faces, flash of teeth for smiles and laughter, and below, bright red blankets, now in the night time big blocks of colour, with the brown shadow of the wall, blue shadow of the outside night beyond the dully gold-edged doorway for background. The young fellow right up front against the table was good and drunk; he did most of the talking and the others laughed at him and at the jokes. Behind that chatter ran always the flute and drum, so steady and unvarying that when they paused occasionally one's ear felt empty.

Oh yes, they spoke Nahua, but that was not their own language. Their own was Popoluca. Popoluca is a generic word for anything the Aztecs couldn't understand—what was the real name of their language? It was The Tongue. Blom slid a printed form out of his folder, there was a movement of suspicion. We should like to write some of the words of their language, to show our people when we got home. How would they like that? You can't write The Tongue. Perhaps we can. To put The Tongue down in writing—like Spanish—a fascinating idea. The drunk said he would trade with us, word for word, our Tongue for theirs. All right.

Blom turned to me. "Here you are, ethnologist, this is your job. If you can write these jawbreakers."

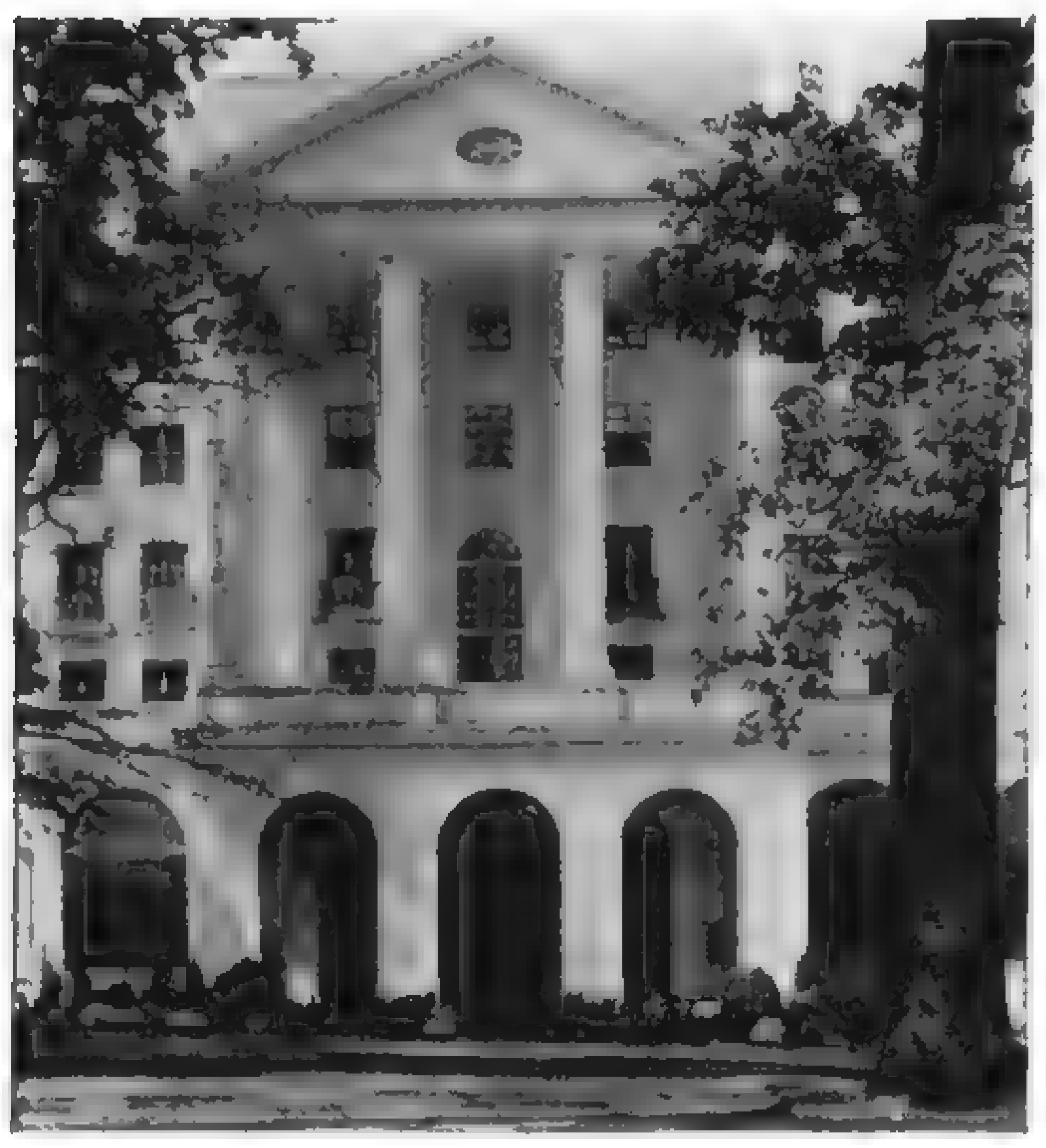
As simple as this, I thought. We just ride into the first village and get a brand new language.

It was not quite so simple. Too many things were crowing at me—this was it, this was the beginning, the purpose of so much study and agonizing, technique, methodology. This was the start; it would be a publication with my name to it. It was not class work, it had to be good. What a long way from class work; the drum outside, the black eyes and blankets, the live force of an alien people here, the genial drunk, a man leaning against the doorway with the end of a bow and a sheaf of those ugly-pointed arrows sticking out from under his scarlet wrap, the lantern light and the sense of strangeness. The blank form was absolute, well planned, familiar. The difference between palatal and velar *k*, the neutral vowel, *t* fortis. *Place*, Teuxco, Ver.; *Language or Dialect*, Popoluca; *Informant* . . . six tipsy Indians . . . leave that blank for now. The holding of a pencil, the act of writing, were familiar, but how relate the context of all this to experience at a desk in the Peabody Museum? There is something silly about this; its importance to me is out of joint with the occasion. How do you say "one" in The Tongue? Two . . .?

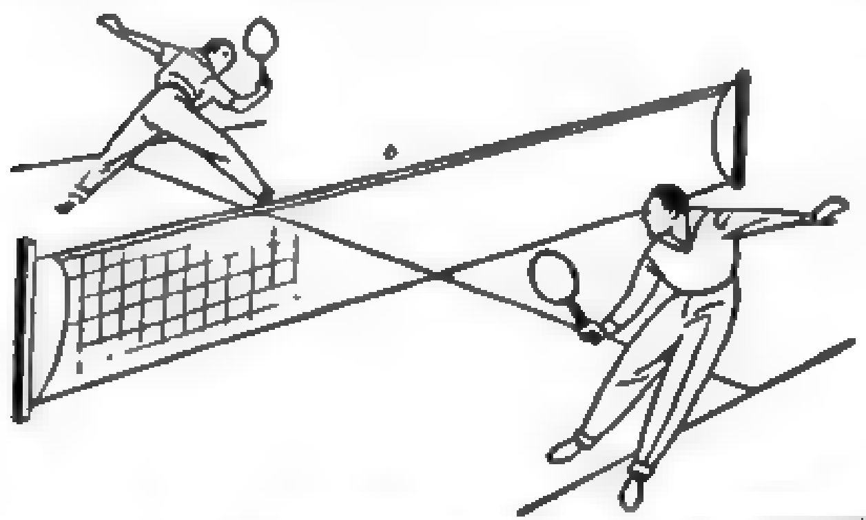
The drunk became confused; they chased him back to the doorway, laughing, and set themselves to this new game. How do you say "father" . . . ? My hand was sweating on the paper, I could not stop listening to the drum. The Indians, the novelty, pressed upon me. This is I, doing this. Say that again. It's a fortis . . . *t!a'aqwe*. This is it, this is the beginning. It's not so hard. I knew how excited I was, I knew that when I got through the short list I was going to be exhausted for no reason but it was not hard. And the excitement was subsiding, there was a routine here, the dry, factual business of recalling just the right symbol for the carefully heard, ungodly sounds became dominant. A skill to exercise, a set of tools to prove. To make war . . . *nekpatahuk!'tesuk`we*. . . . It was coming out all right. If I could have seen myself sitting here, thus occupied, in a vision two months ago, I would have called it sheer adventure, but it was not adventurous—that slipped out from under the hand, for some other occasion when the thing we all deny we want would manifest itself, if it ever does. ⧺

Repeat

THE TRIP YOU HAVE NEVER FORGOTTEN



"Nothing like it in the world," was your parting thought when you last visited White Sulphur...as you solemnly promised yourself a return visit. Was ever a game so "sweet" as the game of golf you played over the gently rolling fairways, or a tennis match so exhilarating as the one you played on The Greenbrier's championship courts? Where—except in your memory—have you found the variety and rugged beauty of the mountain bridle trails at The Greenbrier? Where such a brilliant confluence of cosmopolitan life and vigorous outdoor sports? Your invitation to return is written plainly in the early-summer glory of The Greenbrier's vast estate. Take time enough, this trip, to enjoy it to the full.



WHITE SULPHUR SPRINGS
WEST VIRGINIA

THE GREENBRIER AND COTTAGES
L. R. JOHNSTON, General Manager

The Candid Cameraman

Continued from page 144

been more beautiful productions than *Black Fury*. But the swell thing about this picture is that it cannot be shunted off into that category of rarities, "art-films," and marked for consumption by the intellectual section of the populace alone. *Black Fury* is a Hollywood film, triumphantly made within the skeleton of the Hollywood story formula, it is a film of strong action-appeal, nicely dressed with sidelights of humor, pathos, tragedy, and yet it is a true document of America today. *Black Fury* will hold any audience, by its sheer melodramatic suspense; to the intelligent audience it will give the added enjoyment that comes through the appreciation of art-means effectively used.

Even the few artificialities of the film are so typically American, so functional, that they add to the general effect of reality. The "everybody happy" idiom of the photoplay is so universally recognized that the dumbest audience cannot help but see where, in *Black Fury*, the true nature of a coal-mine strike is diverted for the sake of conformity to a movie story.

And this very diversion helps impress the truth, for one feels that this is a conforming Hollywood tale, and Hollywood never sanctions anything but what is already universally obvious. Therefore it must be universally obvious that strikers have to fight against the very foulest kind of bestiality when they are up against hired strike-breakers.

Though the employer is absolved, the trick is managed so adroitly that the film leaves a powerful emphasis on working-class oppression, exposes the unfair tactics used (even if unwittingly) in combating strikes, and creates a tremendous sympathy for the common laborer.

This is an entirely new note for Hollywood, and no little credit is due to those who were able to interlard so much truth between the required clichés.

Suppose, for instance, one were given this assignment:

Make a picture that will use all this headline stuff about strikes. Make it in a mining town and be sure to get in a lot of action inside the mine, you know, something dramatic with a couple of guys hunting each other through the deserted tunnels. Maybe a good free-for-all fight down there, too. Now we don't want to offend anybody but we don't want any la-de-da stuff either. We want the real strike stuff, strikers being beat up and even killed by these gangsters hired as mine guards. We want to use the drama of sacrifice, determination, starvation, hatred of scabs, violence—why, you got everything there, in a strike story! It's like a war! But wait a minute. We don't want to take sides. Don't offend anybody, see. Figure out a way to show both sides are right.

Now, on top of that we want some hero stuff. A love story, and a bangup finish with the newsreels grabbing the picture of the hero and him talking into the mike and a clinch with the girl.

The screen play writers Abem Finkel and Carl Erickson got something like that as an assignment. For material they had an original story, *Jan Volkanik*, by Judge M. A. Musmanno, and a play, *Bohunk*, by Henry R. Irving. They stuck within the Hollywood formula and yet produced a picture which, I hope, will open up a social problem sequence of films that will swamp the newly revived gangster theme as the proper subject of the American photoplay. More, they made these bohunks talk the way they talk. Compare the dialogue of the Poles in *Black Fury* to the fakey dialogue of the Poles in *Wedding Night!* More, the director, and the actors, invested the miners and their way of life with a superb dignity.

I have a feeling that Paul Muni should get credit for something beyond the acting of the star part in *Black Fury*. He sets the tone of the picture: his serious, respectful, and yet at times delightfully satirical study of the Hunky, lovable even when his vanity leads him unwittingly to betray his fellow-workers, guileless, and yet resourceful, must have drawn the other actors to the same respectful and tender approach to their roles. It is no accident that Paul Muni appears in such photoplays as this and as *I Am a Fugitive From a Chain Gang*. One feels that this actor had a great deal to do with initiating the protest-motif of such films.

But whether it was Paul Muni or the Warners or director Michael Curtiz who pounded through the idea of braving a production on the class-struggle theme, the result fully bears out the firm's advertisement in *Variety:* "Here's a brand new type of screen EXPLOSIVE. Not SEX — not GANG STUFF—but brother, it's DYNAMITE! With one clean-cut wallop it arrests the EMASCULATION of the movies."

The straddle between labor and capital is neatly accomplished. In the end, it turns out that all the trouble was due to a racketeering organization that sent a troublemaker into the mine to organize a rival union, split the workers, start a strike, and thus make it necessary for the mine owner to hire guards and scabs from the racketeers. "I want no violence," the mine owner carefully stipulates; but the no-violence boys promptly recruit a lot of plug-uglies who don't have to be supplied with guns as they habitually carry their own.

Once the strike is started, the mine owner goes to court and gets his old contract with the

Continued on page 182

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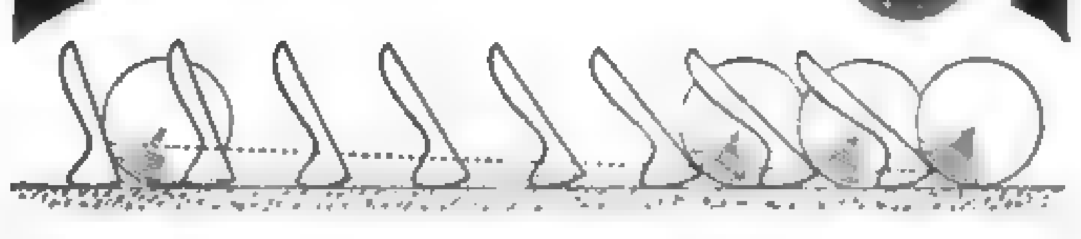

Above illustration: Lower dotted line denotes the elevation of front edge, graduating uniformly from No. 1 Iron to No. 8. Upper dotted line denotes contact of the club with the ball on all irons. Approach irons are designed to produce extra back-spin.

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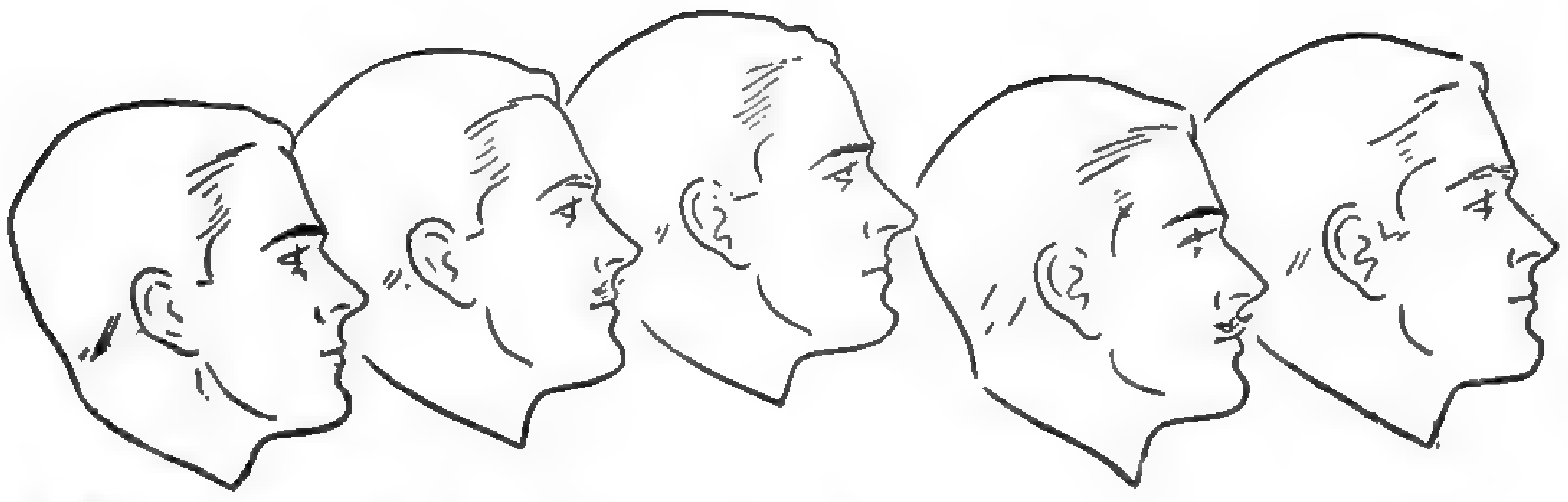

Parade of Americans

ON the last Saturday in May, at the very crack of Summer, just a fractional week from Decoration Day week-end, the New York Herald Tribune will publish in its regular edition a comprehensive

Review of What Better Dressed Men will wear for Summer 1935

This, by the way, will be the fourth such review to be issued by this newspaper in a twelve-month — reviews covering everything a man wears — from bowlers and boaters to buckskins. Reviews which, it is pleasant to recall, have brought bouquets of bravos from those who design, make and sell men's wear in America.

The New York Herald Tribune makes no boast of uniqueness as a publisher of newspaper men's wear reviews. For when it published its first comprehensive review a year ago, the nation took notice and something like a torrent of extensive men's wear reporting began among leading American newspapers. And there are, of course, other newspapers which have covered men's wear in other ways, before and since.

But the Herald Tribune on May 25th — as it has on three previous occasions — will do a top piece of reporting and illustrating what is new and what is right, what will actually be worn and what will be widely available on the counters, the shelves and the racks of America's alert men's wear sellers.

It should also be mentioned that this coming Summer Men's Wear Review is part and parcel of the Herald Tribune's right-through-the-year men's fashion news service. If you are interested in the cause of better-dressed males — or in doing better by your own appearance — you're one who'll be regularly interested in the Herald Tribune's Saturday morning men's fashion news — *writ* by Gerald McCann, *decors* by George Hughes.

On the other hand, you are an executive interested in the promotion of men's fashions? A copy of the Herald Tribune's "The Week in Men's Wear" will be sent you for the asking. Or you would like a really helpful guide to the Do's and Don'ts of Good Taste in Men's Dress — for various types of face, figure and coloring? The Herald Tribune's Men's Fashion Department (see below) has a 15c booklet for you — many an Esquire reader has sent for it.

But if, to get back to the original thesis, you are one of millions of unadorned Americans on the point of purchasing one or more bulwarks to a Summer 1935 wardrobe, Saturday, May 25th, is the date . . . the New York Herald Tribune is the newspaper in question . . . a few pennies (depending on what part of the country you live in) is the price . . . and the *Review of What Better Dressed Men Will Wear for Summer 1935* is the important occasion to remember.

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The Candid Cameraman

Continued from page 181

union vacated. He refuses to let the workers return except on open-shop conditions. This is the one point in the film where the whitewash of "misunderstanding" between capital and labor fails entirely to apply. Instead of striking unreasonably, the men from then on are striking to win back the agreement that cost them years of struggle. Of course the vindictiveness of the employer is (in movie terms) excusable on the grounds that the men started the trouble by calling a strike. But once the trouble is started there is no way for the movie to evade the fact that strike feeling is one of plain hatred, deadly warfare.

In a scene unmatched for its exposure of the voracious brutality of the type of man employed as a strike-breaker, the leader of the older union is beaten to death. Muni gets into the fight, and wakes up in a hospital. There, in semi-delirium, he hears that the miners are about to capitulate. He gets out of the hospital, makes his way into the mine, sets dynamite everywhere, and sends up word that he will destroy the mine unless the employers restore the old union agreement. There ensues a terrific sequence in which he maintains his single-handed siege. Meanwhile the U. S. steps in, finds that the trouble was brought about by the racketeers who supplied the mine-police. So peace is made, the agreement is restored, Muni emerges victorious and kisses the girl, and says into the microphone, "I am glad we won," steps away, and returns to add "Thank you." Those two words subtly underline the true meaning of the picture: the meaning that workers will be victorious when public sentiment is with them. The whole action of the picture also teaches a lesson in solidarity: for it is when the miners are split into two factions that their trouble begins.

Everyone knows that few strikes are started by racketeers. Any audience is capable of making the few necessary mental cuts. The love story and the racketeer story occupy perhaps one-tenth of the film; the rest of the picture is a straight portrait of life in a mining town. Beginning in a light vein, showing the kidding around on the job, the heartiness of friendship, the home life, the gayety of the beer joint and dance hall, it gradually works through to a portrayal of the bitter poverty and the violence during the strike.

Innumerable scenes stick in the mind. Most touching is that in which a little girl, parrot-like, reads to the Hunky the letter in which his girl tells him she has left him. "Why she do this to me? Why? Why?" Again, the scene in which the Hunky, decked in a tight suit and bowler hat, parades proudly down the street as "president" of the new union. Again, the scene in which he returns to the cottage where he boards, and finds that his old friend (finely played by John Qualen) has evicted him for having betrayed the original union. Again, the drunken scene in which he grabs his new pal, the trouble-maker, by the shoulders, stares into his eyes, and asks, "You my friend? My friend?" And the blind fury of the worker when he is forbidden to go down into the mine where he has a lot of coal all ready to take out. It is the fact that he has put in several days on "dead work," the unpaid work of laying tracks, etc., preparatory to the actual mining, and that now someone else will benefit and take out his coal, that drives him into a murderous rage. It is touches of this sort that explain, in the simplest conceivable terms, the very nature of the miner's relationship to his work. And again, the sequence in which all the strikers are evicted from the company-owned houses. The shrill scream of "scab" that goes up when the miners, pressed against a cross-wire fence, see the strikebreakers herded into the mine. The fight between Muni and the guard, in the dynamite loaded tunnel, is one of the most terrific ever filmed. The weight of piled-up sympathy is added to one's mere seeing of the film, until the spectator actually feels himself participating in the fight. There is a delicious touch later, when the Hunky sits eating great chunks of bread that he had had the foresight to bring down with him into the mine, and the guard, chained a few feet away, begs him for a bite. "You try hunger for a while," the miner says.

Never before has Paul Muni had so completely sympathetic a part, and he plays it with an obvious relish that heightens the spectator's enjoyment. In *I Am a Fugitive* he was obliged to play in a monotone, to project the sense of continuous fear. But here he has the whole gamut of human mood and emotion, from the laughing, strong freedom of the early sequences, through the unabashed sentimentality of his love scenes, to the violent tempo of the closing scenes. The character that he establishes in the early, homely parts of the film is so real that he swings through the action-melodrama of the close without an instant's loss of credibility.

* * *

THE FRENCH HANDLE THEIR OWN

After all, *Les Miserables* belongs to the French, and it is only right that they should film it best. Simultaneously with the issuance of the over-touted Hollywood film, the French have completed a six-hour motion picture of *Les Miserables.* It is shown in four sections, each of which runs one and one-half hours, and is complete in itself. Where Hollywood produced another pretentious

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melodrama, the French have made a true classic. Detailed comparison would be fruitless, as the French film will not be generally shown in this country; but if you get a chance to see it in one of the art-film theatres, or can organize an audience of a few hundred people, or a group large enough to pay for the rental of the film, do so. The lighting, acting, photography are superb. The whole thing has an enchanting poetic quality, coupled with a dramatic brooding that projects the true spirit of the classic. ⧺

Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf

Continued from page 97

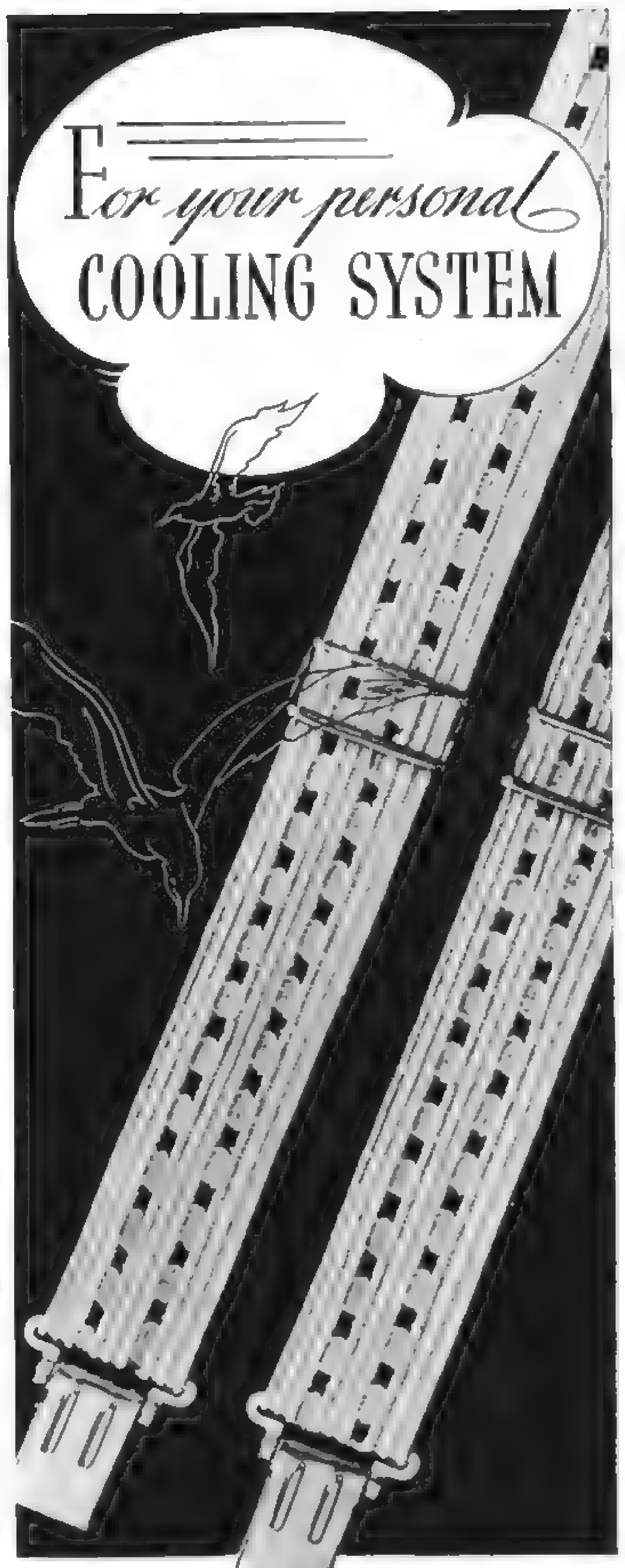
An Almanac for Moderns for this is the sort of book you either do not care for at all or you cherish with an almost fanatical love. The author is a naturalist, who has specialized in botany, entomology, zoölogy and mineralogy.

These little essays in observation and information, one for each day in the year, are something else again. They are, in their kind, superb. I know of no one, not even W. H. Hudson, who can do this sort of thing better. The book is at once poetic and scientific. I am incautious enough to say that it is one that seems destined to be considered a classic.

In the April issue of ESQUIRE a client in New Haven took restrained and gallant umbrage at some strictures of mine against the written work of John Strachey. He has been impressed, as have so many American club women and collegians (as well as New York intellectuals and Left Wing adherents) with Mr. Strachey's literary style; and probably he has, also, as many others have, been emotionally moved by the shining ideal of Communism which Mr. Strachey seems to hold before him as the star of his life. Our correspondent has, no doubt, (as you and I have) discovered and experienced evils under the capitalist system. His heart is pure; his hope is clean; his wishes and his ambitions are selfless: he would like (as you and I would) this world to be better ordered than it is.

Mr. Strachey comes forward pat, patent, patient and not prolix. He says in a few, well-chosen words (he is not verbose like Marx or Lenin even) that everything will be just dandy if the world should come around peacefully and without any too much fuss to Communism. He is also a great brain-and-labor saver, this Mr. Strachey. This is a helpful thing for many. He saves them the trouble of reading and studying Marx. He also saves them the trouble of reading and studying all the commentators on Marx. He is decisive, self-assured, reassuring; there is no shilly-shallying about him. You can put your dependence upon him, he implies; and that, too, is a helpful thing in these days when we can't seem to place any great dependence upon any of our great leaders. You can

Continued on page 185



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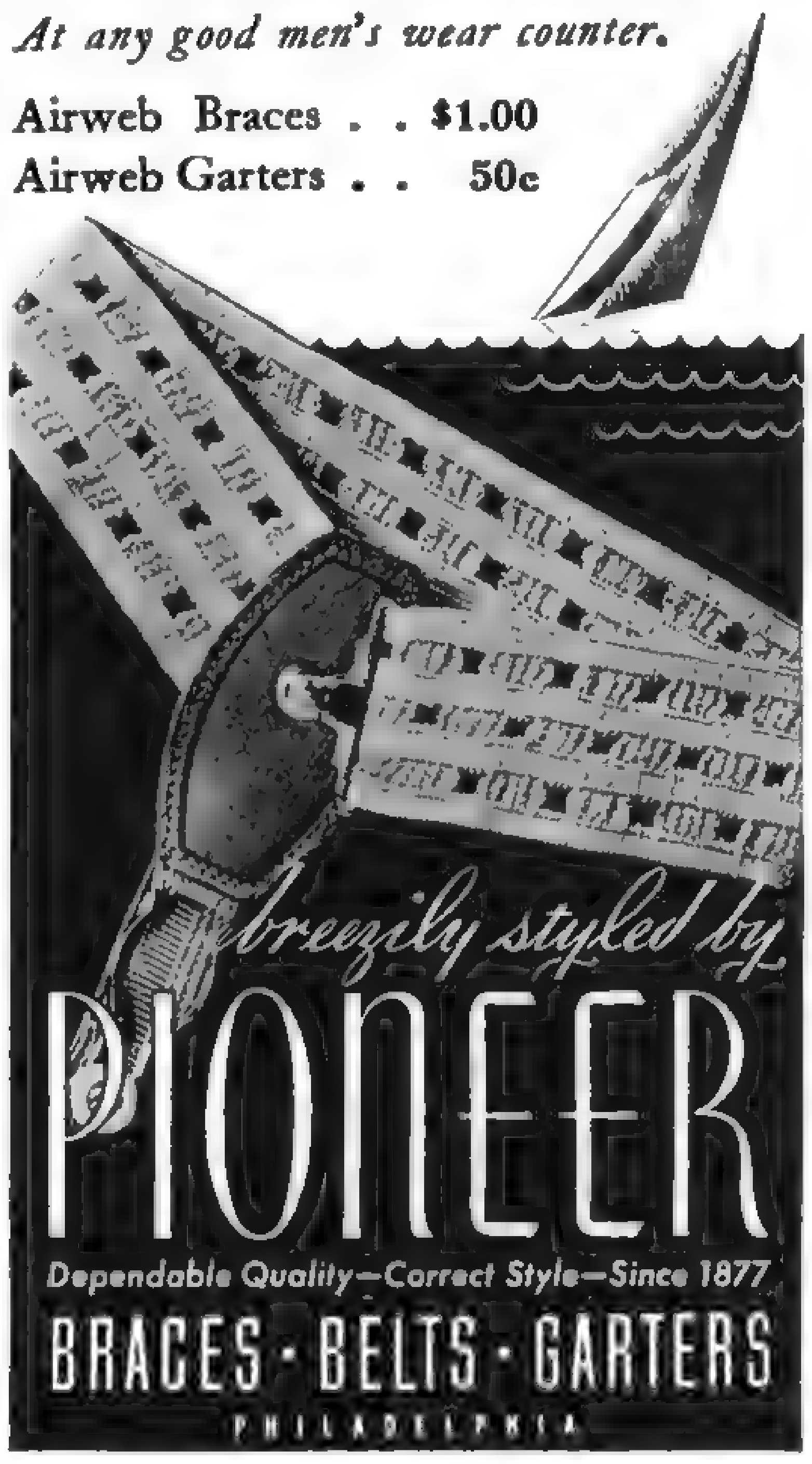

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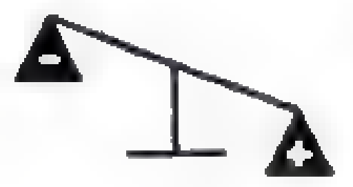
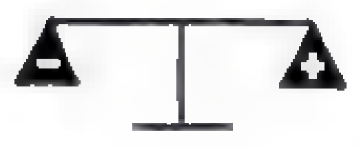
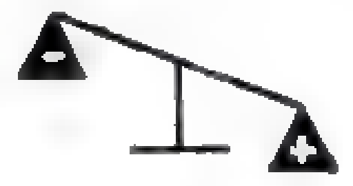
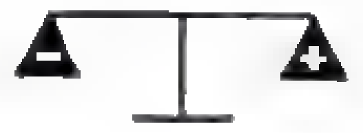
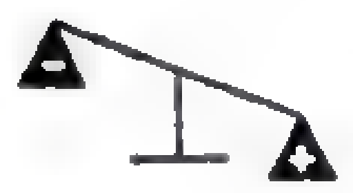
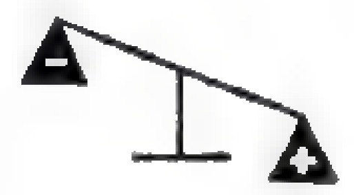
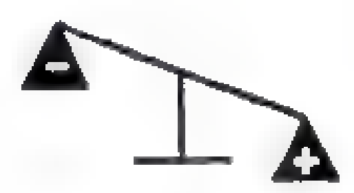
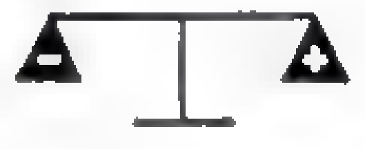
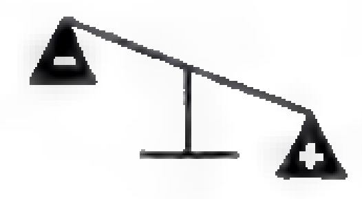
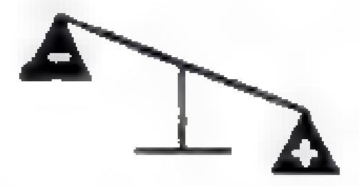
THE GRASS GROWS GREEN *By Hortense Lion* Houghton Mifflin—$2.50	A first novel concerning an immigrant's life.	*N. Y. Times*—"Hortense Lion has made a debut not merely of promise but of performance with this very interesting first novel." *N. Y. Herald Tribune*—"Miss Lion depicts the hardships of the German immigrant in the middle years of the nineteenth century with a vivid and sympathetic pen." *Saturday Review of Literature*—"Miss Lion recreates the past without the usual faint touch of irony that is reserved for the nineteenth century."	*Sterling North—Chicago Daily News*—"Actually, while this book can stand on its own feet as a chronicle of the vigorous, rich life of German immigrants, who came to America and made good in New York, it is a piece of effective propaganda."		Deserves a good sale.
NOW WE SET OUT *By Susan Ertz* (Author of *Madame Claire*) D. Appleton Century—$2.50	Novel of married life.	*Florence Haxton Britten, N. Y. Herald Tribune*—"*Now We Set Out* is an able and interesting study of marital jealousy." *N. Y. Times*—"*Now We Set Out* is interesting, well written, entertaining. . . . The devastating effects of unreasonable jealousy are plainly demonstrated, but no sort of cure for that ugly malady is suggested. (And Freud isn't even mentioned.)"	*Joseph Henry Jackson—San Francisco Chronicle*—"With the humorous minor characters as well as incidents, if Susan Ertz borrowed the ridiculous in climaxing *Now We Set Out*, she might have made it hilarious and improbable, and given it a sense of readableness that might have lasted after the last page. As it is, it minces and chats without restraint as though it had forgotten its purpose."		A Best Seller.
THE SEARCH *By C. P. Snow*, young English scientist, a fellow of Christ's College, Cambridge. Bobbs Merrill—$2.50	A novel for readers interested in things scientific.	*N. Y. Times*—"The book produces some clear thinking and some interesting discussion. It is an extraordinarily provocative piece of work which raises more questions than it decides. It would be more satisfying as a novel if Miles' rejection of science were more clearly motivated." *Wm. Rose Benet—Saturday Review of Literature*—"This novel has both depth and breadth. It is also instinct with drama at the four or five turning-points that arise in Miles' life."	*Sterling North—Chicago Daily News*—"In an era of muddled thinking, ardent nationalism and asinine political gestures, this novel by a distinguished young scientist is a godsend."		Probably limited sale, although deserving larger audience.
TALK UNITED STATES! *By Robert Whitcomb* Smith & Haas—$2.00	Proletarian novel.	*Horace Gregory—N. Y. Herald Tribune*—"I think it is obvious that Robert Whitcomb has written the American version of *Little Man, What now?* The social significance of this book should not be underestimated, for painstaking documentation has gone into the writing of it." *John Chamberlain—N. Y. Times*—"Whitcomb's *Talk United States!* bears some superficial resemblance, so far as the sequence of events goes, to the German story of the 'little fellow' who, after much buffeting by economic adversity, eventually turned to Hitler for relief that never came."	*Joseph Henry Jackson—San Francisco Chronicle*—"What's most interesting of all, Mr. Whitcomb tells the story of an American's experiences and an American's thinking, in the American language—the talk of filling stations, poolrooms, lodge halls the country over. . . . Try his book. It will fascinate you, I believe. And perhaps it will make you think a bit yourself." *Ted Robinson—Cleveland Plain Dealer*—"An arrestingly significant novel of the times is *Talk United States!* by Robert Whitcomb. It is a simple, straightforward narrative, apparently plotless and yet carefully constructed, and it reveals the life of a typical American of today."		Deserves to sell.
TIME OUT OF MIND *By Rachel Field*, hitherto known for children's books. Macmillan—$2.50	A romantic novel of Maine.	*Robert P. Tristam Coffin—N. Y. Herald Tribune*—"It is refreshing to read a book in the year 1935 that leaves one vibrating as one vibrates after reading a saga. It is an event that a saga can happen this late in the form of a novel. Rachel Field's *Time Out of Mind* is such an event." *John Chamberlain—N. Y. Times* calls *Time Out of Mind* "a Virgilian pleasure on the order of certain books by Willa Cather. . . . Miss Field is so full of her subject, which is life along the Maine littoral, that she can triumph over the stalest devices, the most hoary stock situations."	*Sterling North—Chicago Daily News*—"Here is a book as close to the American tradition as the passage of the Mayflower, as much a part of the national myth as the pioneer spirit." *Fanny Butcher—Chicago Daily Tribune*—"*Time Out of Mind* is, technically, a difficult feat brought off with unqualified success. It is written in the first person, ostensibly by an old woman who works in a Maine postoffice and lives in a garret room in the house of the aged postmistress."		A Best Seller bet.
GENERAL:					
AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF JOHN H. HAMMOND, Well known Consulting Engineer, in 2 volumes. Farrar & Rinehart—$5.00	A "Who's Who" of world figures.	*R. L. Duffus—N. Y. Times*—"On this, his eightieth birthday, John Hays Hammond can look back on travels and adventures which make those of Ulysses seem fairly drab." *Wm. MacDonald—N. Y. Herald Tribune*—"No one who reads these wellwritten and engrossing volumes will be likely to question either the scope of Mr. Hammond's memory or his unusual ability to describe dramatic situations. A veritable storehouse of good stories."	*Fanny Butcher—Chicago Daily Tribune*—"The autobiography of John Hays Hammond is too mannerly, too restrained, too, shall we say proper, to be the classic that it might have been. He never says a harsh word when a mild one would do, and his criticisms are as his words." *Sterling North—Chicago Daily News*—"Hammond has walked with kings, nor lost the common touch. At 80 he can hold his liquor and his millions like a gentleman. His life story makes that of Anthony Adverse seem pale and anemic.		A Best Seller.
GERALD: A PORTRAIT *By Daphne Du Maurier*, Author of several novels. Doubleday Doran—$3.00	Biography.	*John Chamberlain—N. Y. Times*—"*Gerald: A Portrait* is about a family that is talent personified. And not the least talented of the du Mauriers is Daphne herself, who has succeeded in doing perhaps the most difficult thing in the writing world. This story of her father is both affectionate and mercilessly clear. I can think of only two authors besides Miss du Maurier who have done this sort of thing well—Edmund Gosse and Susan Glaspell." *Saturday Review of Literature*—"Sir Gerald's daughter, Daphne—who has been recognized already as the author of three novels—has now written a book about that spoiled child who was her father which must be accepted as a veritable work of art."	*Sterling North—Chicago Daily News*—"One would have to search far to find a more extraordinary biography than *Gerald: A Portrait*. Daphne Du Maurier has a frankness—a penetrating insight unusual in one of her years—a loyalty that translates itself into love for her ghost-ridden father."		A Best Seller promptly on Miss Du Maurier's popularity as a novelist.
OFF TO MEXICO *By Leone and Alice-Leone Moats* Scribner's—$4.75	A guide book to Mexico.	*John Chamberlain* calls it—"A flip guide book. The book contains some marvelous colored maps by Matias Santoyo." *Lewis Gannet—N. Y. Herald Tribune*—"There may be better guidebooks than *Off to Mexico*, but there can hardly be lovelier. The maps would lend distinction to any book; and I suspect them of being extremely practical as well as beautiful and witty."	*Ted Robinson—Cleveland Plain Dealer*—"*Off to Mexico* is a guide book de luxe. There are tables containing the actual driving time between all sorts of cities and towns in Mexico, an address book for Mexico City, a hotel list for the entire republic, a fairs book, a list of holidays, a bullfight calendar and numerous other sections of important information."		Better than average sale for guide book.
PROVENCE: From Minstrels to Machine *By Ford Madox Ford*, international literary figure. Lippincott—$3.00	A travel book for the civilized.	*Katherine Woods—Saturday Review of Literature*—"Ford Madox Ford, of London and New York and Kent, but most of all of Provence, tells the story and paints the word picture with the interspersion of brilliant caustic comment which is all his own: often extravagant, always frankly personal, but pertinent and challenging." *Noel Savage—N. Y. Times*—"In *Provence: From Minstrels to the Machine*, Mr. Ford has written a new and exciting interpretation of the land of the troubadours. This in itself is no mean achievement, for few lands have received more attention from writers than Provence. But his superb evocation of Provence is only part of Mr. Ford's accomplishment in this work."	*Sterling North—Chicago Daily News*—"Nothing so delightful as this volume has come our way in weeks. From the old days of the Great Trade Route, up through the thirteenth century troubadours and courts of love to the time of Van Gogh at Arles and Renoir at Cagnes. Ford Madox Ford relates the history and color which surround his favored land."		An immediate Best Seller.
RESTLESS DAYS *By Lilo Linke*, author of *Tale Without End*. Knopf—$3.00	Autobiography of a young German exile.	*John Chamberlain—N. Y. Times*—"If Lilo Linke were disposed to write a political Grimm's Fairy Tales, she would find herself in possession of the needed material. Her autobiography is an exciting, a harrowing and a chastening experience." *Mary Ross—N. Y. Herald Tribune*—"If the events of this book were imaginary happenings in Mars it still would be fascinating reading. With Miss Linke's gift for simple and vivid writing and the importance that the setting of her story holds for the world today, hers is a book that will not be easily forgotten." *Saturday Review of Literature*—"Miss Linke's autobiography makes good reading for anyone who wishes to understand how the aftermath of the war was reflected in the generation which grew up in Germany and what it is that has made National Socialism a success."	*Chicago Daily News*—"A moving story of the life of a young German girl during the war and post-war period. Alive, vital, well worth reading."		Deserves to sell.

COMPILED BY D. DOCKSTADER

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GENUINE LORRAINE
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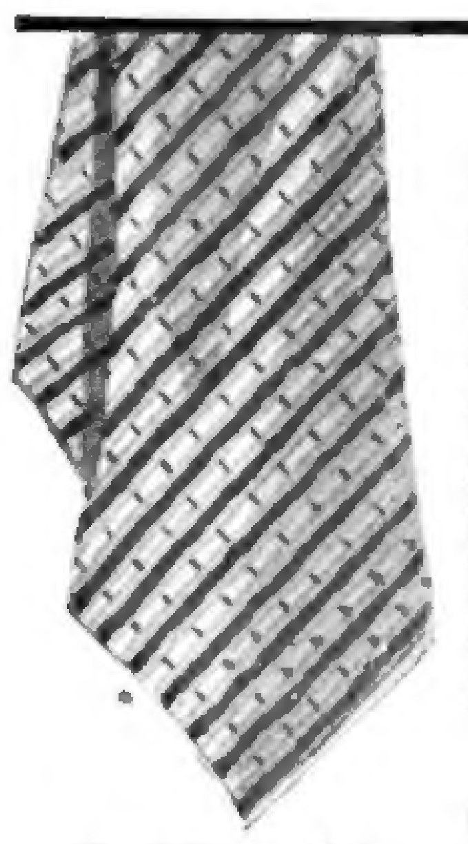
SHIR-O-SHAKKAR
KING OF SEERSUCKER
PRESHRUNK FAST COLOR
Deauville
TAILORED

"COTTON PICKIN'"... select

LORRAINE
Shir-O-Shakkar
KING OF SEERSUCKER
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
WASHABLE TIES 39¢ 3 for $1.10



Smart men will wear cotton ties this summer . . . and the smartest ties for the smartest men are the genuine LORRAINE SHIR-O-SHAKKARS . . . now on display at the smartest shops. Comfortable . . . economical . . . and fashionable . . . you'd want an assortment of these ties . . . even if they cost much more than the pittance for which they are obtainable.

[See them at your favorite store or write and we will gladly direct you.]

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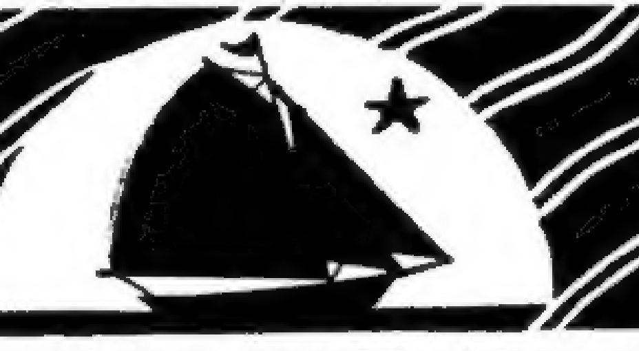

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★ DIRECTLY ON THE OCEAN ★
Where the New England Coast is most picturesque .. Near historic points .. All recreational features .. Private beach .. Booklet
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National Railways of MEXICO
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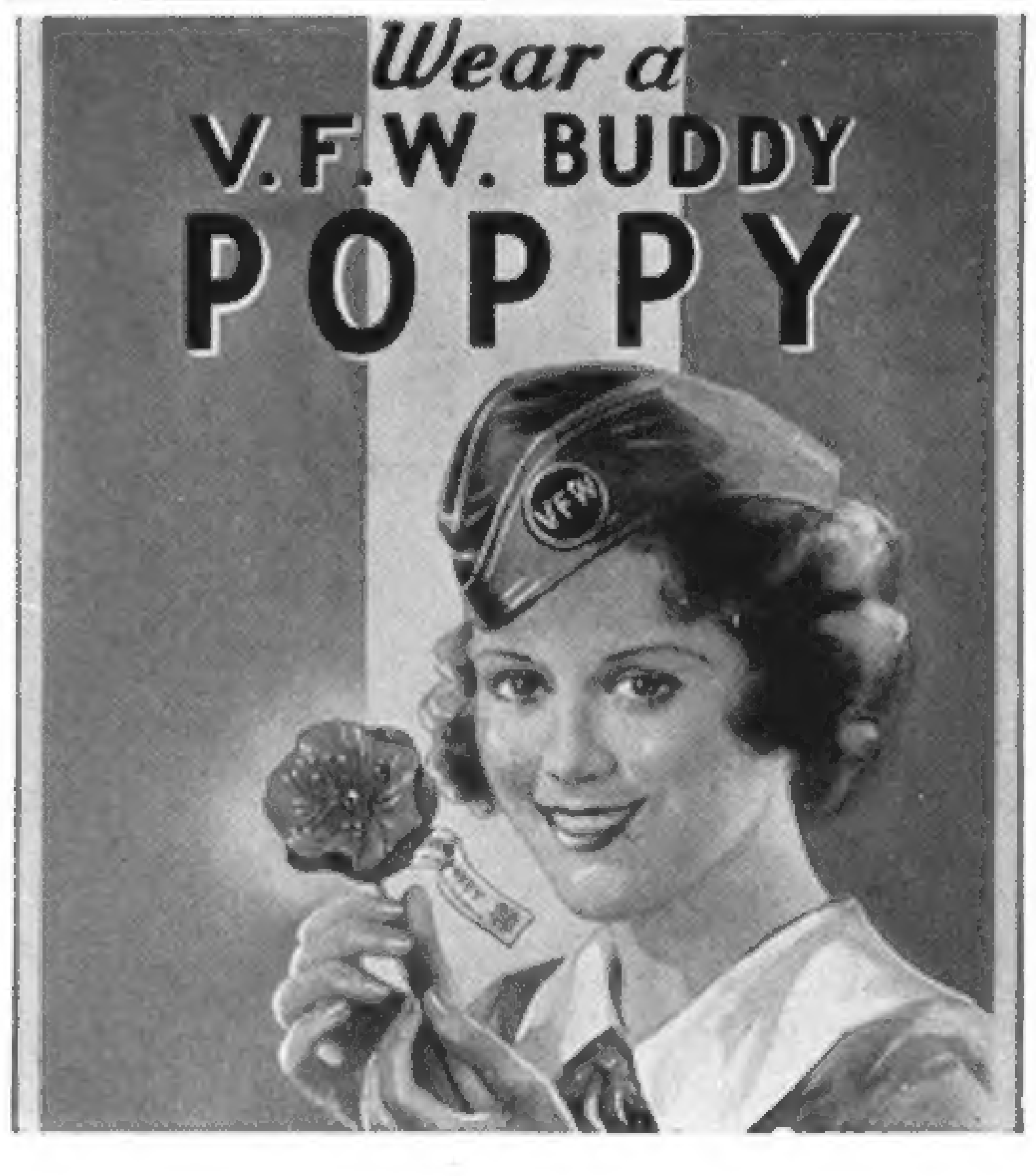
PLEASE send data on the points checked (X):
Guanajuato ☐ Lake Patzcuaro & "Enchanted Isles" ☐ Uruapan ☐ Guadalajara & Lake Chapala ☐ Jalapa & Texolo Falls ☐ Garci-Crespo spa ☐ Oaxaca, Mitla, Monte Alban. *My name and address are on the margin.*



Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf

Continued from page 183

depend upon Mr. Strachey, because he tells you straight out, in a few, clearly understandable words, that he can explain everything Marx had in mind and that, as a matter of fact, he is about the only one who can do it, high muckymucks in U.S.S.R. not excepted.

Mr. Strachey is, indeed, the most unmitigated individualist I know anything about. I don't except Stalin because, so far, Stalin is necessarily kept in check by the imponderable forces operating among the group surrounding him and through which he operates as a slightly impeded dictator. Mr. Strachey is so much of an individualist that, even though he preaches Communism, he doesn't even belong to the Communist party. If we embraced Mr. Strachey's Communism we should have to allow that he is the sole law-giver of it. We should have to deify him as the Roman populace deified the witless emperor, Claudius; but we should have to do it with this distinction: we should have to do this not against Mr. Strachey's reason, wishes or conviction but with his very plangent conviction that this is the only righteous, sensible and proper thing to do.

I don't for a moment believe that Mr. Strachey will ever become such a god or such a dictator. I don't believe, as a matter of fact, that he will ever become anything more than a Buchman or Aimee Semple McPherson of Communism. I think he will peter out, even as the sensational fellow who sang with the golden tenor voice in Billy Sunday's revivals did. I forget his name. But those of us who heard his voice remember him with little shudders of dismay and admiration. His splendiferous talents brought so many maudlin, sinning drunkards reeling to the Penitents' bench. . . . I think he had some mix-up with a girl.

Since our New Haven client reproached me (gently) for my views on Mr. Strachey's manner, his convictions and his literature, something has happened that we should blush over as citizens of a proud, dignified and insolvent state. Something asinine contrived to make Mr. Strachey a national issue. He was about to be deported, but, mind you, after he had already done all the conceivable harm that he could possibly do. I don't think he did any harm, but that isn't the point. It was conceived (Mr. Strachey avows it was by Mr. Hearst. It may have been conceived by an astute press-agent) that Mr. Strachey's views, expressed in books at from $1 to $3 a copy or audible in the concert halls at anywhere from fifty cents to five dollars, were contrary to the rules governing the admission of aliens and that Mr. Strachey made himself subject to deportation by his failure to state the truth in his answers to the officials in charge of allowing entry into the United States.

Mr. Strachey defended himself cagily and with nothing which would impress me with his intellectual integrity. In fact he impressed me as being a miserable coward. That's funny too because, if he had been honest, this humane, not-very-thoughtful, democratic country of ours would, by public demand, have sent him back in glory, even if we did not as a people believe in the sort of government he advocates. He was allowed to go back anyway, without any trial for the offense he was charged with. But his going back in such a fashion had the force of anti-climax.

How much more of a hero he would have been if, after he was arrested, he had answered: "Yes, I contemplate a greater state for the brotherhood of man than we have in England or America. I have worked and I shall work, with all the force of my pen and voice for the overthrow of your capitalist system in England and America. All my thinking and all my energy and all my writing are aimed toward that glorious end. Make of that whatever your bourgeois, capitalistic laws will of them."

What did Mr. Strachey say? He said, in effect, "Don't take me seriously. I am just trying to entertain collegians and the bored ladies who pay me to lecture before their women's clubs."

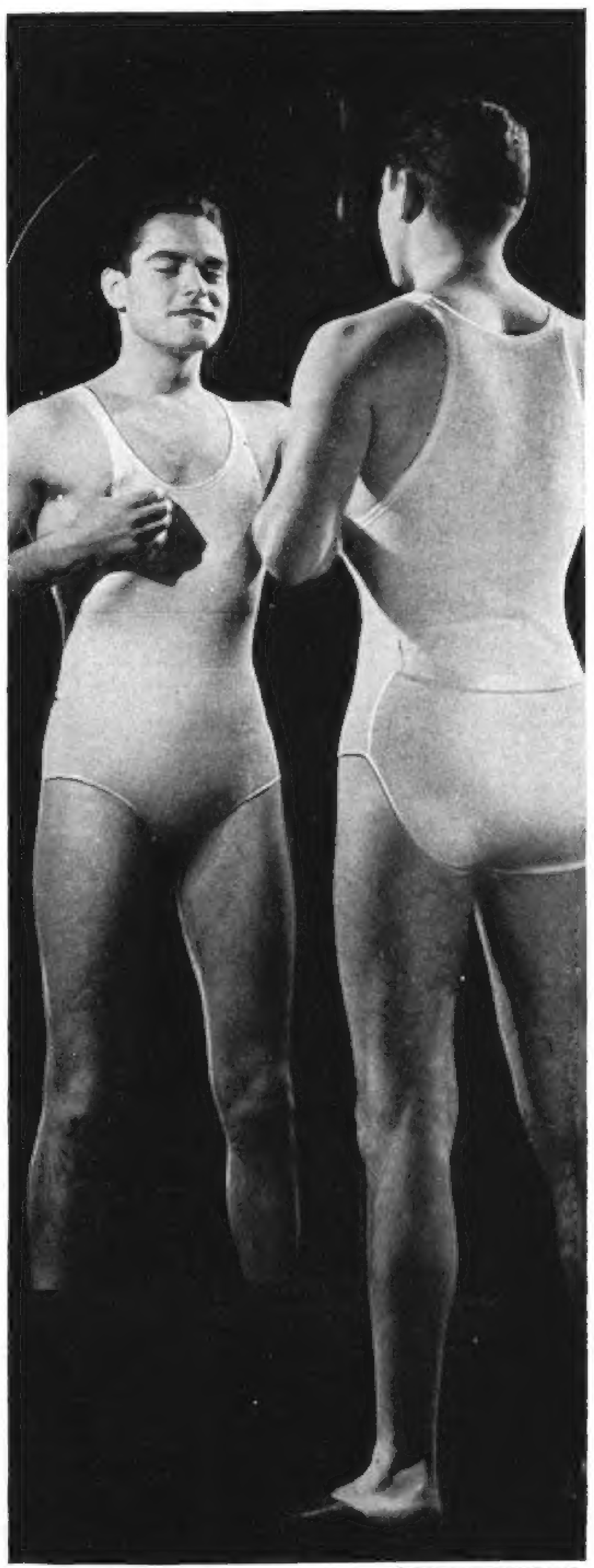
I should have entered the fight, if there should have been any fight, on Mr. Strachey's behalf, for the free exercise of the right of speech in this country. I believe in the Voltairean dictum, "I disagree with every word you say and I shall defend to the death your right to say it." But there is a corollary I also adhere to: "I believe *in what you say* and I shall defend to the death your right to say it."

I believe, for instance, in the words of that grand old, disillusioned war-horse of revolution, socialism and communism, Emma Goldman who writes, in a recent issue of *The American Mercury*, "There is no Communism in Russia . . . Soviet Russia, it must now be obvious, is an absolute despotism politically and the crassest form of state capitalism economically. . . . To call such a dictatorship (as that of Stalin's), this personal autocracy more powerful and more absolute than any Czar's by the name of Communism seems to me the acme of imbecility."

I defended dear old Emma's right to voice her Communistic opinions when it was jeopardy to one's job and social standing to do so; and I now defend her right against the Communists to say just what she has said, now that it is highly fashionable (enough even to enlist a Strachey and a Lamont) to avow that Russian communism is an ideal toward which we should work. ⌗

THE FIRST NEW UNION SUIT STYLE IN MANY YEARS!

REIS
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
Scandals
ONE-PIECE SUIT*
with mild support



*PATENT PENDING

The new Reis buttonless union suit—brief, comfortable and cool! Lastex shoulder straps, drop seat and leg stays. Fits like your skin...porous, mesh fabric . . . sanitary, healthful, MILD ATHLETIC SUPPORT $1

The Reis two-piece Scandals shirt and short are priced at 75c each.

Scandals
SUIT
One-piece

"Cellophane" Wrapped

If your favorite shop does not already carry Reis Scandals order directly from
ROBERT REIS & COMPANY,
2 Park Avenue, New York City

Enclosed find $_______. Please send me
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_______Scandals Shirts @ .75 each
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My waist measure is_______.
My chest measure is_______.
Name_______
Address_______
City_______

● *To the* EXECUTIVE
Whose Signature Is Required On Advertising Contracts

Competition

Most of us were in rompers when we received our first impressions of Competition. As we grow in experience we may wonder if the fellow who said, "Competition is the life of trade" was not, after all, too conservative. Perhaps he should have said, "Competition is the trade of life". In the littlest or largest of human experiences, we may discern the competitive influence. And we become very alert indeed in evaluating claims and motives, whether of a person, product or service.

●

In common with other business activities, advertising Media are highly competitive.

Each branch of advertising traces its source to similar roots, deeply imbedded in proven ground, enriched with experience. For this reason Media arguments are sometimes confusing, until they are simplified in terms of *the Product.*

For, it is the *Product* that should determine the choice of media; and *potential Volume* becomes a master key to media evaluation.

A medium of course, is primarily a *Vehicle* for delivering mental impressions. The manufacturer merely purchases the facilities of one or more of these Vehicles, to deliver favorable mental impressions of his product.

In clarifying these things, it must be remembered that, right now, consumer advertising falls within three classifications, and in the following sequence of importance: (1) *maximum* Volume (2) *fractional* Volume (3) "Class".

Hence the manufacturer is free either to elect or to reject a Vehicle which has *capacity* commensurate with the potential *volume* of his product.

There is encouraging evidence recently, of a more intelligent use of Product as a basis for evaluating media . . . particularly in the broader aspects of *Volume* vs. *Class.* It is not so difficult now to see the misfit of Volume products segregated in *Class* media.

But there remains that vital point of difference between *maximum* Volume and *fractional* Volume.

Some products never have had a chance to achieve their *maximum* Volume, for the simple reason that their Messages have been restricted (by choice, mind you!) to Vehicles whose Volume capacity can never be more than *fractional.*

Imagine for example a *Volume* product, restricted (by choice!) to a program of *once or twice a week*, or *once a month*, in a Vehicle whose limited capacity is measured in tens of *thousands!*

In contrast, consider the messages of this same product, delivered by a Vehicle whose capacity is measured in tens of MILLIONS *daily* . . . and reaching directly *every day*, the very people who now hold squarely in their hands the Volume buying power of the nation . . . the gainfully *Employed.*

And all this at a *lower* cost than in any other one medium.

This matter of low cost of advertising in street cars is one of the most convincing of competitive medium arguments: *The street car is the only advertising vehicle which is not dependent upon advertising for its chief support.*

Whatever other major media you may favor (and all have real merit) consider carefully that a *Volume* Product now calls for a foundation of maximum Volume support.

Elsewhere you may reach *some* car riders (Volume Buyers), *less frequently*, at *higher costs* but only in street cars can you reach *all* of them *every day* at the low cost of Car Advertising.

Car Advertising means *maximum* Volume at *minimum* Cost.

W. S. B.

STREET RAILWAYS ADVERTISING CO.
220 WEST 42ND STREET, NEW YORK

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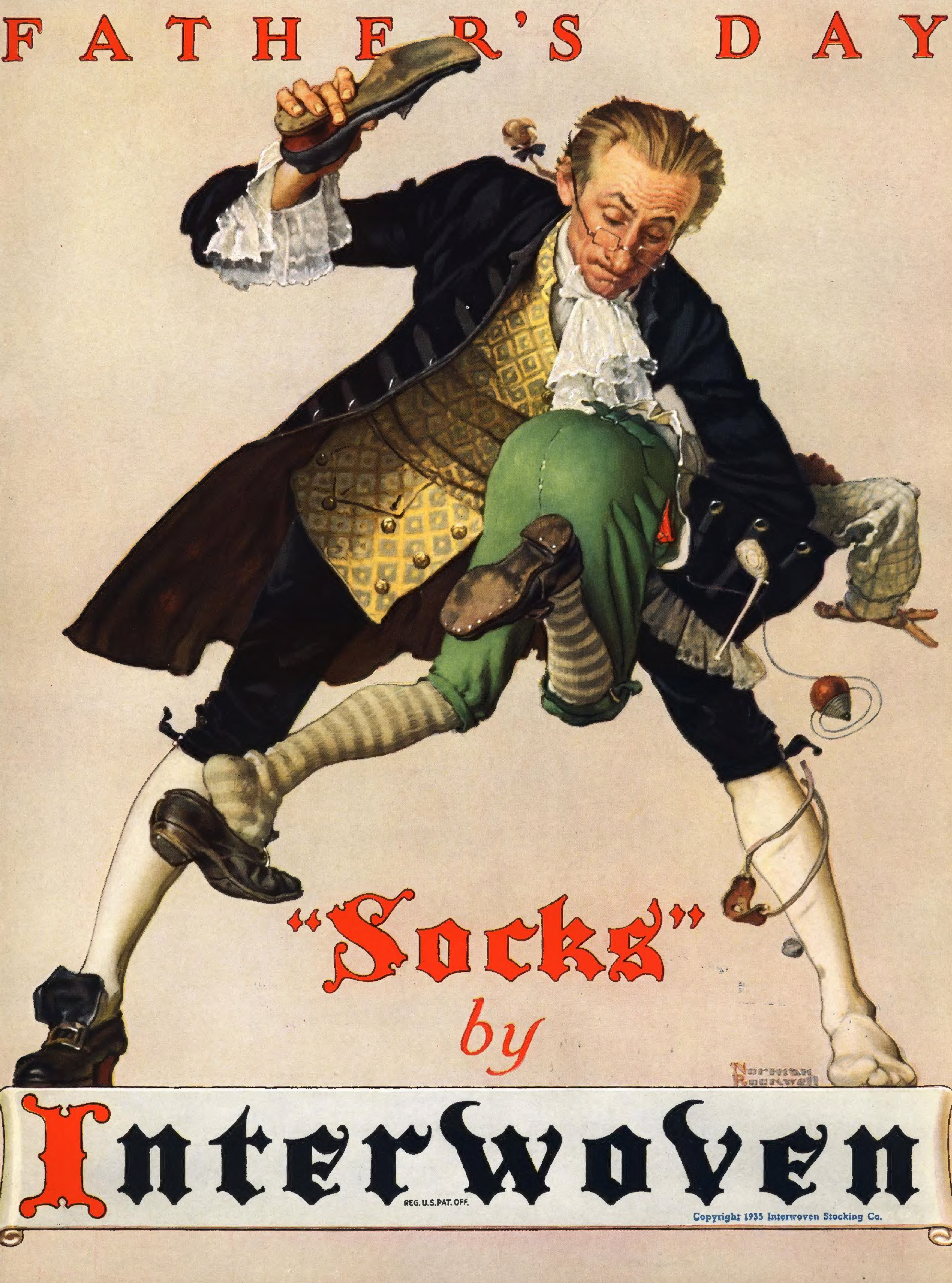
FATHER'S DAY
"Socks"
by
Norman Rockwell
Interwoven
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Copyright 1935 Interwoven Stocking Co.

"THEY DON'T GET YOUR WIND"

ATHLETES SAY

LOU GEHRIG, baseball star, who prefers Camels for steady smoking

TENNIS
BRUCE BARNES
TRACK
GEORGE BARKER
GOLF
TOMMY ARMOUR
DIVING
BETTY BAILEY
BASEBALL
LOU GEHRIG

SIX-DAY BIKE RACING
BOBBY WALTHOUR, JR.

So mild, athletes smoke as many as they please—and that's real mildness!

Of course you want mildness in a cigarette. And the athletes—to whom "wind," healthy nerves, "condition" are *vitally* important—these men and women insist on mildness.

Lou Gehrig, baseball's "Iron Man," says: "Camels are so mild they never get my 'wind.'" George Barker, former intercollegiate cross-country champion, says: "Camels are so mild, they don't cut my 'wind' in any way." Bobby Walthour, Jr, star of the six-day bike grinds, says: "I've got to have 'wind' in bike racing. For my cigarette I long ago chose Camels."

Tommy Armour, speaking for the golf stars, Bruce Barnes for tennis, and Betty Bailey for the aquatic sports—all agree: "Camels don't get your 'wind.'"

What this real mildness can mean to you!

It means you can smoke as many Camels as you please. Athletes say Camel's costlier tobaccos never disturb your nerves—never tire your taste—never get your "wind."

THE PLEASANT THINGS in life are doubly pleasant when you're "in condition." Smoke Camels all you please! They are made from costlier tobacccos, and athletes say Camels never get your "wind."

SO MILD

YOU CAN SMOKE ALL YOU WANT!

CAMEL
TURKISH & DOMESTIC BLEND CIGARETTES
CHOICE QUALITY

© 1935, R. J. Reynolds Tob. Co.

Camels

○ Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS—Turkish and Domestic—than any other popular brand.

(*Signed*) R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY, Winston-Salem, N. C.